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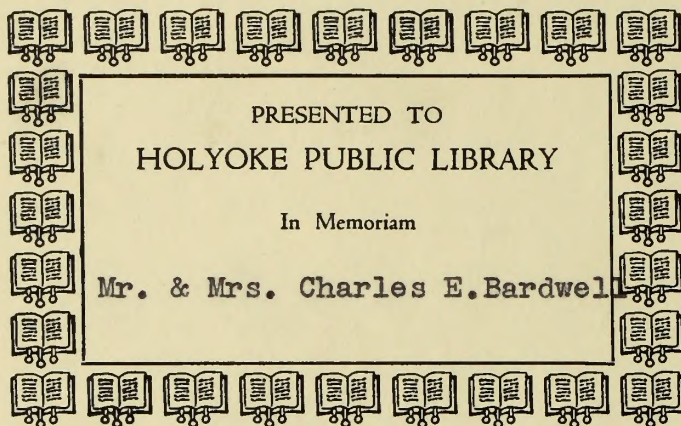
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PICTURESQUE HAMPDEN



1892

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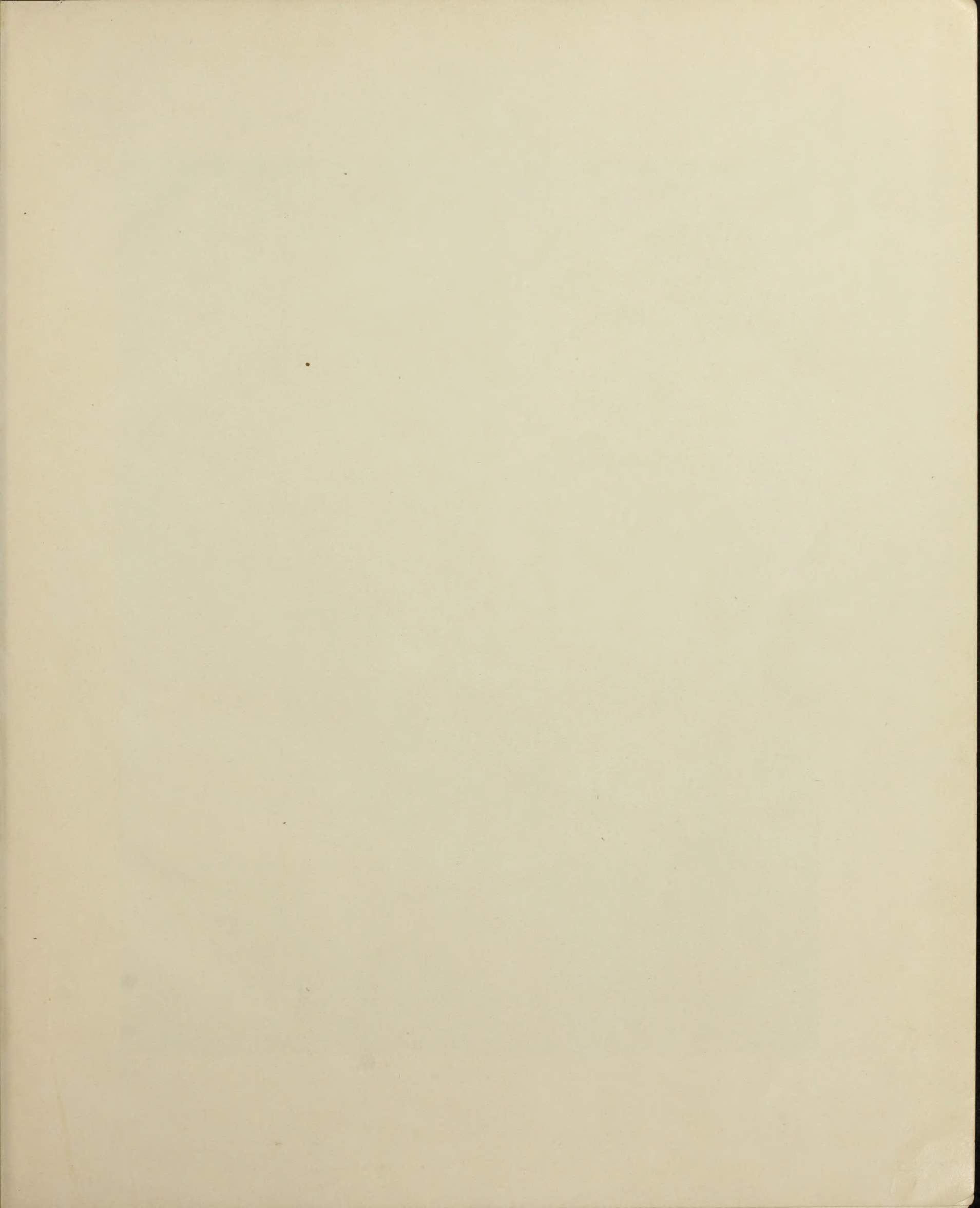
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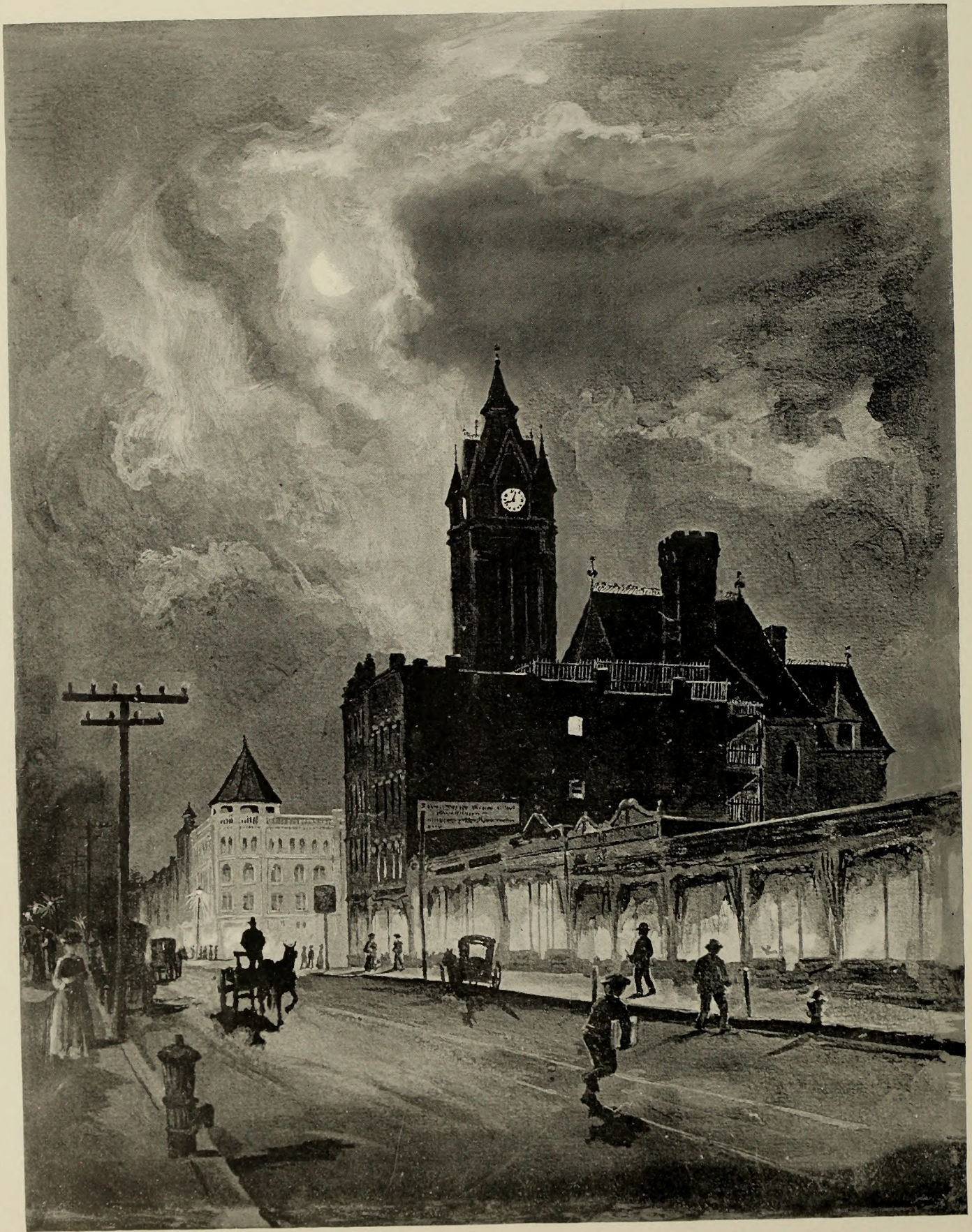
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HOLYOKE AT NIGHT.

PICTURESQUE HAMPDEN

PART II—WEST

1500 ILLUSTRATIONS



PICTURESQUE PUBLISHING COMPANY

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

Picturesque Hampden.

CHARLES F. WARNER, Editor.

CLIFTON JOHNSON, Art Manager.

PART I.—Springfield and the Eastern half of the County.

PART II.—Holyoke and the Western half of the County.

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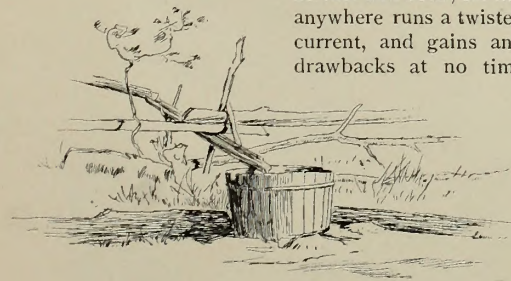
INTRODUCTORY.

IN New York City, amid the whirl of sights and sounds, the elevated railways are a prominent feature, both to eye and ear. With short intervals between, the trains rush and rattle along the iron rails overhead from long before daylight till midnight following. To most, this almost ceaseless noise and clatter would seem a great nuisance. But there may, nevertheless, be some poetry in it.

A friend once said to me: "I like to hear those elevated trains. It sounds as if things were driving and lots was going on. They rush as if they were in a hurry. When I come back after a stay in the country, that's one of the pleasantest sounds I know of."

Another friend held opposite discourse. He said: "Now, I get so tired of the rumble and roar of city noises. It is one wild, unending race of business. When I get out into the country, I start for the deepest piece of woods in the vicinity, and in some hollow on a fallen tree trunk I sit down and just listen to the stillness. That I call luxury."

Each of the two finds charm in the farthest extreme from what is to the liking of the other. Which one was right? Is the country dull? Is the city typical of only noise and confusion? Or, is harmonious repose and quiet comfort characteristic of country life, and sights, and briskness and vitality of the city? Probably neither and both; for life anywhere runs a twisted current, and gains and drawbacks at no time



A WAYSIDE FRIEND.

part company. As natures differ, so the things that interest and touch them differ, and there are many blanks to each of us which are only so because our eyes do not see.

It is told of that famous lover of the country, Thoreau, that if other employment failed, he could sit down in the woods wherever he happened to be and at

whatever season, and spend an hour in interested and absorbed observation of things close about.

Even then he had not exhausted his subject, or noted all worth seeing. He knew the language of plants and trees, and of all the little animals of the fields and woods. He learned many things from them. He listened too to the voices of the brooks, and of the winds and storms, and watched with ever renewed interest the changing seasons.

There are, as well, lovers of the town, who delight in its brick walled streets and its thronging life. They are proud of its big mills and handsome residences, and are happy in a saunter along the smooth-paved walks, or in the winding paths of the parks. The alleys and by-ways even have charm, and a way strewn with torn papers and other litter, which every wind sets in eddying motion, and where ragged, dirty-faced children jostle him, and the odors which greet his nostrils are far from fragrant—this may please him more than the most beautiful landscape in the world.

Thoreau could find delight in poking about a mud hole in a swamp.

The lover of the town could find happiness in rambling through the dingiest city alley. Each of the two showed a depth of sympathy in his special direction that is well worth cultivating.

City life and movement, with all its turmoil of pain and pleasure, its luxury and its poverty, is intensely interesting. Country life, simply as life, is interesting too. You see much less than is seen in the same space in the city, but struggle and success and hardship are mingled there just as in the larger place. But nature sings in the country more freely. Wind and sunshine are untrammelled. The roads wind along as the lay of the land dictates. There are green fields everywhere. Brooks follow down every hollow.

Nature hovers about in the city atmosphere, too.

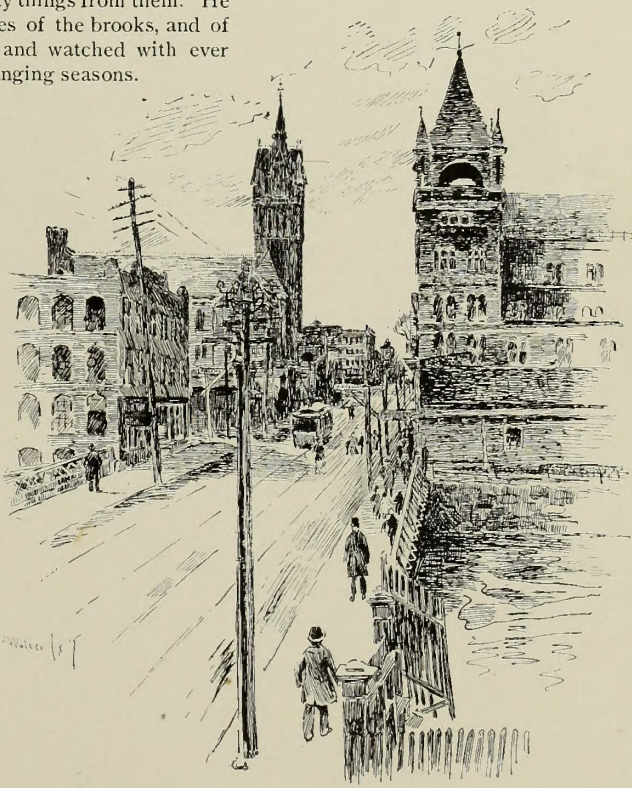
She makes pictures in the clouds, and with the coming and going of the sun paints the skies each morning and each evening. Sometimes she filters the air to crystal clearness, and again softens every vista of the streets with delicate tones of blue; or again will veil all in a

mysterious mist of fog. When, with the winter frosts, a snowstorm comes, the city takes on a still different aspect, and in some ways is never more charming.

This book attempts to portray, to some extent, nature's moods. There is more here than simply buildings and landscapes. Clouds and sunlight and atmosphere help to make the pictures live. Photographs usually note little beside facts and detail, but we think it will be seen here that we have many times caught nature and life itself.

One who reads, travels in imagination with the one who writes. Those who look at pictures are themselves, for the time being, with

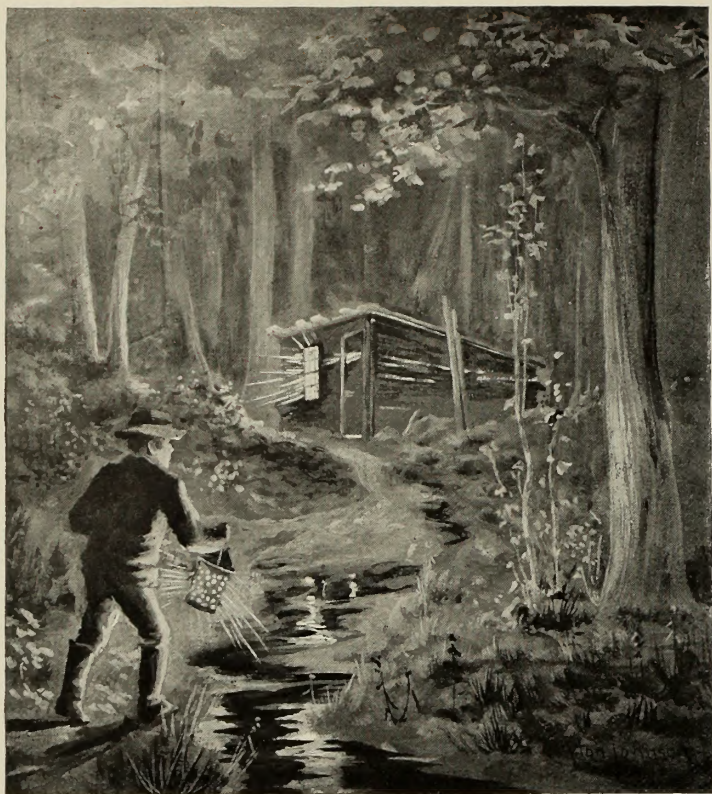
the artist who made them. Together, then, we shall take many rambles about the city streets, and we will linger and admire the comfortable homes of the well-to-do and the handsome mansions of the wealthy, and we will take leisurely walks through the parks and among the green fields on the outskirts. At the same time, we



THE CITY STREET.



THE HILLTOP VILLAGE.



THE COUNTERFEITER'S HUT—MONEY-HOLE HILL.

will not neglect the noisier ways of business, and the mill neighborhoods and the streets where are the crowded tenements of the poor. Each is a part of our great world of life, and has charm or significance which merits study.

Finally we will leave the city and take a long drive over the plains and hills. Many times we shall be entirely out of sight of dwellings and people, and have only the trees and fields and skies for company. Yet these have their voices, and it is not solitude; and even if there comes a touch of loneliness, in old Massachusetts you never get far from habitations, and the little villages on hilltop or in hollow are to be found on every roadway at intervals of a few miles.

Now the introductory word has been said, and we are ready to start.

THE STORY OF EARLY HOLYOKE.

Nearly all the Connecticut valley towns have a history reaching back to the days of the Indians, when the ancestors of the present inhabitants carried their guns as they went to the fields to work, and barred their doors when night came on—not against thieves and robbers, but against bloodthirsty savages. In most towns it usually came about that certain unlucky ones lost their lives and their scalps before those early troublous times were past. But Holyoke lacks this sort of history almost entirely, for the reason that the settlers of the old colonial days, who came westward from Massachusetts bay, did not find here the fertile lowlands they were in quest of, and planted the river towns elsewhere along the stream. The following is the most noteworthy, if not the only Indian story in which Holyoke is directly concerned, calling for record:

About 150 years ago, Lucas Morgan lived in the old Fairfield homestead, which still stands on Northampton street, though it has undergone various changes since that ancient day. Morgan was one of the first settlers here, and had but recently built his home. He returned late one evening, after being away all day. He was about to put his horse in the stable, when the animal started uneasily and refused to enter. It was winter, a cloudy, threatening night, very dark. Mr. Morgan himself stepped into the stable, and, feeling about, his hand came in contact with a man, lying half covered with hay in the manger. "Indians!" was the thought which flashed through his mind, and he wasted no time getting out of the stable and into the house, leaving the horse to his fate. Doors were bolted and the old gun got down. Little sleep came to the family that night. Outside they could hear the dog growling savagely, and Mr. Morgan, creeping out into the living-room, heard one of the Indians slap his thigh as if to pacify that animal; and he caught snatches of guttural conversation. Then, suddenly, the dog gave a frightened yelp of pain, and all was still. But presently there came a sharp rattling of blows from the Indian's tomahawks on the heavy kitchen door. Time had come for decided action. Mr. Morgan raised a window softly, and poking his gun over the sash, took careful aim as near as he could guess at the position of the invaders, and fired. Silence followed, and through the rest of the long night no further sounds of assault were heard about the place. Morning came. There, by the door, lay the dog, with an ugly cut from a tomahawk in his shoulder. He was taken in and given the best of care, but it was six weeks before he could take a step. A pool of blood close by showed the gun had done effective work. From the barn to the house door three tracks were traced in the snow. Only two led away. There were marks about the place that showed the Indians had tried to set the house on fire in several places, but the storm made their efforts unsuccessful. The savages were followed and traced to a distant swamp, where the trail was entirely lost. It was learned later that the Indians plotted to burn every house in the village.

In the main there is little of public interest to chronicle until a time within the memory of those still

living. Less than half a century ago, the place where the busy city now stands was a farming hamlet, thinly settled and little known. Where a score of families then dwelt in rural quiet, forty thousand people are now pursuing all the varied arts and avocations which make up a prosperous manufacturing center.

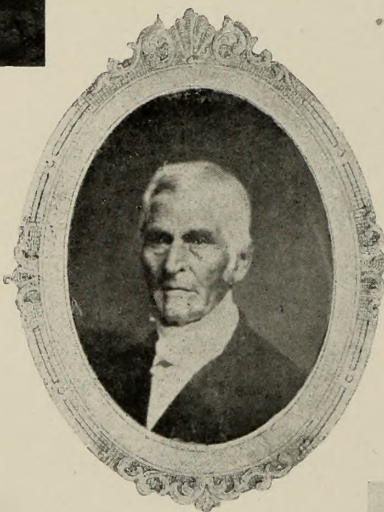
It is certain that the "Great Rapids" of the river was a famous fishing resort of the Indians, who from time immemorial gathered here in great numbers; but no traditions have lingered to make their gathering place famous, and only the frequent relics unearthed by modern changes, recall to mind the dusky tribes who resorted hither. The "Quonektacut," which in every-day English means "long river," was the dividing line between the Algonquins or coast Indians of New England and the Iroquois or Mohawks, so there were probably no permanent settlements here, for it was too open to attack. It was, however, their highway from the seashore to Canada, and the Mohawks came annually down the Deerfield branch and the main stream to collect tribute from the tribes hereabouts.

Although there were no permanent villages, the savages came long distances to fish at the great falls, and until quite recent years the "Indian fireplaces" dotted the banks from the head of the rapids, at "Sans Souci," to the quieter current which is reached again at Willimansett, a distance of three miles below. For a camp the Indians always selected a dry, sandy knoll, near fresh water. In the center of each wigwam they made a circle of stone, upon which to build their fires. These circles were usually of small, rounded boulders, and no doubt a search among the sandy knolls, which abound up and down the valley in this vicinity, would still reveal some of these old fireplaces, and if the ground has not been ploughed too much, we may find arrow or spear-heads and flint or quartz chips of Indian manufacture.

Up to 1850, Holyoke was a part of West Springfield. It was there the inhabitants went to town meeting and to vote, and until about the beginning of the century, to church as well. The place went by the name of "Ireland Parish" until, when it separated from the mother town, its citizens voted it should take the name of Holyoke. Prior to 1745, an Irish family named Riley had located in the south part of the town, and a brook in that vicinity still bears their name. Other Irish families came soon after, and it was from this little colony the region took its early title. In those days the place was very thinly populated, as is shown by the following extract from a letter of that time: "There were but six families in this parish, and they 'forted' together nights for fear of the Indians."

Another story of the early days is that of a gang of counterfeiters from Chicopee, who began the manufacture of bogus silver coin in "Money-hole Hill." This place, which is just west of the Connecticut River Lumber Company's sawmill, had then a deep, high-banked ravine running through it. This has since been filled in. It was a heavily wooded, lonesome sort of place, and in its gloomy depths the counterfeiters had a little hut. But they were finally detected, and the ring-leader was condemned to have his ears cropped as a punishment.

The Baptists were the first to organize a church in the place. They had built a meeting-house as early as 1792, near the old burying ground, which lies on the



ELDER RAND.



THE OLD SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

borders of the Whiting farm, somewhat below Elmwood village, but on account of lack of funds had never been able to finish it. A few years later, the Congregationalists started an organization, and presently proposed to the Baptists to remove this building further north and that the two societies should join in finishing it, and in its use and ownership. The offer was accepted, and the building was removed to a location about where now stands the house of Alexander Day, on Northampton street. The house, which up to this time being unfinished was sometimes spoken of as "The Lord's Barn," was at once put in shape for use. The Baptists owned three-fourths of the church property, and the pulpit was, therefore, occupied three Sundays of the month by ministers of their denomination, and by some Congregational minister the other Sunday. In the months where there were five Sundays, the Baptists generously gave the Congregationalists the benefit of the extra day. Soon the members of this latter society made a proposition to pay what moneys they raised for the support of preaching, to increase the salary of Rev. Thomas Rand, then pastor of the Baptist society, and allow him to exchange with some Congregational pastor of the vicinity on the Sabbath, when by right the pulpit belonged to their denomination. Mr. Rand seems to have been greatly beloved by the members of both societies, and this proposition was readily accepted. It was only on sacramental occasions that the denominational separation was apparent in the congregation.

The two societies continued to worship together until 1834, when the Congregationalists put up a building of their own at the village, a mile north of Elmwood. There it stands to this day, and though for the last few years it has served for a tenement, and it has lost its bell-tower and is otherwise altered, it still retains a churchly look, and with the old tavern and a few old houses close at hand, is about the only memorial of the days of Ireland Parish. Until 1849, when the Second Congregational church was built, down on High street, an omnibus was regularly run from the village, by the river, to convey the worshippers of that vicinity to the church on Northampton street. With the advent of the new society in the lower village, there was such a decrease in the congregation of the old church, and so great a falling off in the financial support, that considerable discouragement followed, and it was many years before the society recovered itself.

At the time the project of building a dam across the Connecticut was first thought of, the manufacturing industries of the place consisted of a little cotton mill, three stories in height—now the lower part of the Parsons' finishing room—and a small, wooden, two-story gristmill, whose upper floor was used as a dressing-room for the cotton used in the other mill. A wing wall a hundred and fifty feet in length was built diagonally upstream, out into the current of the river, and turned the water into the little canal, which was barely twenty feet across. This wing wall was about where the present dam is. The gristmill stood near where the Mt. Tom mill now is, and the cotton mill was close below, both built right on the river bank. In front of the cotton mill was a row of three two-story, brick boarding houses, and just above them was a small brick store. All this property was owned by the mills which were controlled by Smith Brothers of Enfield. The help in the mills was at that time, almost with-

out exception, native American, drawn from the farming communities about, and this was the case all through New England during the first two decades of its manufacturing enterprise. Near the mills were four or five farmhouses, and on the flat below them were several more. All this region was commonly known as "The Field," but later, when the railroad came through, it took the name of Ireland Depot. "The Field" was, in the main, clear of trees, and was used for mowing and tillage. There were two little swales near the depot, but otherwise it furnished fairly good meadow land. Depot hill was well wooded, and a patch of woodland of perhaps thirty or forty acres extended from here to the river, south of the old ferry landing. This was cut off just before the war. The slopes above the Field were

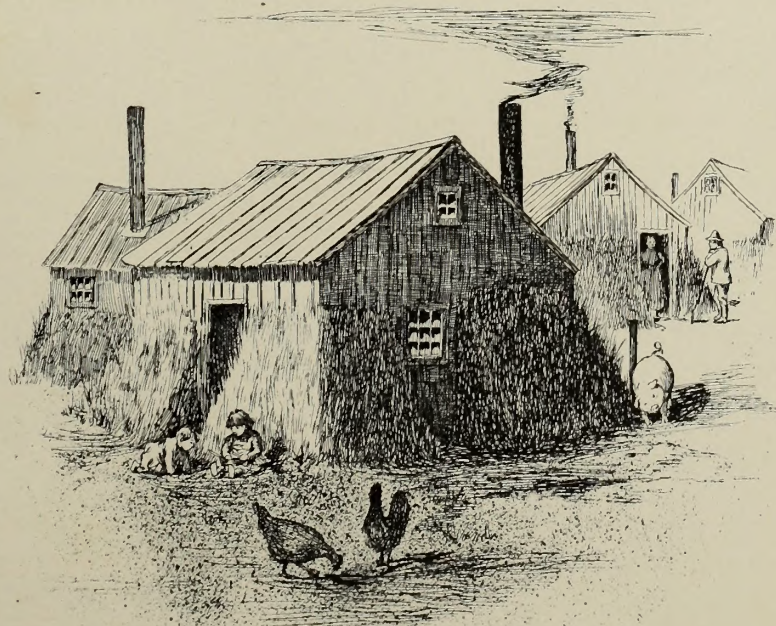
given over to pastures mostly, but there was a big wood extending from South street up to Dwight street, and westerly up to the cemetery. In the wood, near where William Whiting's house now stands, was a little pond known as "Silver Lake," which was a famous place for frog concerts in the moist, spring evenings. It was a pleasant spot here to sit in the shade in the warm days of summer. In the winter, the youth of the region resorted thither to skate. Just above the junction of Dwight and High streets was a stretch of brushy, boggy land, where another company of frogs made music for the merchants who first built along High street. About the village, on Northampton street, were cultivated fields and orchards, and the big hillside beyond, to the west, was pasture land much as at present.

Crafts' tavern was the center of activity in the place until the railroad came into town. There was a great deal of teaming up and down the valley, particularly in the winter. The river was the main freight thoroughfare, and when the ice closed it to traffic, all the supplies for the country stores and the little mills up the valley had to go on wheels or runners. Hartford was the chief center of supply, and the taverns along the way were kept full every night. "Aunt Patty," who presided up at Crafts' tavern, was an excellent cook, whose coffee and smoking biscuit and mince pies were known far and near, and the drivers would keep their horses plodding well into the evening to reach this tavern, rather than stop

at some inferior place. There never was a more jolly set of fellows in the world than those old stage-drivers and teamsters. "They lived for the day they were using," and their stories, jokes and general good nature were proverbial. There were lively times in the bar-room after supper, when the cards and checkers were brought forth, and the flip began to circulate, and the smoke wreaths began to curl through the thickening air. There was a continual rumble of conversation, broken at short intervals by laughter when some good point was made, until toward ten o'clock, when the company began to dwindle, and at eleven the last of them had gone bedward, lights were out and the house closed for the night. But every one was astir long before dawn the next morning, and breakfast was served by candle light. There was a growing brightness in the east, but it still lacked something of sunrise when the teams were again on the road. The snow crunched frostily beneath the runners, the whips cracked, the bells set up a merry jingling, good-by and a last joke or two were shouted back, and another day's journey through the keen winter air was begun.



FISHING FOR SHAD BY MOONLIGHT, AT "JED DAY'S LANDING."

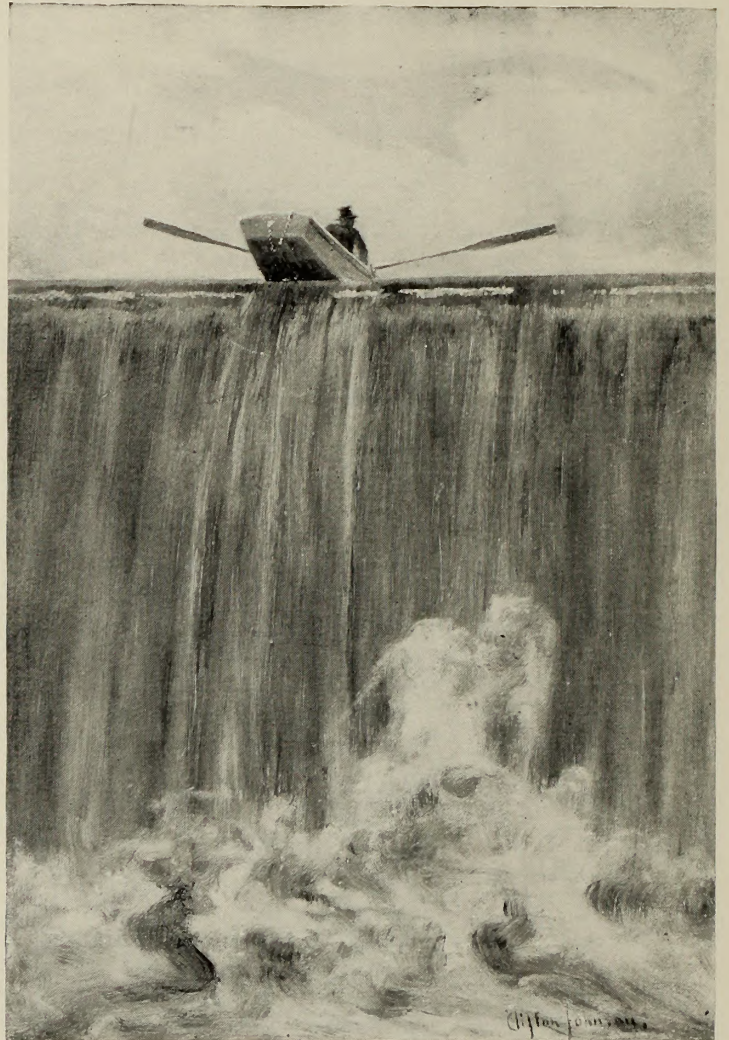


THE PATCH — 1850

One of the men who used to stop at Crafts' tavern was "Uncle" Howland Ames. He had a little cotton mill up at Conway, and used to do the teaming for it himself. On the down trip he would carry a load of cloth, and coming back would bring a few bales of cotton. He was economically inclined and used to carry oats for his horses, and, in a stout, wooden bucket, sufficient food for himself. Thus he had only to pay for barn room and hay for his team, and a bed for himself. When supper time came, he would draw up to the bar-room stove and eat his lonely meal, and then stow his bucket in the corner till he went to it again for breakfast. Among other things, he always carried a roasted chicken on these trips. One night the boys — partly as a joke, partly as a hint that they thought this manner of getting along altogether too cheap — cleaned out the chicken and left only the bones behind in the bucket. The old gentleman made no remark when he discovered the havoc played with his chicken, but after that took his box to bed with him.

Crafts' tavern was, in those days, the post office of the place. Mail arrived twice a day — from the south at ten in the morning, and from the north at two in the afternoon. There was a mail delivery, also, at the little store down by the river, it being the custom to send up to the tavern after it.

Looking down upon the river from the hill, there were almost always several river boats in sight, either with sails spread, making their slow way up or down the placid stream below the rapids, or struggling along shore on their way up to the canal, which led around the falls to regions farther north. These boats were low, square, flat-bottomed crafts, with a little cabin at the rear, and a stout mast forward, on which was hoisted, when the wind favored, a big square sail. When the wind did not favor, or died out into calm, the boats were propelled with poles. They brought up the river cargoes of sugar, tea, flour, rum and other supplies, and carried back wood, wooden ware, brooms and country produce in general. Merchandise for Holyoke was unloaded at Jedediah Day's landing, which was on the river near the present village of Springdale. This landing was commonly known as "Jed Day's," or "Diah Day's." In times of low water, the larger boats bound up the

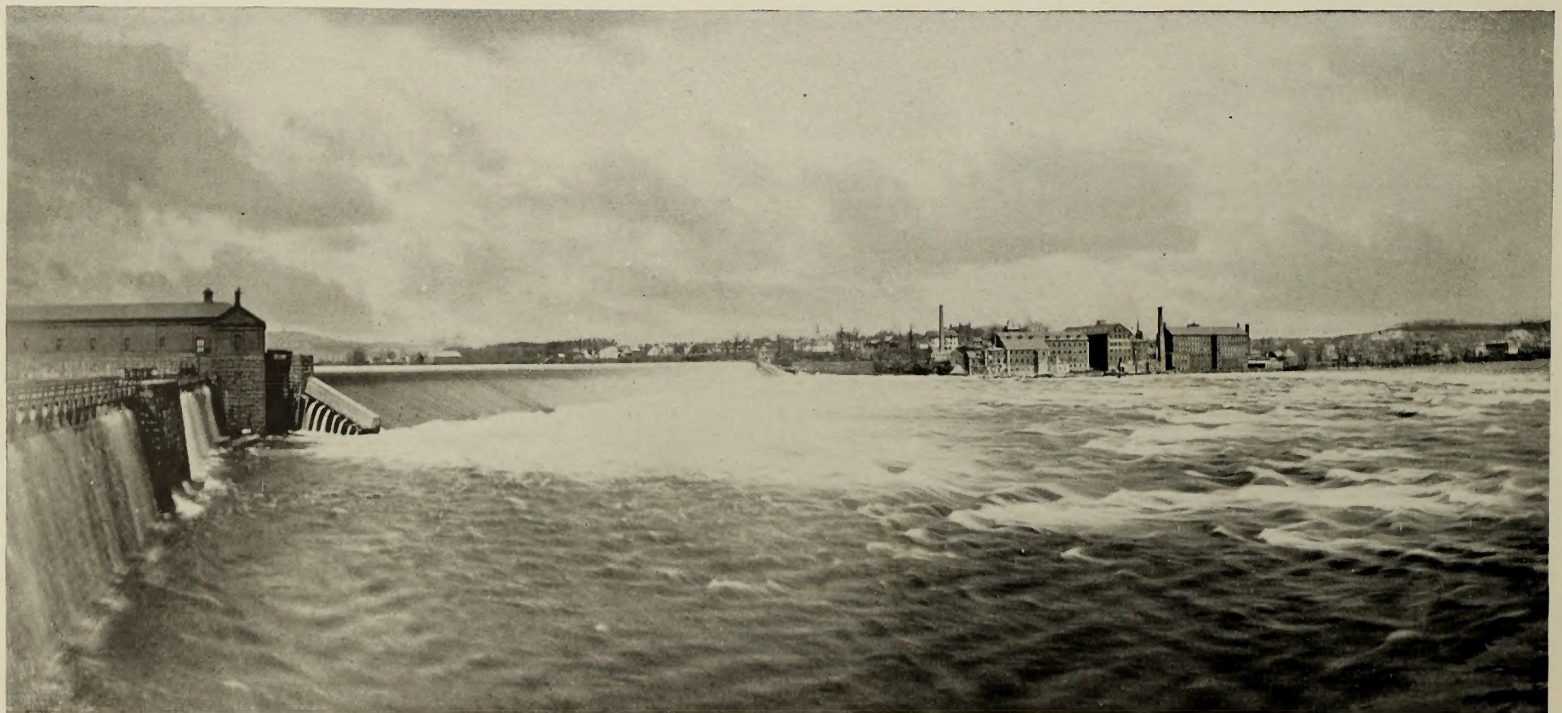


RUFUS ROBINSON ROWS OVER THE DAM.



THE DAM IN A DRY TIME.

river were obliged to stop here. Sometimes the cargoes were transferred to lighter crafts, but often were unloaded and teamed to the river company's storehouse at Northampton. "Uncle" Whiting Street was one of the owners of the river carrying trade, and was local agent. When a boat was obliged to stop at Ireland Parish, instead of continuing up the river, he would go through the village and call upon the farmers to be ready with their teams to cart the



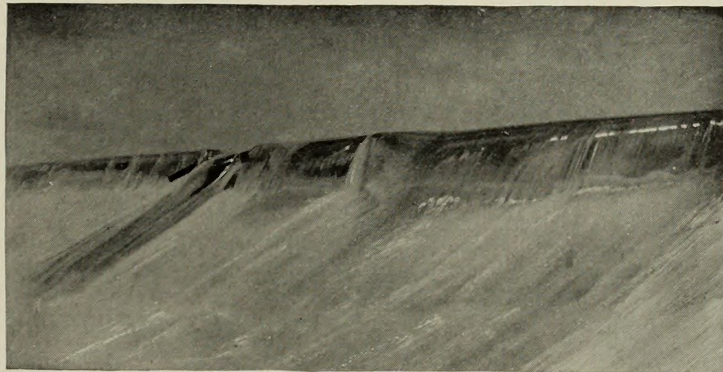
THE HOLYOKE DAM — 1892.



THE RIVER BELOW THE GATEHOUSE.

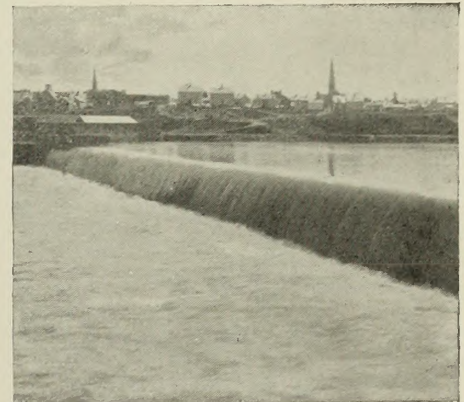
produce to Northampton the following morning. Nearly every farmer in the village had two yoke of oxen and one or two horses, and they were ready to drop anything to earn a little money with their teams. Oxen were always used for these short summer trips, but for the longer winter journeys horses were substituted. Sometimes a dozen of these slow-moving ox teams could be seen at once wending their way toward Northampton.

Whiting Street was one of the characters of the region. He was a heavy, smoothed faced man, always well, and always at work. He had the reputation of being miserly, and no doubt he had a passion for getting and saving money, but probably suffered no personal discomfort on this account; that is, he did not stint himself in food, clothes or housing in a manner to bring any suffering. He became quite wealthy, but he always lived in a big, unpainted farmhouse, well up on the hill on the Northampton road, about two and one-half miles from the present center. There he lived with a brother and two sisters. The cost of living was almost nothing. They had the garden and the farm to draw from, and he took pleasure in figuring up the actual cash expense, which he estimated was fifty-eight cents apiece per week. He was a very close man, but he was perfectly honest and honorable. He had no other place of business than his house. "His office was in his boots," so the saying ran. Accounts and memoranda he kept on little slips of paper, until he could deliver them at the storehouse at Northampton. He always walked back and forth to his business, even to his last days. He had a horse, so this could hardly have



THE CREST OF THE DAM.

been to save the expense of a team, his own explanation being that hitching up and caring for the creature was too much trouble. On a warm summer's day you might often see him on his way to Northampton, with his coat over his arm, barefoot, and his shoes and stockings carried in his hand. Having made this saving of leather, he could, with a clear conscience, put his shoes on again when he approached the town. His shoes were always of stout cowhide, and he did not black them, for that made them stiff, but used grease instead. He wore a black slouch hat, which was only replaced at long intervals by a new one. A collar he never wore in his life, but his white cotton shirt had a turn-over fold at the top. His clothes, though cheap, were always clean and well mended. The farmhouse was neatly kept, and there was always plenty of wholesome food on the table. Mr. Street was fond of playing checkers and the old-fashioned game of cards called "loo." In this the opponents were in the habit of risking a cent or two "just to make it interesting." Down to the last year of his life, he liked to drop in at some old friend's of an evening and engage in one of these games. His acquaintances sometimes chaffed him on his economy, and hinted he might as well spend his money as to



THE DAM BEFORE THE APRON WAS ADDED.

keep it accumulating till his death for others to spend. His reply was that, "If people take as much comfort in spending it as I do in saving it, they will get a good deal, and I don't grudge it to them."

Among the other craft on the river was the "Bill Hall," a flat-bottomed, stern-wheel steamboat,



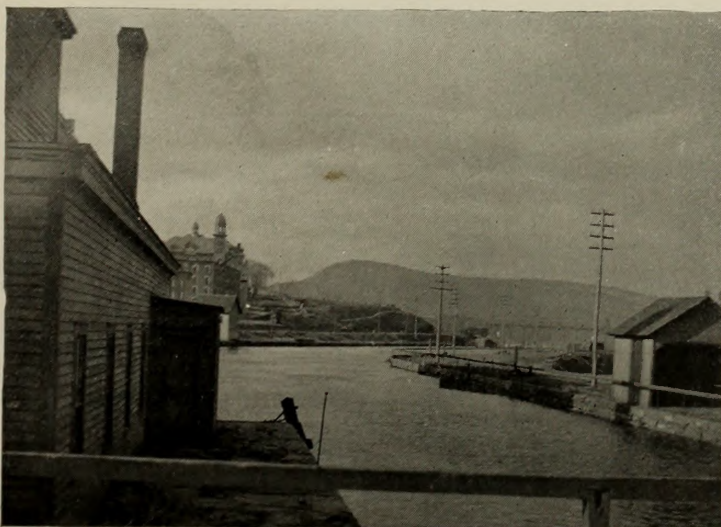
THE MOUNT TOM RANGE FROM PROSPECT PARK.

MOUNT TOM.

Like a giant he lies—
With the swift flying rack
Of the storm at his back.
Let the hurricane shake him!
Let the thunderbolt wake him!
Let him stretch his huge limbs and arise
Till his head meet the skies.
Does he dream in his sleep

Where deep calls to deep,
Where the whistle resounds through the air?
Does he dream that the braves,
So long in their graves,
Are on the warpath? Does he dare
Our civilization—
The great Yankee nation?
I know not—and you do not care.

ARTHUR MITCHELL.



MT. TOM FROM THE FIRST LEVEL CANAL.

eighty or one hundred feet long, used in towing boats up from Hartford. The "Bill Hall" had John Mulligan, now president of the Connecticut River Railroad, for its engineer and captain. After a service of fifteen or twenty years the railroad was built, and the boat's usefulness was then practically ended.

Some distance below the present iron bridge, was a ferry. In former times the boat had been poled across the stream, but latterly a stone wharf had been built in mid-river, a little above the ferry, and a tall pole erected on it. From the top of this was strung a long wire, to which the boat was attached, and, by adjusting the boat diagonally to the current, the swift water carried it across. The wharf yet holds its stand in mid-stream, a little below the new bridge. For years its tall sentinel pole stood stiffly erect on the little island, but like all things prominent and unprotected this was a temptation to the boys, who built



THE CITY HALL.

fires about its base and brought it down. There is still a charred stub left, and in its company a sturdy little elm has started to grow. If ice jams and boys will spare this, it will make a very pretty feature out there in the stream some day. In the early days the boat only carried an occasional team, but later, by reason of Holyoke's rapid growth, it became one of the busiest ferries on the river, and this ferry—right in its last years—was one of the most valuable pieces of property in the whole region. For the few last seasons before the bridge was built, lines of teams would be waiting on either side to cross a good deal of the time. The boat ran all winter, as the current was swift enough here to prevent freezing ordinarily. On the rare occasions when ice did form, the river could be crossed down stream a few miles, or, after the dam was built, it was always good crossing at such times on the



LOOKING TOWARDS THE CITY HALL FROM HAMPDEN PARK.

ice above it. Connected with the ferry is the following bit of romance:—A young man from Chicopee, who was in the habit of calling on a South Hadley Falls young woman, found it convenient to cross here frequently. But one evening, having received a negative answer to a certain important question, he came down to the ferry and sat on the edge of the boat, looking quite dejected. Then of a sudden there was a splash, and the startled ferrymen noted the unfortunate young man had gone over backwards into the water. They made haste to fish him out, and he being half drowned, the question was what to do with him. Now the ferrymen knew at which house it was his habit to call, but did not know the circumstances of his last leaving it. They therefore bore their unconscious charge thither. Between the tragic facts of the case, the neighbors and the doctor who came to assist, there was great excitement. The sequel is of the kind one finds in novels more often than in real life. The man lay there in the house sick for some time, his mother came to nurse him, and, last but not least, the young lady in the case repented her former decision and changed it to a "yes."

At the landing on the Holyoke side was a little ferry shanty, and just above it a "shad-house." The latter was owned by the fish company, and in it they stored their net, boat, oars, etc. In one corner was a rude bar and a long, cast-iron wood stove. Here Chester W. Chapin presided for some years during the fishing season, selling flip and cheap cigars to such of the crowds which resorted thither as felt the need of refreshment. Mr. Chapin was then a tall, slim, smooth-faced young man, quick, good natured and energetic. He employed his winters in teaching school, and in the spring invested in a puncheon of rum and made his headquarters at the Holyoke fish house. A little later he engaged in driving one of the valley stages, and presently became one of

the owners of the route. Afterward he was interested in the river passenger business below Springfield, and in his last years was one of the New England Railroad magnates. When he died he was the richest man in western Massachusetts.

The shad fishery here was a mine of wealth in Holyoke's village days, and he was a lucky man who owned a share in it. Some evening late in the winter, the members of the fish company would meet at Crafts' tavern to organize for the coming year. There would fifteen or twenty men come together, and, having ordered a pitcher of flip, they proceeded to discuss business. The company drank several pitchers of this flip before it got through, a quantity which, if of modern liquor, would have been sure to produce serious results. But no one got drunk. The company became mellow and happy as the evening wore away, but still all could walk



THE BUSINESS CENTER.

home straight. Flip was made in a large, brown stone pitcher. A dozen eggs and a pound of sugar were beaten together, a pint to a quart of "old Santa Cruz rum" was added, and then such amount of water as was deemed to the company's taste. Meanwhile the flip iron had been heating among the coals of the wide fireplace. It was pulled red hot from the fire, wiped, and plunged into the liquor, which, when it was sufficiently heated, was served steaming hot. The pitcher was passed about on a platter. There were no accompanying glasses, and each man drank from the pitcher. After it had gone the rounds, it was set on the shelf by the fire to keep warm. The business of the evening was to select a captain, a head seine man and a shore seine man, and a committee was appointed to calk the boat, to see to the net and mend it if need be, or perhaps to buy a new one.

As soon as the ice had gone out and the water began to catch the heat of the returning sun, the shad commenced to run. At sunrise some May morning the fish company gathered, the boat was slid into the river, and the fishing season had opened. There was no favorable fishing place along the shore on the Holyoke bank, and therefore a little island had been built somewhat out in the stream. The boat was poled up along the shore of this island to its upper end, where the "shore seine man" took his stand with one end of the net, while the head seine man commenced paying out the net piled in the bow of the boat as the craft swung out into the stream. The captain stood at the stern steering and giving orders as his men poled across the current, and allowed the boat presently to drop down stream, and finally brought it up at the foot of the island, having described a long loop in his course. Now all was excitement and hurry. The shore seine man had already brought his end of the net to the lower extremity of the island: out leaped the head seine man with the other end, and into the water went the whole crew to pull in the net and to hold down its lower edge to prevent the shad from darting beneath it. Two hundred was considered a big catch for a single haul in those days, but tradition handed down from days still more remote tells of taking in a single haul as many as two thousand. The shad when taken from the net were thrown into some big baskets, and these from time to time were conveyed to the shore, where they were dumped into a broad, shallow box and exposed for sale. The farmers and peddlers would come from twenty miles around to purchase shad, and many families salted down a barrel or two for use in summer. Prices ranged from ten to twenty cents apiece, and a generation earlier shad had sold for six or eight cents. A salmon weighing five or six pounds was occasionally taken from the net, but this was rare. The shad themselves were handsome fish, weighing from three to six pounds, and were esteemed better eating than any steak, turkey or chicken. Prices of shad were quoted in the papers, and it was a common question along the road, "What's shad worth to-day?" A man could take a load up through Northampton, Williamsburg, Goshen, Conway and Ashfield, and make eight or ten dollars in a day. Single families would often buy a dozen or two of them. At a



A WINTER PICTURE—HAMPDEN PARK.

convenient spot on the island the fish company kept a jug of Santa Cruz rum, which the members visited with more or less regularity. It is supposed that they drank just "enough to keep the wet out," as no one was ever known to get drunk. Fishing began at sunrise and it lasted till sunset, when the boat was brought to shore, the net reeled up, and the men were ready to scatter to their homes. First, however, receipts from the day's sales and the fish left over were divided. To do this last, the following plan was adopted to secure perfect fairness. First the fish were laid into as many piles as there were men, an equal number in each. Then the captain called forth one of the men, who turned his back upon the pile of fish, and as the captain pointed to each pile in turn he put to him this question, "Who shall have these?" And the man thereupon gave the name of some member of the company. Thus the piles were disposed of; each man took his share and was presently jogging homeward. There he sold some of them to the neighbors and the rest he salted down.

The fishing season lasted somewhat over a month. Then the boat was drawn out of the water, and the net, after a few days' drying, was stowed away in the fish house. At some time in summer, when the water was low, a rope was dragged along the bottom of the fishing ground and the snags and rocks cleared out.

At night the shad dropped back from the falls to the quieter water below, and at Jed Day's landing another company was ready to attack them. This company fished nights altogether.

THE STORY OF THE DAM.

In 1847, George C. Ewing, a salesman for the Fairbanks Scale Company of St. Johnsbury, Vt., and who in his journeyings up and down the valley had acquired considerable familiarity with the region, became impressed with the idea that at the South Hadley falls was one of the largest available water powers in the country, going to waste. He interested his employers in the scheme of building a dam here, and shortly had bought up 1,100 acres of land on the present site of Holyoke. The total number of acres was afterwards increased to 1,500. Large prices were paid for the land, if viewed from a farming standpoint, which had previously been the land's only claim to worth: but from a manufacturing standpoint the prices were extremely moderate. Five thousand dollars, at the time the dam was completed, would have bought fifty acres right in the best part of the present city. Most of the farmers were ready enough to sell at the prices offered, and the only one with whom any trouble was had was Sam Ely, who had an eighty-acre farm on the river-side, some distance below the proposed dam. Half he sold, but the rest he clung to. He was an old-fashioned farmer, who had an antipathy to innovations, and he wished to keep the old homestead on which he had been brought up and where he had always lived. Besides, he said he didn't want to see the corporations control everything, and he was sorry they had come there. "He didn't s'pose he could raise nothing now; it'd all be stolen." But the company wanted the land, and they kept after him. "Uncle"



THE CITY HALL FROM DWIGHT STREET.



HAMPDEN STREET, NEAR THE PARK.

John Chase was their emissary in this matter. Finally Sam got sick of the harassing and one day, seeing Uncle Chase approaching on his usual errand, he raised his chamber window and poked the muzzle of his old gun over the sash, and warned Uncle Chase to come no nearer or he would shoot. Uncle Chase thought this an idle threat and kept right on, and Ely pulled the trigger. The musket was heavily loaded and the discharge was quite startling. The visitor was not hurt, but he was well scared, and made haste to retreat. This event was the sensation of the town for some time. There was talk of arresting Ely; but this was not considered politic, as anything to disturb him would but put off the day of securing the land. The wisdom of this course was proved, when a little later the desired transfer was made.

Meanwhile the Fairbanks had sold out to a Boston company, and work on the dam at once commenced. This project of constructing a dam on the Great rapids — which should withstand the powerful current of the Connecticut river and afford motive power for a new city of mills and shops — was so gigantic, and the capital to be invested was so large for those days, that the undertaking was famous from its inception, and still ranks among the foremost manufacturing enterprises of the world. When the dam was completed and a day was set for testing it, crowds of people came from all the country about to observe this new marvel, and, I suppose, to "see how it would work." It

had much the appearance of the rude horse-sheds we see behind the country churches, being a hollow framework of timbers, with a roof slanting up stream. There were those who scoffed at the new structure, and one man drew a line on it with a bit of chalk and maintained that when the water rose to that point the whole thing would give way. Others affirmed that it was as stable as the rock itself beneath, and one excited citizen declared that "God Almighty couldn't sweep it away." The gates were closed in the morning, and many people, as the waters slowly rose, walked back and forth on the top of the dam or jumped about on the dry rocks of the river-bed below. But in the



LOOKING DOWN MAPLE STREET, FROM DWIGHT.



THE CITY HALL, VIEWED ACROSS HAMPDEN PARK.

afternoon the dam sprung aleak, and the people were warned back to the banks. Then it was seen that the great stone bulkhead at the west side showed signs of weakening. It was evidently going to tip over. In case it did, the vast body of water collecting above would sweep through the village below and destroy everything in its path. Quantities of railroad iron were brought and piled upon the bulkhead in great haste; but while this work was going on there was a crack in mid-stream, and the whole dam, save a little at each shore, was seen tipping over and crumbling before the pent-up waters of the river. A mighty wave rushed and roared over the ragged rocks of the river bed, and spent itself far below on the South Hadley shore. The water was full of broken timbers, tossing about in the surging torrent, and these seemed to the eyes of the excited crowds on shore to be struggling human beings. It was a terrible sight.

Every house in the village, on the Holyoke banks, was emptied of its occupants, and for the moment each who had



DWIGHT STREET, NEAR HIGH.



ST. JEROME'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.

friends or relatives among the laborers were sure they were lost. Women wrung their hands, and wept and shrieked. "Mikey's gone, Mikey's gone!" one would cry. "Oh, I shall never see John any more!" sobbed another, while the exclamation of still another is remembered to have run in this wise: "Oh, my husband is in there! He's in there — and me with my seven children — what am I going to do?" The stream seemed full of men, and everybody thought they had some friend buried there. But the waters gradually subsided, and friends were found all safe and peace was restored. The flow of water from above having been stopped by the closing of the gates in the morning, the water had pretty much run out from the channel below, leaving the river very shallow and slow; so when, toward evening, a sudden, muddy flood, filled with timbers and debris, came sweeping down from the north, the towns and villages along the stream were filled with alarm and curiosity, and each farmer made haste to hitch his



AT THE HAMPDEN PARK, WATERING TROUGH.

horse into his wagon and to take the up-valley road to examine into the cause. A telegram was sent to Springfield, informing them there was a "big freshet coming," and the railroad did a heavy business that evening bringing up the sightseers.

This disaster was a hard blow to the hopes of the company which built the dam, but they at once went to work on a new one. If the first attempt had not brought success, it had at least given valuable experience. The new structure was made immensely massive and solid. Timbers one foot square were used, laid in tiers across each other, bolted together, and the whole structure was firmly bedded and bolted at the bottom, four feet into the solid rock. Its lower face had a vertical height of thirty feet, and it had a very long



THE HIGH STREET SPRINKLING CART.



CONVENT OF NOTRE DAME.

slant up stream, its base having a breadth of eighty feet. The slope of the dam was covered with six-inch plank, bolted to the timbers, and the ridge capped with heavy iron plates. The total length of the structure was over 1,000 feet, and it rendered available a water privilege of 20,000 horse power.

Many foreign laborers came to the town to aid in constructing the dam, and they built for themselves quite a village of little shanties on the ground now given up to Prospect Park and the region back of it. This village was known as the "Patch." It was an interesting community, and had many peculiar characteristics. A shanty was built by putting in four upright posts, to which rough boards were nailed, and then a roof of overlapping boards was put on top, places cut for a door and for two or three little half windows, and finally a lot of turf was cut and piled up to the eaves all about. A man would come into town in the morning, buy a thousand feet of hemlock boards, and have his shanty up by night, and the next morning would be ready to go to work on the dam and take boarders. Inside the shanty the earth was smoothed, scantling laid and a rude floor of boards put down. Underneath a little hole was dug for a cellar, and a trapdoor cut in the boards to get at it. A place was sawn in the roof and a bit of tin tacked about it, and the stovepipe run through into the open air.



THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT—HAMPDEN PARK.



OLIVER STREET, FROM HIGH.

Under the V of the roof was a loft, reached by a rough ladder, where the boarders slept. A partition of boards or, perchance, in other instances, an old blanket, usually cut in twain the lower room. On one side was a sleeping apartment, on the other the kitchen. In the loft were no beds, but there was straw in plenty, and here the boarders reclined something after the manner of sardines in a box. Board was rated at three dollars each per week. The

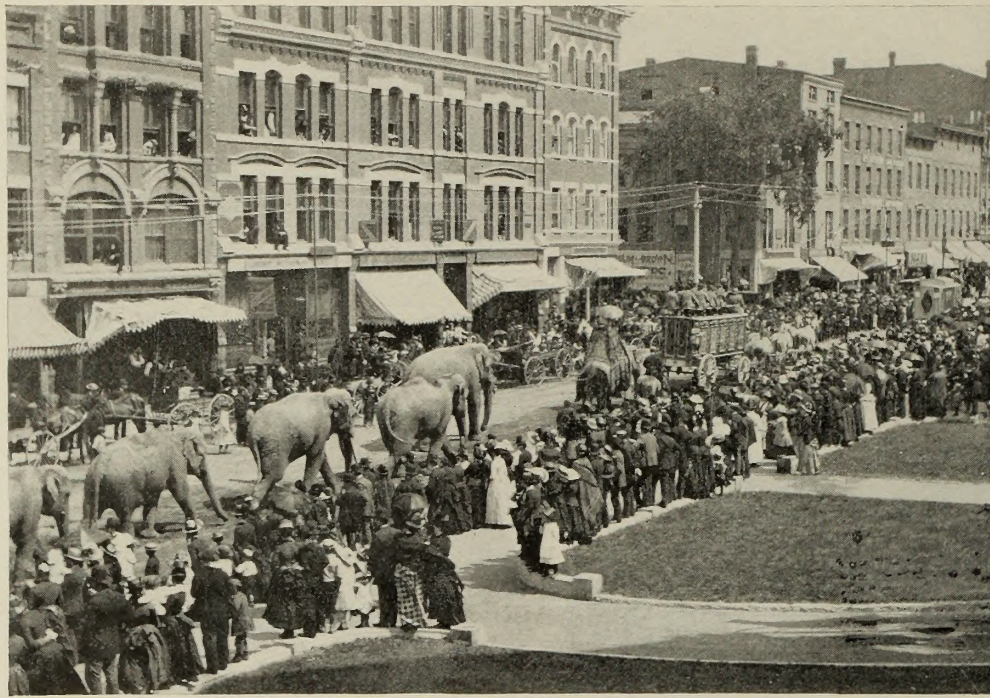
food served was plenty and good, if not æsthetic in its nature. The bill of fare is, in the main, included in the following list: Hog's head, corned beef, pork, coffee, bread and "paraties." Most of the shanties were little affairs, but there was one with a length of forty feet, where thirty boarders were kept. The houses were ranged along irregular and narrow streets, about which the hogs, hens and goats roamed at will, picking up the refuse. Behind the houses were little hovels for these creatures, though it is possible that in some cases they lived right with the family. The women of the neighborhood, as well as the children, were quite apt to go barefoot as long as mild weather lasted. Many houses were whitewashed within and kept with great neatness. Slovenliness makes no class distinctions. You may find it among the houses of the rich as well as the poor, and of the wise as well as the ignorant. Neatness is a virtue all may have, no matter what their property or what their education.

The inhabitants of "The Patch" came from various counties of Mother Ireland, and a clannish feeling seemed to prevail among those who came from the same region, which led to some desperate fights. Still, though quite free in the use of a shillalah and quick to anger, after a row the combatants were apt to be very good friends. While one of these diversions was going on the place was just about as safe as a powdermill, and those who were outside at such times were very sure to keep outside. Then there were family troubles. A man would be combating his wife, and quite likely the children were engaged too—all in a turmoil of slapping, hitting and screeching. But it was best to let these things settle in their own way, for if an outsider interfered, they would *all* turn around and give him "a most awful licking."

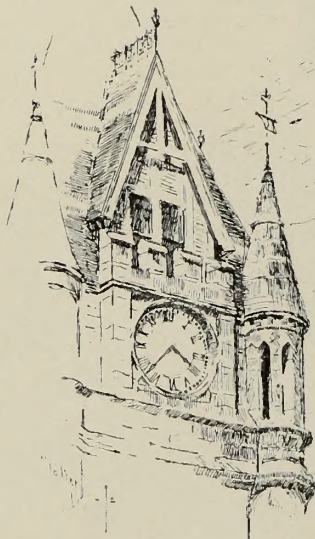
In the summer of 1849, when the dam was nearing completion, the cholera broke out in "The Patch." It was very hot, the life in the little village was very crowded, and the surroundings of the buildings were in many cases very

uncleanly. This and the salt food they ate, which inclined them to drink great quantities of river water, brought on an epidemic. It made quick work. A man would be taken sick in the night and be dead before daylight. Whole families were swept away. There being no Catholic cemetery in Holyoke in those days, the dead were carried to Chicopee. Religion, which up to this time they had little care for, assumed importance on the breaking out of the cholera, and it was then the first regular Catholic services were begun in the Old Exchange Hall, then just built, though in the summer previous occasional services had been conducted under a large elm tree which stood in a pasture where is now the corner of Dwight and Elm streets. The cholera lasted but a few weeks, and a little later the dam was finished and proven a complete success.

Now business began to boom; there were big mills going up, houses multiplying along the newly laid-out streets, and the enthusiasts were going to have the place a city inside of five years. But in 1856 dull times came, the big Lyman mills were shut down all winter, and property owners of the vicinity were in the depths of despondency. The entire trade on High street could have been cared for by a single person. Time hung heavy on the merchants' hands, and on pleasant days you would usually find a group of them in an open lot in the vicinity pitching quoits while they watched for customers. On one day the proprietor of a certain shoe store remembers that he had but a single interruption, when he made a sale of one



A CIRCUS IN TOWN.



THE CITY HALL CLOCK.



HIGH STREET.



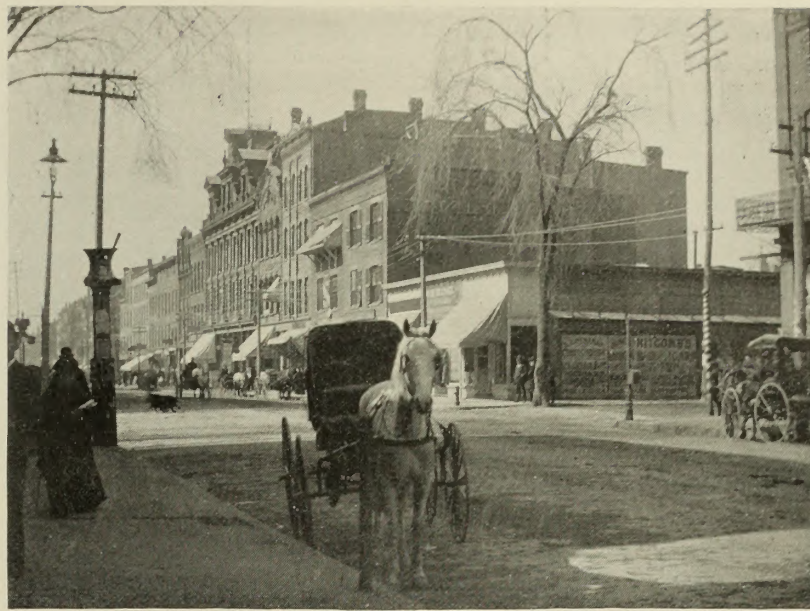
THE NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

cent's worth of shoe strings. On another day it had happened that there had been a light rain during the night, just enough to wet down the dust, and toward noon one of the merchants observed that a single wheel track had traversed High street. That was the only team that had been on the street that morning, and he called together his brother merchants to consider the matter. A committee was appointed to investigate and find out what the man's business might have been, though there were those who thought he was not on business at all, but simply out for pleasure.

More than one man lost his all by buying land when the town was on the boom, which later became next to worthless on his hands. One example was that of the Chapin Brothers, who had a store at "Baptist Village." It was a country variety store, and took farm produce in



AN ALLEY VIEW OF THE CITY HALL.



HIGH STREET, LOOKING NORTH FROM HAMPDEN.

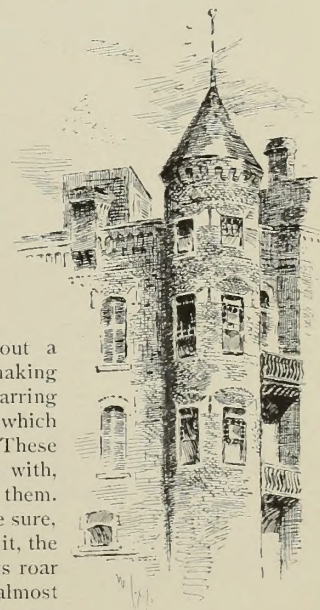
exchange, and was doing quite a thriving business. They were bankers, as well, in a small way, taking such moneys as the farmers of the region chose to leave with them, and paying interest therefor. This firm, in expectancy of the city's rapid growth, bought up a tract north of South street and east of their village, known as "The Plain," and built on it half a dozen small houses. But they had made a miscalculation, and they presently failed. This failure made a great commotion, as, owing to their banking business, the whole community in the west part of the town was more or less involved. Exposed windows in vacant buildings were a temptation to the boys of those days, and the glass of these dwellings was broken by the stones they threw, and the uncared for houses which had to wait twenty years for occupants made a dismal looking group.

It is remembered that in these dull years just preceding the war, the Hamilton House, then known as the Holyoke House, was offered for sale for \$20,000. It had just been built at a cost of \$110,000, but no taker could be found even at the price quoted.



HOLYOKE NEWSBOYS.

When the dam was finished, in 1849, the water fell perpendicularly over its crest, and its pounding could be heard for miles about. When the air was just right, the sound was audible as far away as Springfield. The water as it fell imparted to the earth a slight vibration, that would set such windows and doors as were not perfectly tight into a clicking motion. You might see a man jump up in the midst of service in one of the churches and stick his knife into some window that was keeping up



A BIT OF HIGH ST. ARCHITECTURE.



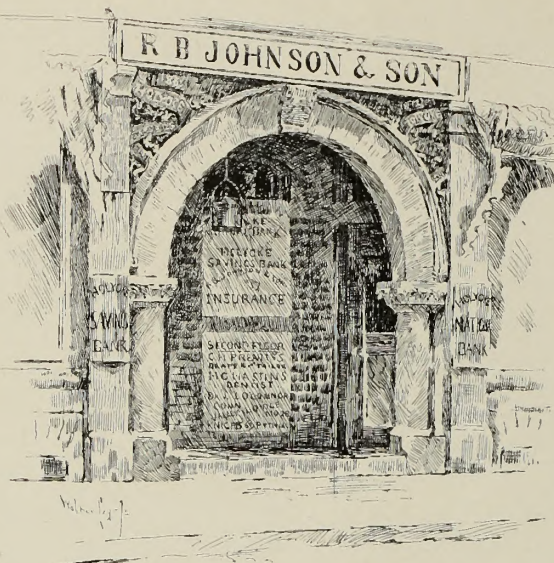
LOOKING UP HAMPDEN STREET, FROM HIGH.

an unchurchly rattling. Everything about a house that was the least bit loose was "a-shaking and a-clapping," and you could see the jarring motions of poles or sticks in the garden which were not very firmly set in the earth. These results were rather astonishing to begin with, but the natives soon became used to them. "The dam was a great music-box," to be sure, but once having become accustomed to it, the sensation on getting out of hearing of its roar was a curious one. The stillness was almost oppressive. "It seemed as if Sunday was come: it made one feel queer; you couldn't think what the matter was, there was such a dead silence."

A little four-foot apron projected from the crest of the dam, and from this was suspended, some eight feet below, by iron rods, a plank walk on which one could pass beneath the sheet of water which was falling over the dam. Not many would aspire to this experience, as a walk on those slippery planks in the mists and sprays from the flying waters, and with such a roar in your ears that you could hardly hear yourself think, would not be enjoyable to the average individual. The logs and ice dropping over the dam soon demolished this walk, and it was never rebuilt.

There are several more or less tragic bits of history connected with the dam that are worth recording. Some time after the structure was finished, three Irishmen were crossing the river in a boat, just above the fall, when an oar broke. The man rowing became confused and pulled furiously with the

remaining oar, but that only served to turn the boat round and round. So the craft was dashed over the dam. But luckily the swift current below swept the men close by a great rock in mid-stream, which they managed to grasp, and soon were ensconced safely on its top and yelling lustily for help. The cry was soon running through the town that there were three men over the dam, and the crowds began at once to gather on the banks. The accident occurred just at the edge of evening on a cold day in autumn, and the plight of the poor fellows out on the rock after their ducking was in no wise enviable. Night settled gloomily down, and bonfires were kindled on either bank to show the shipwrecked that those on shore were planning help. At the Falls and Holyoke there then lived a number of the old river boatmen who were familiar with the stream, and from long practice knew how to handle a boat with the greatest skill and dexterity. Four of these men, Isaac Hadley, Levi Dickinson, Sam Ely and Joseph Ely, manned one of the old flat-boats lying in disuse at the ferry landing, poled it up along shore, crept cautiously out in the bit of water below the dam, which was a little less fierce than that below, took

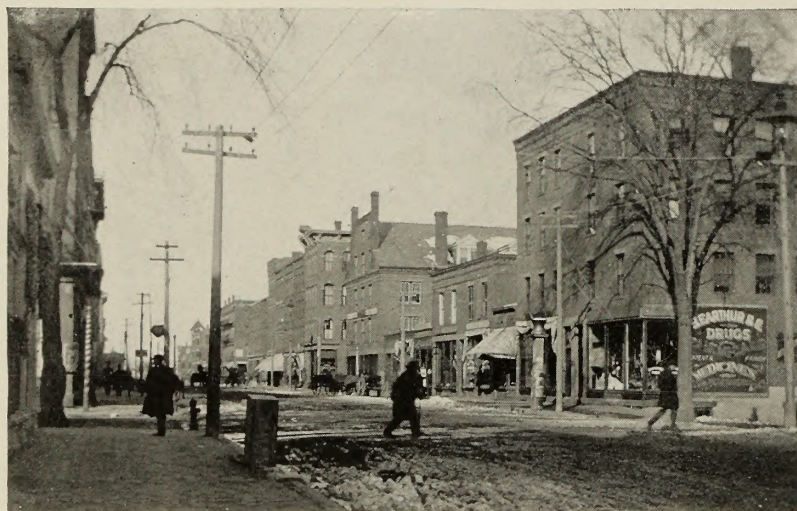


A HIGH STREET ENTRANCE.

they were working was dragging anchor, and was on the very edge of the dam. The suction of the water on the verge of the fall was terrible. There was no hope. Mr. Hadley called out for each man to take care of himself, and the next instant the boat plunged into the surging waters below. Hadley and one other were drowned. The third man, when he came to himself after the shock, found he was drifting past a rock just below the fall, and he managed to gain a foothold on it. His shouts at once attracted attention, and thousands of people gathered on the banks within a few minutes. A crew of the old watermen was soon found for one of the flatboats. The boat came up along shore, and when it turned its head out into the river, and, tossed on the broken waters, made its uncertain way toward mid-stream, the multitude on the bank held its breath with anxiety. Now the rock is reached, the man clammers aboard, and a great shout goes up from the crowds on shore. But it is quickly hushed, for the foaming rapids below are still to be passed. Two of the boatmen are at the oars; the other two stand, one on each side, at the bow with poles in hand and a watchful eye on the currents before them. They know the channel and the suction of

every rock. The boat starts on its course and goes straight down through the rapids like a race horse, tossed or guided this way and that in the wild waves, and at times half lost in dashing spray, but presently coming out safe in the quieter waters below. Then the witnessing crowds breathed freely again, and gave vent to their feeling in long-continued cheering.

In a little shanty by the canal on the South Hadley side, at the foot of the Glasgow hill, lived Rufus Robinson, in his last years, all alone. He was one of



HIGH STREET, CORNER HAMPDEN.

the three men from the rock and shot down through the rapids to safety. It was a desperate undertaking carried bravely through.

Not many years later the leader of these rescuers, Isaac Hadley, met his death here. Mr. Hadley was a sturdy, thickset, powerfully built man, a man greatly looked up to in the community, a man of good judgment, who could always be depended on. He had been captain of one of the old river boats, and had later been an overseer in the constructing of the dam. It thus came about, from his knowledge of the river, boats and the dam, and his general ability and trustworthiness, that he was always called upon to superintend such repairing as was necessary at the dam. In the summer of 1866 he worked for several days stopping a leak which was making trouble. A leak was made apparent by an upward boiling of the water below the fall, and was usually stopped by dumping in quantities of sand bags just above. Before this job was finished the water began to rise rapidly, and on the 20th of August, when Mr. Hadley crossed the ferry to begin work, he remarked that he never had so dreaded to go to his work as he did that morning. But the morning wore quietly away, and at eleven o'clock the job was pronounced done. At this moment the three men noticed the flatboat on which



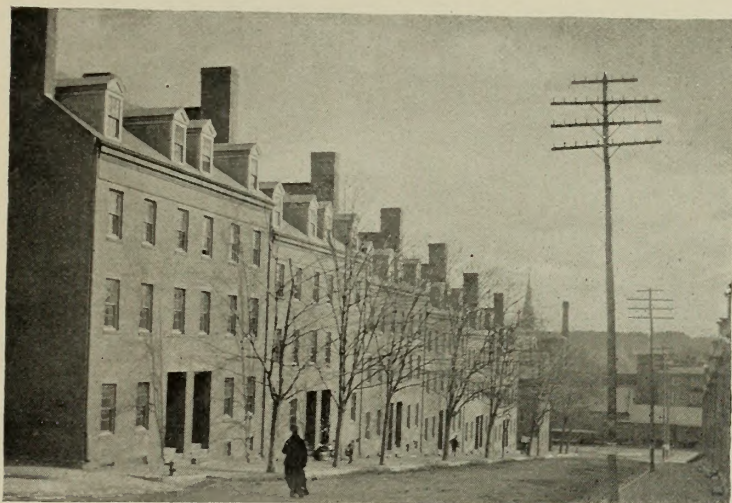
HIGH STREET, LOOKING SOUTH FROM DWIGHT.



HIGH STREET, NEAR OLIVER.

the old boatmen and had the reputation of being the most skillful waterman on the river, and no one had a higher opinion of Rufus Robinson than Rufus Robinson himself. In earlier days he had distinguished himself by piloting down the rapids a steamboat which had been built for use above but proved unprofitable. Now, he thought he could row a boat right across on top of the dam and come to no harm. He was a limber, graceful, daring fellow—a very good sort of person, except for the liquor he let run down his throat. And so, as in many a case before his day and since, he met death through drink. One Sunday, having rowed across the river to slake a dryness he was subject to, he was seen to come down to his boat later with staggering steps, and a few minutes afterward the boat was dashed over the dam.

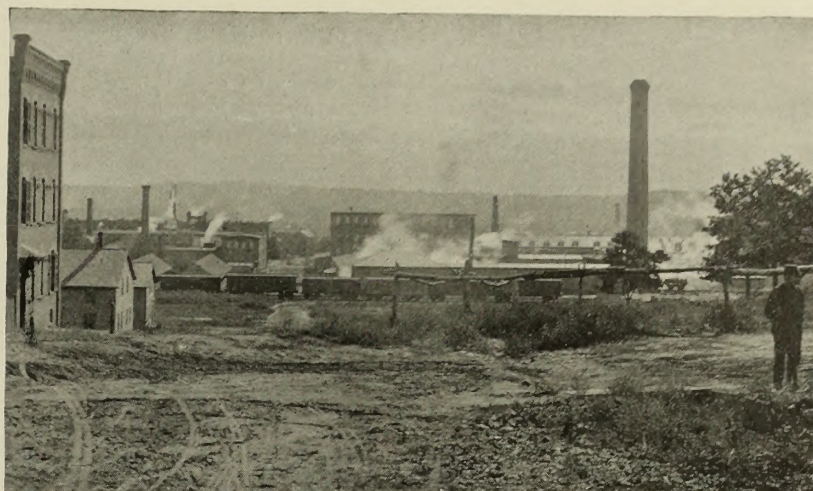
Another tragic story has a woman for its subject. It was a winter's evening. The river above the dam was frozen in a glary sheet of ice, and a strong north wind had come up and was sweeping with bitter force down the stream. The woman, having been visiting at the Falls, started across the ice toward home. It was a dark night, the sky was clouded and a fine sleet was cutting through the air. She became somewhat confused in the wind and storm, and when the full force of the gale struck her in mid-river she began to slip along the glary surface. She struggled against the wind, but it still drove her along



HAMPDEN STREET, FROM HIGH.

toward the fatal dam, whose roar was sounding in her ears above that of the storm. She fell on her knees and clung to the ice, but when she rose again to battle toward home, the wind pushed her slowly but surely toward the dam. It was frightful. She cried for help. But few would go abroad on such a wild night, and the wind stifled her shouts so that in the dull roar of the waters, now so near, she could not have been heard a dozen yards away. She sat down with her back to the wind and took off her shoes, hoping that in stocking feet she would not slip. But her feet quickly numbed and she had to give up. In the morning the weather had cleared and quieted, and then a chance passer found her body only a few feet from the edge of the dam on the glary ice, which was streaked with the remnants of last night's snow scud.

In the course of time a suspicion arose that the constant pounding of the water over the dam must be wearing away the bottom below, and so endangering the base of the structure. A test showed that hollows twenty, thirty and even forty feet deep had been worn in the river bed, and steps were at once taken to build an apron to the dam. This



THE MILLS, SEEN FROM LOWER HIGH STREET.

was done in 1868-70. First these worn hollows were filled with sand-bags, and with "cribs" made of logs criss-crossing and filled with stone till they sank. The stone came from all the country around, and many a farmer took this opportunity to sell at a profit the old stone walls zig-zaging about his fields. While this work was going on a diver, who had gone below to examine the cavity they were filling, was caught by the current, the tubes and cords connecting him with the surface were snapped, and he was never seen after. Search for the body was unavailing. He was probably drawn into some crevice and there buried beneath the sand and rubbish churning about in the water. So there he lies to this day, walled in the dam. The apron almost rivals the

main structure in size and solidity. It has the same slope as the upper part, and a base of fifty feet. Down this the water slips with a mellow roar, quite gentle beside the heavy pounding of earlier days, and the loose windows and doors of the neighborhood tremble no more at the dam's mighty pulsations.

THE PROBLEM.

The common problem, your's, mine, every one's,
Is—not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it could be—but finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair
Up to our means.

—Browning.



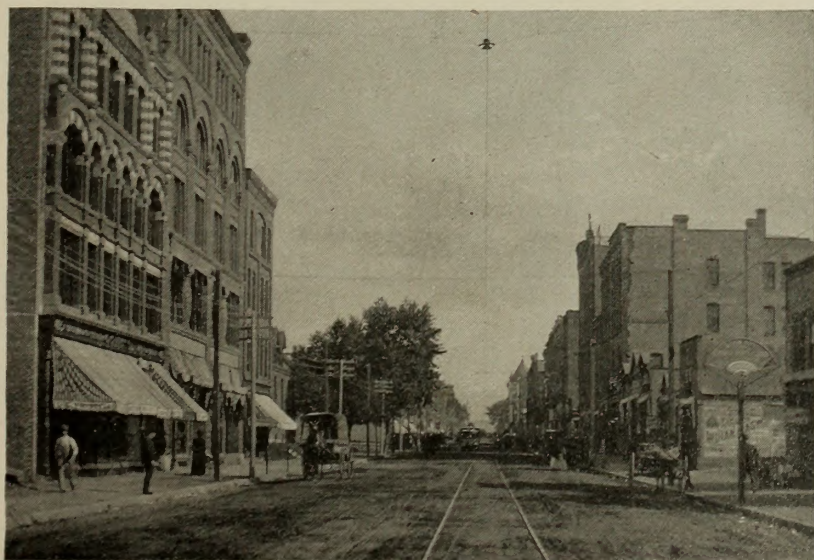
PICTURESQUENESS IN THE REAR OF HIGH STREET.



SITE OF THE NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, 1891.

FOR THE ABSENT SONS OF HAMPDEN.

No more grateful act can be performed than to send the absent sons and daughters of Hampden both volumes of "Picturesque." The price is so low that several copies, sent on their friendly mission, would seem small expense in view of the pleasure they will give. How welcome such a work as this must be to one who has been for some years away from his native hills and meadows. Every Hampden man and woman should save a copy for the home, and it is suggested that in the holiday season no gift could be more appropriate than our "Family Edition," with its substantial and attractive cloth cover, or, if you can spare a few dollars more, the "Holiday Edition," richly bound in full leather.



LOWER HIGH STREET.



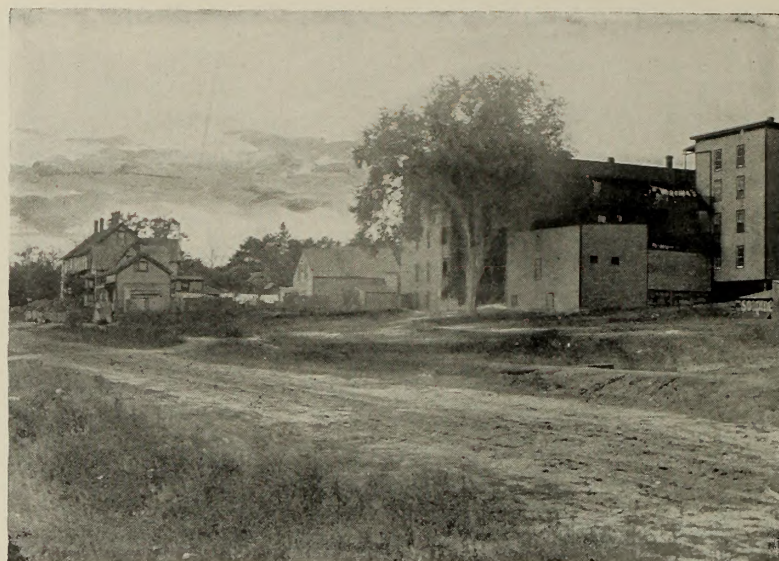
THE CULVERT AT THE DINGLE.

SPRING FLOODS ON THE CONNECTICUT.

By the beginning of April the ice which, during the winter, has bridged the Connecticut river in its quieter parts, has been loosed from the shore by the sun's increasing warmth, and, worn away by the water till it is weak and honeycombed, it crumbles and is swept down the stream. The upper portions of the river are often some weeks later in breaking up, but in mild years are sometimes clear by the end of March. When the snows on the New Hampshire hills and the Green Mountains fairly begin to melt, and every little stream becomes a torrent and rushes down to the river to swell its current, the channel fills to the brim, and all the lowlands are flooded, and the brown meadows which lie higher have long streaks of water in every hollow. The water bears with it great quantities of brush, bits of board, wood left by choppers within its reach, and like rubbish, known to the natives under the comprehensive name of "flood-trash." Amongst this is a sprinkling of logs, some rotten or filled with knots, others smooth and sound — runaways from some upstream sawmill. Some are battered and splintered by collision with the ice, and many are run through with long bolts and spikes, showing them to be a part of some washed away dam or pier. Often there will be heavy plank and great timbers from a destroyed bridge on the current, and many are the prizes to be had for the taking. The farmers living on the banks who possess boats, are not slow to take advantage of this circumstance. To some of them the river becomes their wood lot and their lumber yard. Those who have the best positions, take their pick from what comes down and do not waste any time over the poorer stuff. What passes them, no matter how apparently worthless, is thankfully received by the



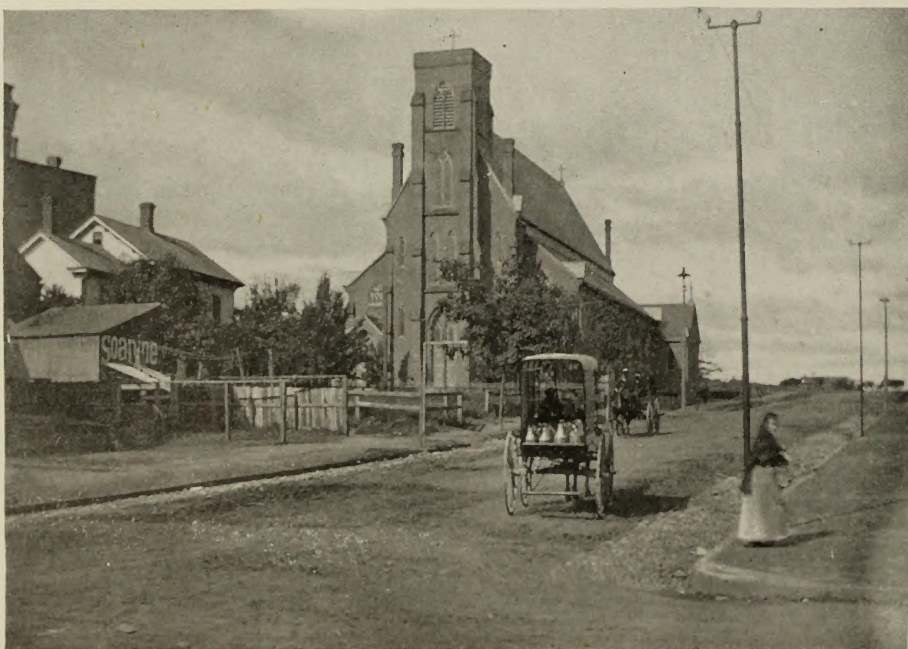
A GROUP ON THE SIDEWALK.



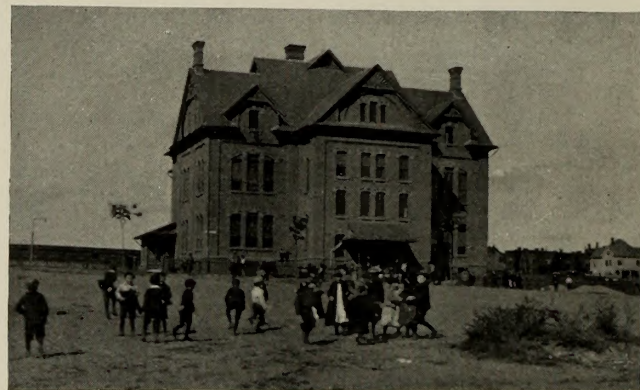
THE SOUTHERN END OF HIGH STREET.

poorer classes in the cities below, who watch the stream and fish from it everything burnable which comes within their reach. Happy is the man among them who owns some old scow of a boat. Fortune smiles on him, and he is the envy of all his fellows.

Every farmer among the favored ones who live at the water's edge has one or two spike poles, bought sometimes of the "logmen," when in the summer they escort their big "drive" of logs down the river; but oftener the poles are home-made. They are some twelve or fifteen feet in length. When making a sally in the boat, some carry a short spike pole five or six feet long, and others what they call "a dog," which looks something like an axe, except for the curious shape of the blade. If a man catches logs alone, he has attached to the stern of his boat by short



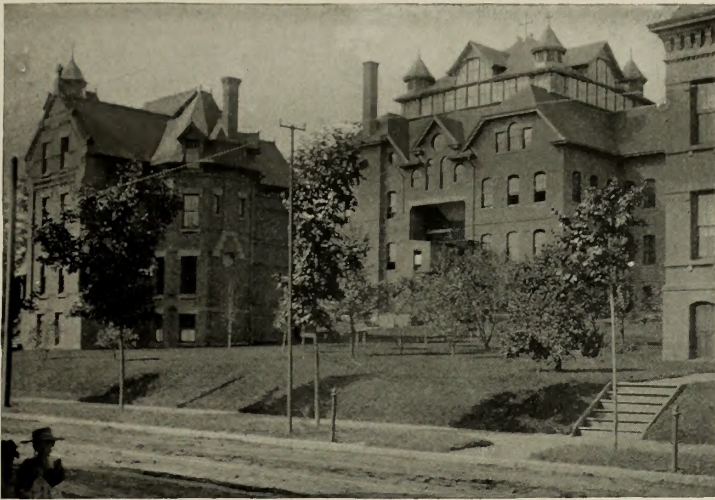
THE SACRED HEART CATHOLIC CHURCH.



SOUTH CHESTNUT STREET SCHOOL.

chains one or two small iron instruments, also known as "dogs," which he drives into any logs he may wish to tow in. The end driven into the log turns down, and is in shape like a short spike. The opposite end bends upward, so that a sharp blow on it prys out the end buried in the wood. Once brought to the bank, the logs are fastened to stakes and convenient trees, and presently horses are attached and they are drawn up on dry land.

The rising water, which is very uncertain in its movements till the middle of May, is always the occasion of considerable uneasiness among those who live on low ground; for every year some cellars are flooded, and there is always the chance that the water will come up still higher and drive the people from their homes. Northampton, Springfield and Hartford are all partially overflowed at times. In the great flood of 1862 the old town of Hadley was half under water, and other towns and hamlets are not lacking in similar experiences.



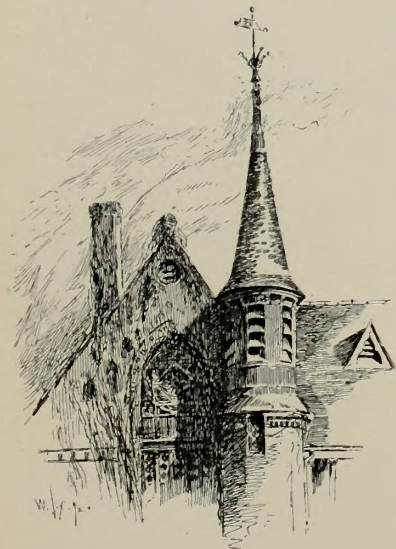
SACRED HEART CONVENT AND SCHOOL.

HOLYOKE NEWSBOYS.

Being a newsboy is being one chapter of the world's boyhood. It is being a very busy chapter, and a very bright and quite an important one.

The world knows well enough that the ways of newspaper making are many, and the newsboy knows that so, too, are the ways of selling the printed sheets. He knows that in the same numbers he measures his success, so does the paper that he sells. From this comes a sense of possession, and if the makers of "our paper" only will give something that will suit, he will see that the people take it.

In newsboydom there is a constant pushing evolution. But it is an evolution that takes the boy out of the news ranks and makes him errand boy, or clerk, or steady worker of some kind. Within the ranks boys may come and boys may go, but the newsboy is always the same. Those who sell the Holyoke afternoon papers are like the rest of their motley kind. Perhaps they do not have to rush and hurry as when morning editions must be spread around before breakfast time,



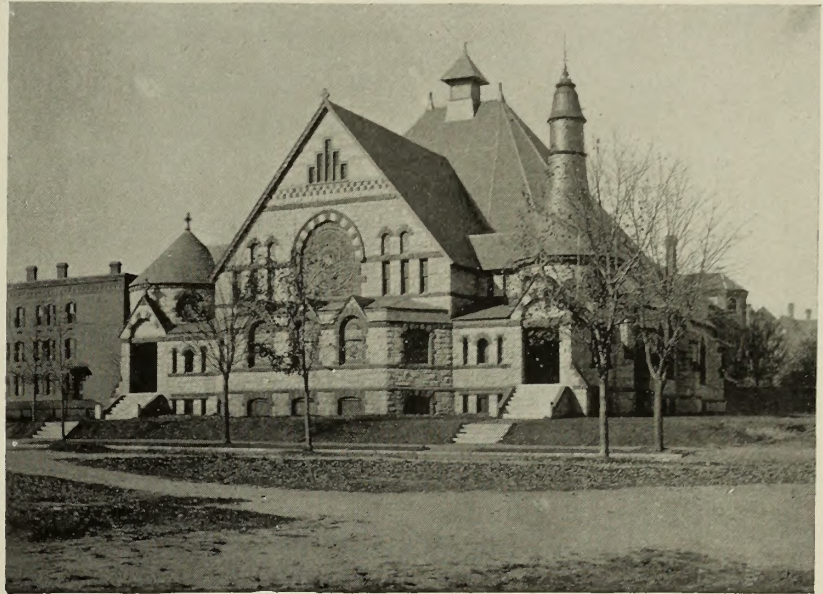
A TOWER—CHURCH OF THE UNITY.

and if anything, they may be a degree brighter and a little sharper at business deals than elsewhere. As financiers they are great successes, and there is no limit to the tricks they will think of and practice in their line.

The paper will go to press at four o'clock, but the boy is on hand early and begins to hang around by two o'clock, or, if school keeps, he comes as soon as he is loose. His aim is to "get out early," for he has customers in whom he takes as much pride as does his senior in business in his patrons, and those customers wan

of them in front of the railing that keeps the crowd from the big press. A rushing, pushing, grasping, yelling crowd it is.

It is the same crowd getting together every day, and the same uncongenial spirits displaying themselves. Sometimes a sparring match is needed to cement friendship, and nearly every day the same sparrers are settling the same grievance or making fast the



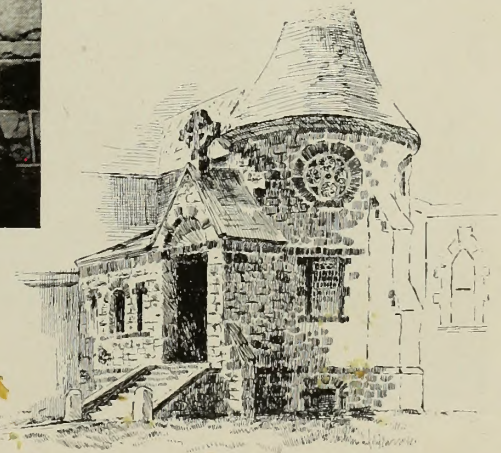
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.



WAITING FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL TO BEGIN.

the news as soon as it can be got on paper. Besides, there is a chance to do extra business for the boy who gets his news first. He can run from one corner to another and catch the street farer, while the other fellow is still waiting noisily in the press-room for his packet of papers. It is hard to say what the boys do during their two-hours' wait. No boy with full health was ever known to be still for two hours, and much less could this be expected of the two hundred

same compact. There is a code for these matches. Fighting space is cleared in the crowd, and each sparrer has his sidars. A little fellow steps just a trifle out to umpire the fun, and makes brisk music with a jews-harp or a harmonica. The ready strugglers go at it, and fist and push and parry until some one is worsted. Then quarter is called, the music stops, and the beaten boy promises to do the licking next time.



AN ENTRANCE—PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

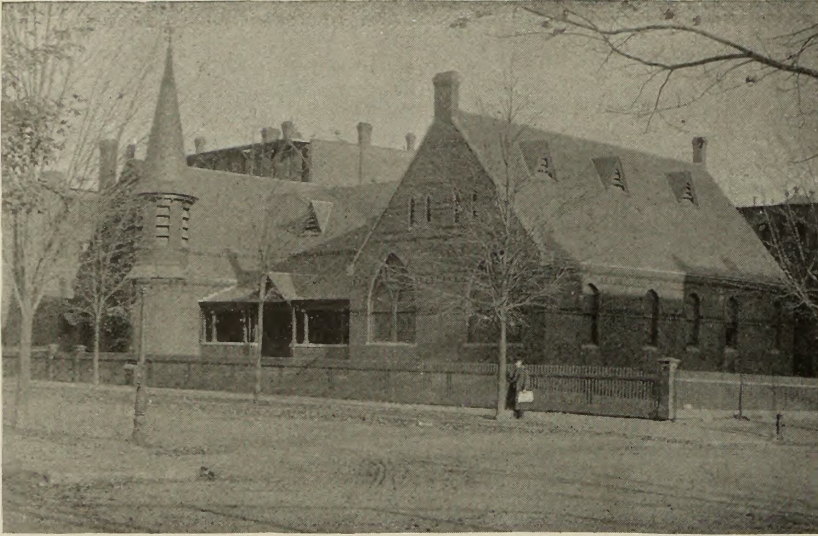
There is a deal of chivalry shown in that noisy crowd. This little fellow fares better than some, because his back is not straight and strong like other boys'. And this other little fellow is very young.

Boys of all sorts are in the crowd. There is the harum-scarum little fellow who sells ten or a dozen papers in a hotel corridor or on a busy corner, the more regular one who sells only to his customers, and the big boy who has been long in the business and takes some hundreds, delivering them over the same course that he has for the past half-dozen years. The boys have a yell all their own, which they originate and shortly forget, but start again in some new form. It is generally in sound much like the class yells of college boys, only less complicated.

When at last the wheels of the big press begin to turn, the rush and push against the iron railing is two-hundred-boy power. There is a two-hundred-boy



THE MASSASOIT.



UNITARIAN CHURCH.

force to the yell that is raised for papers at the same time. "Gimme twenty!" "I want sixty!" "Forty!" And the pennies go over the railing as fast as the man behind can take them. Perhaps that sharp boy with the funny shock of hair, who is squeezed firm in front of the mass, hands over a loaded fifty-cent piece and cries out, "Fifty papers!" He expects a good quarter besides in change, but he rarely gets it. The man in charge knows his business as well as he knows the boys, and leaded pieces and plugged coins have to be taken back.

One boy gets his bundle of damp papers, there is a squeezing through an almost impossible space that couldn't be seen a moment before and is closed over the next moment, and the boy is abroad with the news. There is a rush for the first street man, and then off for stores, offices, factories and



RESIDENCE OF E. W. CHAPIN.

lounging places. All is business.

One little fellow, who lisps, "I'm doin'" to sell all my papers if I stay out till eight o'clock," is full of energy, and, as well, polite. When his pockets don't hold the change for nickels, he runs to the nearest store and gets it, and when some one tells him to keep the change, he is prettily thankful. That is the boy who, at six, earns a dollar a week towards his bank-book. He has not yet been to school, but knows how to master his money problems. He began his work on a sound basis with a few papers, and little by little added customers, until at the end of a twelve-month he takes out forty papers every day.

Another little fellow, not so honest or industrious, and not so successful, for that matter, but cuter and more schemy, covers his face with dirt, makes it look as if he had been crying, and tries the sympathy of

guests at hotels. His frail and poorly clothed figure is the last on the streets at night, and he is never afraid to appeal to the stranger's kindness. If he is cold, or hungry, or dirty, with him that is a matter of business; the look of suffering pain or hardship has a money value.

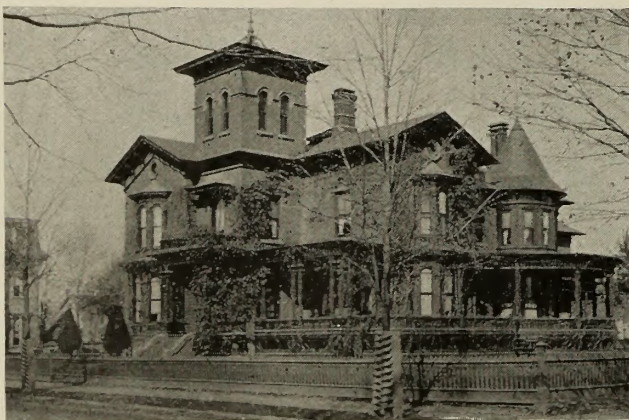


RESIDENCE OF JAMES RAMAGE.

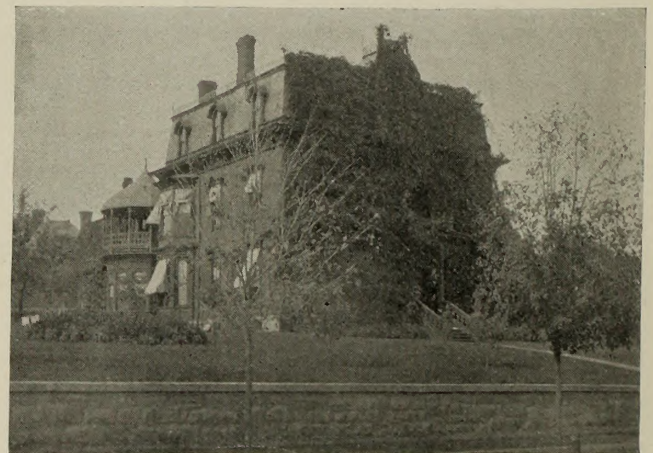
Because he likes the work, this other little fellow sells a dozen papers, rain or shine, while that big boy is out only when the weather favors. He is a high school lad, for whom selling papers means not so much business as spending money.

Still another schemer is the boy who has "only one paper left," and won't sell it for less than two cents because he "will have to cut some one," and rather than do that he says he will pay double price himself. But no sooner has he made this sale and is on the other side of a crossing, than a paper appears and is ready for the next buyer. Still the scheming is an exception. In the main, it is an honest crowd that sells the news to its readers, crying long from sheltered doorways. "Only a cent, Mister, for Holyoke daily papers."

M. A. RYAN.



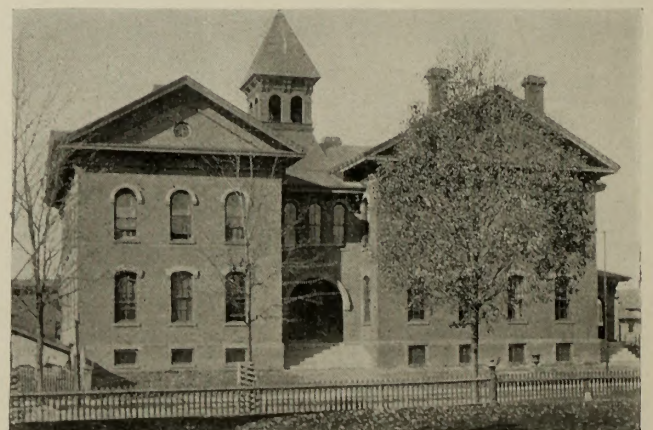
RESIDENCE OF R. C. TAFT.



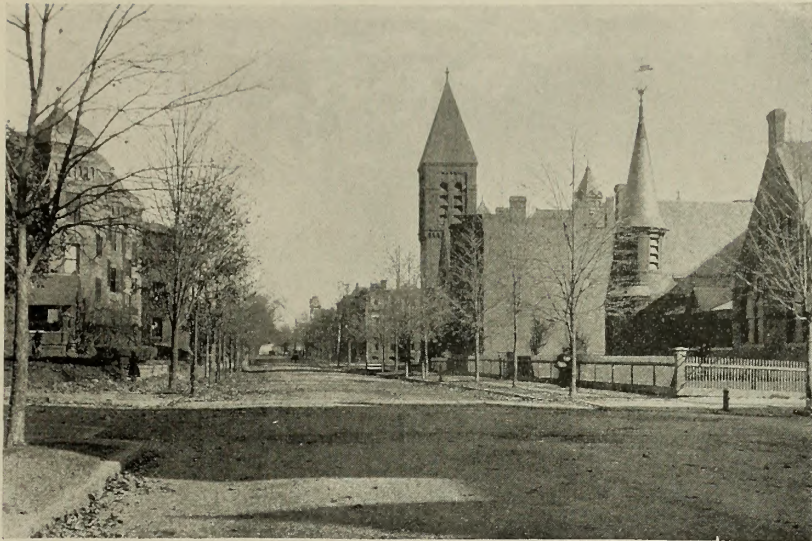
RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM SKINNER.



APPLETON STREET SCHOOL.



THE HIGH SCHOOL.



MAPLE STREET, FROM ESSEX.

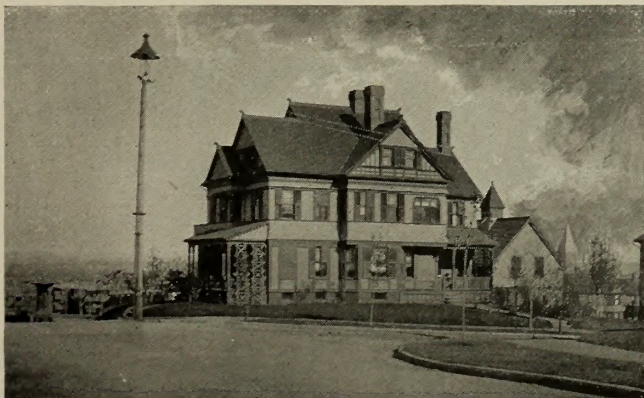
WORKING LIFE IN HOLYOKE.

A bright boy wrote the following essay on Man:—"Man is an animal that stands up; he is not very big, and he has to work for a living." This description admits of some exceptions, but upon the whole it covers the case very well. And Holyoke is a good place in which to become acquainted with the people who work for a living. In Holyoke, work is the order of the day, and to a large extent, of the night also. It is the order of six days in the week, and in too many cases of seven.

I have no wish to aggravate social discontent, of which there is too much already. Most men, whether employers or employes, are anxious to get as much money as they can get lawfully. Business is, in most cases, conducted under sharp competition, which does not afford a very large leeway for philanthropic principles. Nevertheless, let no man deny that philanthropic principles should have a place in business; let no man repeat the guilty apology of Cain,



METHODIST CHURCH—APPLETON STREET.

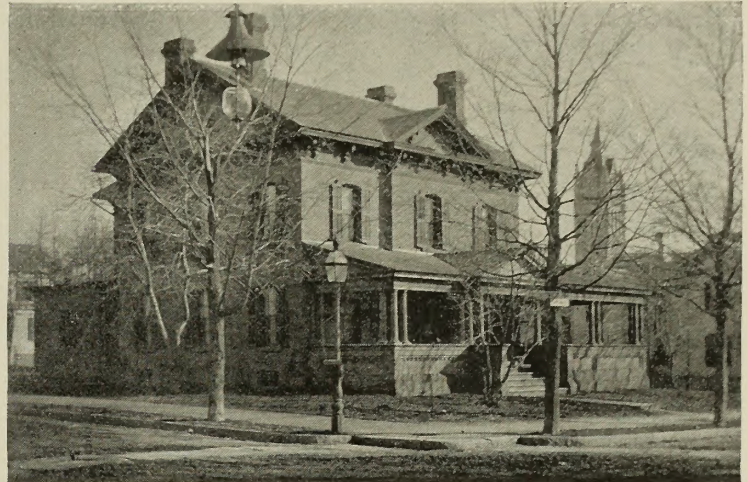


RESIDENCE OF CHARLES H. RICHARDS.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" This applies equally to employers and to employed. Employers sometimes take an unfair advantage of their workmen, and workmen sometimes ask unjust things of their employers. In both cases the moral law is violated. What all men should remember, is that might does not make right.

I cannot claim to speak as an expert, and yet it would do little good to treat this subject in an abstract way, and make no specific sugges-

tions. Accordingly, I shall venture to call public attention to a few matters that seem to demand consideration. The first of these is the employment of so many children—by which term let us indicate boys and girls under eighteen and over thirteen, the age under which, in Massachusetts, the employment of children is forbidden. The laws of our state upon this subject are perhaps the most advanced in the country, and yet it is to be questioned whether a greater degree of restriction is not necessary. The young have



RESIDENCE OF MRS. S. S. CHASE.

special need of protection. To youth add poverty, and the need of legal defense cannot be gainsaid. This is now provided in part; but it ought to be increased, and the employers of children should be particularly mindful of their responsibilities. The subject is of the greatest importance, because upon it depends the future. If it is poor economy to keep a colt at hard work, how is it of a boy or a girl? And if the latter is bad economy, is not the humanity of it to be questioned? It will be said that the children help support the family. This is very well, if they can do it without injury to their own future. But let us be careful not to injure the health and prospects of future fathers and mothers, for to do this is to invite race degeneration.

I have been requested by one of the mill workers to refer to sanitary conditions; in particular, to overheating and insufficient ventilation. These matters require no argument. Vitiating air poisons the blood, provokes pain and disease, shortens life. To work half a day in a very hot room, and then go out into our northern winter or spring—

who can think of it without being reminded of pneumonia and consumption? Cotton may run better, and paper be more readily calendered in a hot room; but flesh and blood are more valuable, or ought to be, than cotton and paper.

Another needed reform, is that the night-workers should be released on Saturday and Sunday nights. None will deny that night work should be reduced to a minimum; and men who work



LOOKING DOWN BEECH STREET, FROM CABOT.

nights deserve a Sabbath in which they can do something besides make up lost sleep. An appeal for the Saturday half-holiday, which is the rule in England, may well be inserted here, addressed especially to those who desire to have Sunday respected as a sacred day.

There is another appeal which should be made to employers, superintendents and overseers, and that is for the display of personal courtesy and kindness toward those who are under them. This also has been suggested to me by an employe. Of course there are great individual differences in this respect, and those who do well have no cause to be ashamed if perchance they read these lines. But it is well to remember that people in subordinate positions, and even children, have a rightful sense of personal dignity, and rightfully object to being managed just as machines or horses are managed.



EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Kindness and gentleness are not very expensive lubricants, but there is nothing to be compared with them for reducing friction. They who neglect to use them make a serious mistake.

My last suggestion is for the benefit of those who are engaged in retail business; but it is also addressed to the general public, who are apt to have things in this world about as they choose and determine. Every one knows that the greatest objection to retail trade is its long hours. But are the present hours necessary for the accommodation of purchasers? Not at all. For instance, it would be sufficient if the stores were open two evenings in the week, instead of three or four. The Board of Trade might take some action in this matter, and public sentiment be enlisted, to refrain from purchasing upon other than the designated evenings, and after a designated hour.



MAPLE STREET, NEAR DWIGHT.



THE SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

All these suggestions, imperfect as they may be, are offered in the interest of the people who "work for a living;" and they are offered with the hope that they will appeal to employers, who also work for a living, but as a rule under easier conditions and with greater returns. To work for a living is not an Adamic curse, but a wise provision of Providence. Nevertheless, it would not be logical to conclude that because work is a good thing, the more men have of it the better. To go back to the boy's essay, with which we started, we may say that while man must continue to be a creature that works for a living, if he is also to be one that stands erect, in the physical and in the spiritual sense, he must not only have opportunity to secure a living—he must have time and opportunity to live.

JAMES W. CARNEY.

"THE PAPER CITY"—1892.

One of the most distinguished of American artists, who had won great fame by his paintings of Indians, was asked not long ago where he intended to go the following season. His reply was, "I'm going to stay right here in New York. I'm tired of the woods and the mountains and plains and streams, where fellow beings are so scattered. I want to be where there is life." Mr. Howells, the famous novelist, in speaking of his afternoon walks after the day's work is over, says, "I like to go where life is most crowded. I go down into the tenement districts, and I find pleasure in the company of the little street urchins who have such things as dead rats and old cabbage stalks for playthings." Holyoke is a place of concentrated thronging life, and this simple fact gives it charm, independent of what it has or what it lacks of happiness, culture and comfort. It is not in the least a



SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.



RESIDENCE OF JOSEPH SKINNER.

question of fine streets or fine houses, or of its people being attractive in dress or manner. These things, when we find them, pleasantly touch our sense of harmony; but life itself touches a deeper sense—that of sympathy. It may be high or it may be low, prosperous or in adversity, housed in a mansion or dwelling in a crowded tenement; there is a fellow feeling

awakened, whatever the surrounding conditions. In one of Robert Burns' most famous poems there is a frequent recurrence of the line, "A man 's a man for a' that." His point is that a bronzed face and rough hands and dirty work and humble housing are no measure of a man's worth. To the honest worker, whatever his calling or outward appearance, is due a cordial respect. A spirited continuation of the poem referred to has been written in recent years by Charles Mackay. Through it runs the same refrain, but with a new application. Its purpose is to counteract a tendency there is in some quarters to condemn the rich simply because they are rich.

But a man is not his fine clothes or his fine house. Character lies deeper than that. Wealth need not make one effeminate or overbearing. Poverty need not carry with it coarseness or ignorance. If he shows the right metal, high or low, "A man 's a man for a' that."

Holyoke, like any other city, is made up of rich and poor. The home regions of neither class lack interest, and we should feel it a distinct loss to the truth and attractiveness of the book to neglect either. As we walk about the city, then, we shall take a varied course and follow both highways and byways.

The center of the place seems plainly to be the City Hall. It is a massive structure of granite, with a tall, handsomely proportioned tower in front, from whose base a broad terrace of steps leads down to the street. The land itself here rises into a hill, and helps to give the building prominence, no matter whence it is viewed.

To the sight-seer it is supposed to be both a duty and a privilege to climb the steps to the top of the tower to get a bird's-eye view of the surrounding landscape. He is not at liberty to wander at will up this winding stair, but must first get a key from one of the clerks on the lower floor to undo a door which blocks the way two flights up. Once past that door you have left the confines of civilization, and the way becomes at once mysterious and strange. You go up a narrow stair in almost complete darkness, and then cross a landing and go up other flights, and across rough floorings, where above is a rude criss-crossing of unfinished beams in the glooms, and in one place jump down from one floor raised above that beyond and stoop to pass beneath an iron girder stretching from wall to wall. It is a curious place, and contrasts oddly with the impression one gets from without. The rough stones and plaster show in the walls:



THE CITY FROM THE HILL.



CHUMS.

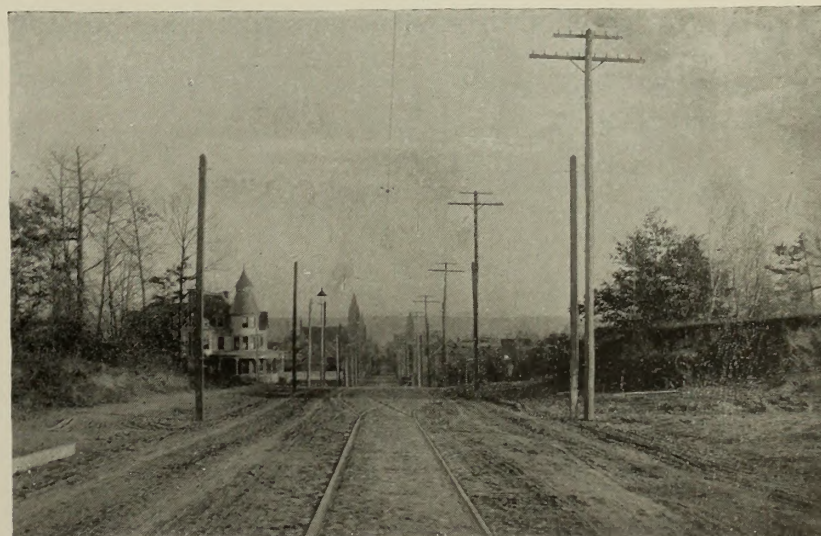
flooring and timbers and stairways seem placed at hazard, and nowhere is there sign of paint or finish. You can fancy there are bats and such creatures lurking away in the shadows somewhere. One pauses with interest to see the works of the great clock, suspended against the wall behind a glass casing, and to watch the slow swaying of the ponderous pendulum. Then you come out into the more open space, where the big bell is, and if you happen to be there at the striking of the hour, are caught with startled fright, its sound is so loud and near. Here are high, narrow openings through the granite, and you may look deep down into the streets, with their pigmy travel and traffic, or far off

over the roof tops. Easterly, the wide plain is filled with blocks of brick and great mills, interwoven with the waterways of the canals. To the west are gradually rising hills, where the homes of the people rise, street after street, to the pasture ridges at the horizon, and all enveloped and half concealed by the foliage of the thick starting trees. But the most striking view is northerly, where the river lies in a basin like a blue lake, and beyond rise Mt. Tom's bold cliff and more gently in the distance the long range of Mt. Holyoke.

Within the tower, the timbers and exposed boards were covered with the penciled or knife-carved names of visitors. I deciphered a number of these, but so far as I read came upon no one of special distinction in the world. But if some of these put the same effort and ingenuity into their every-day work that they did here to get their names into the most difficult and out-of-the-way places, they are bound to win distinguished success sometime. Going down is a much easier task than climbing up, and once out of the close, hot glooms above and in the cool corridors of the lower building, you feel the experience has been a very interesting sort of adventure.



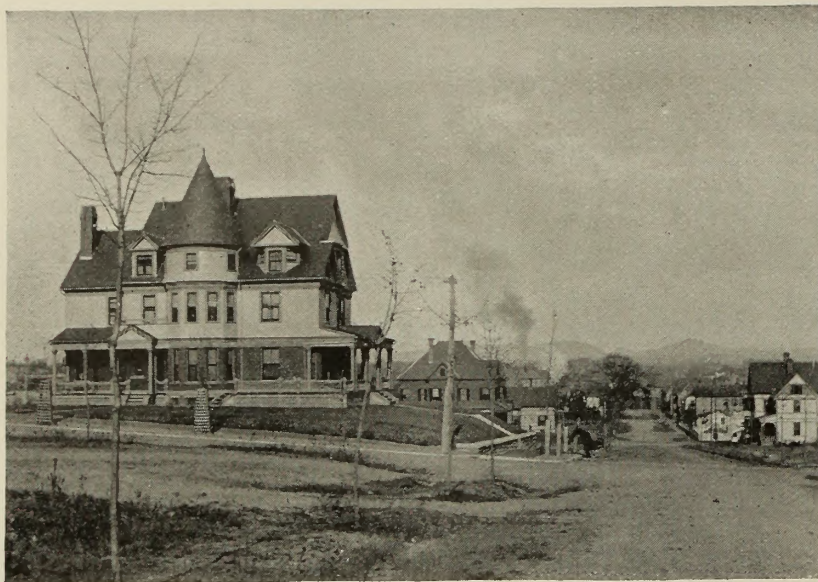
A DAY OF SNOW-SQUALLS—LINDEN STREET.



LOOKING DOWN APPLETON STREET.

Holyoke, as compared with other cities, is remarkably fortunate in its towers and spires and their placing. Rarely can be found a place where from so many points of view these features of architecture loom up so handsomely. First in importance is the tower of the City Hall, which from near or far is never lost to sight. Whether viewed from the streets below or glimpsed up a narrow alley, or seen from the hills westerly, or from the east across the river, it never loses its attraction and is always a central point of interest.

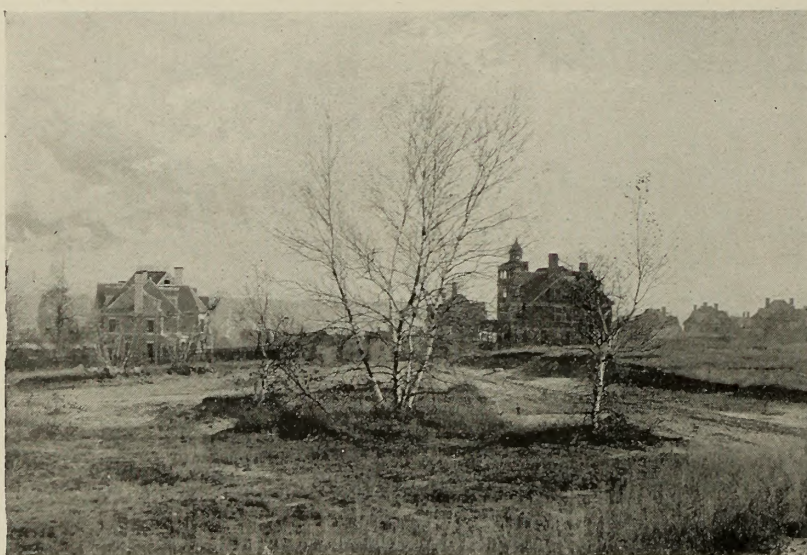
The well-proportioned spire of St. Jerome's, too, makes an attractive landmark, seen across the park it fronts, or from above or below, or any of the near streets, and the whole mass of the church is quite interesting, seen from the rear across an open lot. It is as well an attractive feature of the city, when you look south from up the river, or west from the South Hadley shores.



OAK STREET, FROM CORNER OF ESSEX.

The new French church, fronting Prospect Park, is also interesting. It is prominently placed, and its square tower, though not lofty, is quite attractive from wherever it is viewed. On Depot hill, another example of value in landscape of church architecture is the Catholic church on Mosher street. The whole building stands well up, and its two spires make graceful outlines against the sky from all the streets and fields for half a mile about.

One block up Dwight street from the City Hall is Hampden Park, a square of lawns and winding paths and well-grown trees, with a granite monument in the center, dedicated to Holyoke's soldiers. On warm summer days the settees, here where the foliage casts cool shadows, make an agreeable lounging place. This is a resort for the slow trundling baby carriage, and a place for the smaller children to tumble on the grass. Under a shelter



A HILLTOP VIEW NEAR FORESTDALE.



THE REGION NEAR FORESTDALE CEMETERY.



THE MC ELWAIN HOUSE—LINDEN STREET.

in the middle of the park is a big fountain with tin cups attached, which on days of heat and dust is a famous resort of the small people, who, so far as I observed, seemed to be afflicted with a perpetual dryness and to spend most of their time there.

From here a short walk takes one to a second park, which occupies a high terrace, rising steeply from the river it overlooks. Prospect Park is its appropriate name. When age gives growth to the trees which have been started, it will be much improved as an outing place; for, on hot days, people naturally seek the shade, even if they miss a beautiful view. At present a warm afternoon finds the park almost deserted, while the shadowed sidewalks and doorways of the near streets are quite crowded. Close below the park is the dam, to which is due almost altogether the city's existence and continued prosperity. Above, the river spreads away broad and placid; but once over the crest of the dam, it breaks into foam and becomes a white turmoil of rapids and swift, rough waters, that do not regain their former composure for a mile or more. Across the river are gradually rising fields, where are several fine groves of trees, and more to the east glimpses of the spires and village houses of South Hadley Falls. But the most striking feature of the wide landscape about is Mt. Tom, whose huge bulk blots out the northern horizon. It rises blue and strong from the water's edge in charming outline against the sky, and on quiet days mirrors itself in the glassy stream.

Just above the park are the steam sawmills and all about them on the hillside great piles of boards and slabs. The river thereabouts is crowded with the logs floated down from the head waters of the stream, and booms and piles are everywhere. It is a busy place, and the work and workmen are



SCREENING GRAVEL.

quite interesting. There is a fascination about the water always, and the ability these men show in jumping about on the floating logs seems an accomplishment worth aspiring to. Between the mill-yard and the humbler homes of the vicinity, you can see at almost any hour an odd set of pilgrims going to and fro, some of them old men or old women who come away bent beneath the great bundles of refuse wood on their backs, and some of them small boys with little carts with which they bring away loads of like character. Among these boys are certain fortunate ones, who own goats which they harness into the carts and make do the drawing.

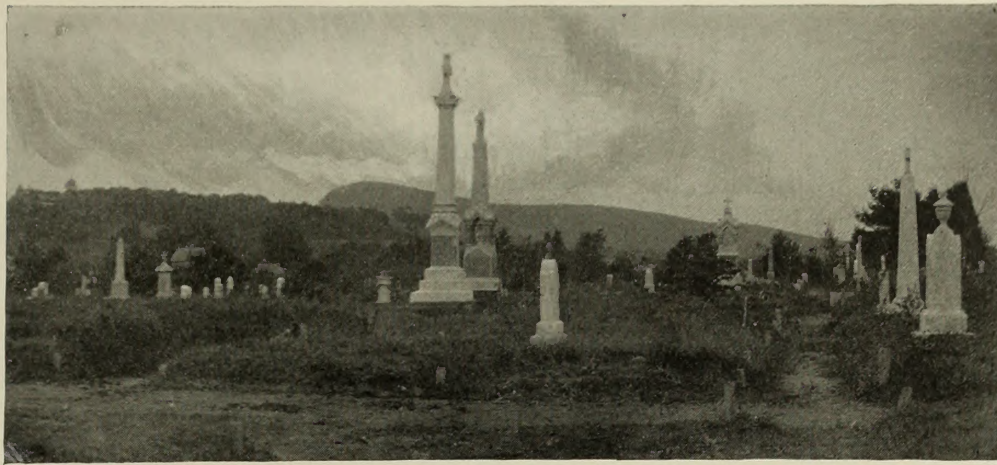
The neighborhood below the mill-yard is commonly known as "The Patch." It is a mixed-up region of narrow streets and alleys and wooden tenements, not over clean and not over agreeable in its odors. In fact, it seems to the observer that not a few of the buildings could be spared with advantage to the city, and health and comfort of the residents. Noticeable in this region is the number of child cripples who are about the sidewalks.

But follow any of the streets to the south and the surroundings at once become more cheerful. There are trees shadowing the walks, lawns before the houses, and everything trim and neat. The homes, both cottages and the more commodious dwellings, look comfortable and attractive. This region of pleasant, separate homes, extends in a wide sweep far back up the hill to Northampton street. The cottage house is the most common, but there are many handsome mansions that in size and beauty of architecture are worthy special admiration. The lay of the land is peculiarly well adapted to the attractive placing of fine buildings. It rises gently, with here and there a slightly bolder ridge, and everywhere is chance for a wide outlook over the whole valley. The district is fast filling up, but there are still in places open fields where a few pines and chestnuts and clumps of birches grow—relics of the old-time pastures. From among them can be had very pretty glimpses of the fine houses of the vicinity, in odd yet attractive contrast with their surroundings.

Near-by is Forestdale cemetery. It is pleasantlyavenued with tree-lined roadways, and is agreeably broken with little valleys and low hills. A tiny lake sleeps in one hollow, and there are fountains on the higher ground, and ornamental shrubs and flowering plants

are everywhere. Higher on the hill, only separated from Forestdale by a narrow street, is the cemetery of the Roman Catholics. It has a fine situation, with wide views about, and a particularly good outlook toward Mount Tom. If the grounds are well cared for, time will enhance the size and beauty of the tree-growths and make the place especially attractive.

To the north of the cemeteries are the "Highlands," a level plateau of considerable extent, which is one of the most attractive residence portions of the city. Northampton street may be considered the western boundary of the city at present. It makes a long line north and south, at the base of a high ridge rising beyond, where are pastures and patches of woodland. This ridge is most attractive tramping ground. The views north and east are delightful. Where it dips toward the northern valley, you look across a long stretch of farming country to the blue ranges of the mountains at the far horizon, and nestling among them catch a single glimpse of a gleaming bit of the Connecticut—a pearl soft-shining in the surrounding green. The view east overlooks the whole city and the plains beyond the river, mellowing away into the distance. I explored this ridge one autumn day. It was very pleasant with its corn stacks and pumpkins in the ploughed fields, and its rough pastures and stone fences and far views. There were groups of cows feeding about or lying in the shadow



SUNSET—ST. JEROME'S CEMETERY.



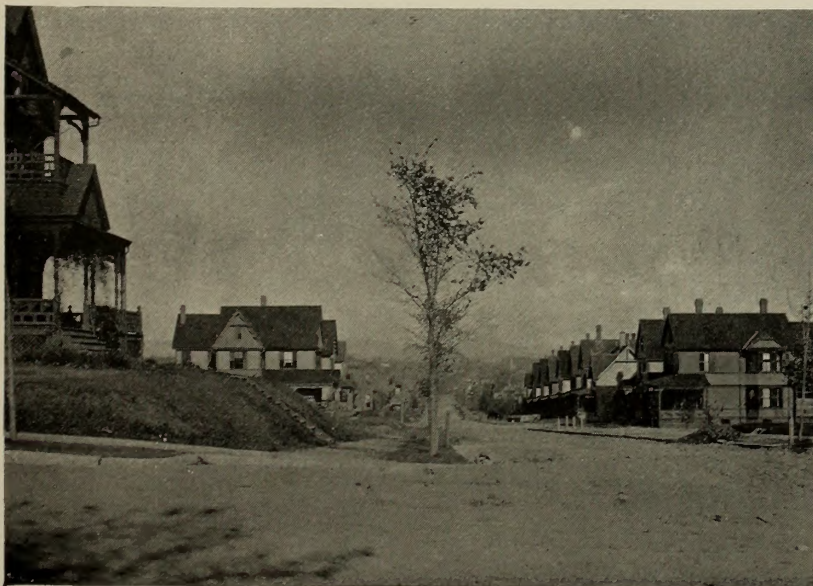
LOOKING TOWARD THE CITY FROM ST. JEROME'S CEMETERY.



IN FORESTDALE CEMETERY.

of the trees, in interesting contrast with the wide spreading city so close below. Several groups of fine chestnut trees grow here. They are labeled with signs, "No Trespassing," and though I saw a chestnut or two lying on the ground, I thought it best to withstand the temptation to pick them up.

Some distance to the northward is the proposed "Mountain Park." In going to it you leave Northampton street just where it dips down into the northern valley, which opens away with a beautiful view of river and meadows and bordering mountain ranges, and take a narrow road leading into the woods. It is a well-kept, winding way, with a little stream at the right, and is nearly closed in with young woods, broken now and then with a larger tree shooting up above the rest. Soon the gentle rise brings one in sight of the little brick gatehouse at the Whiting Street reservoir. Above is a small pond, and about and beyond, boggy meadows dotted with stumps. Across this level is built a long, strange-looking wall of stone, whitened by limy



OAK STREET, FROM ESSEX.

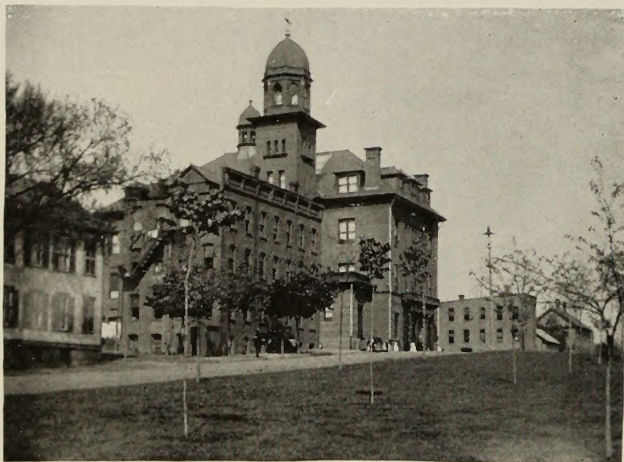
oozings. Above it is imprisoned quite an expanse of water, whose waves, whenever the wind is stirring, ripple with monotonous fretting against the stony barrier. Mt. Tom's massive range shuts out the west, and low hills slant down from the wooded mountain and almost encircle the little lake. Below, the land falls away in a gradual slope, and over the fringe of trees bordering the meadow is caught a glimpse of Holyoke's roofs and spires and curling ribbons of smoke.

Near this reservoir is an old cellar hole and a few bushy old apple trees that show here once stood a farmhouse, and if inquiry is pursued it is ascertained that Moses Pomeroy, a hundred years since, owned this property and lived here with a numerous family. Among other traditions of the place which still linger, is one having to do with a certain jug Moses carried to the village store with considerable regularity to be filled with rum. One dark



MOONLIGHT—FORESTDALE CEMETERY.

minister, a man of strong character and individuality, who still lives in the memory of the older people of the city. The house is a low, gray old building, shadowed by great trees that spring up close by its walls. Mr. Rand as a young man learned the tailor's trade, and at the time he turned preacher he said, "I could then make ten dollars a week as a tailor, but as a preacher I traveled on foot each year hundreds of miles, and did not receive money enough to keep me in shoes." During the first years of his ministry in Holyoke, Mr. Rand received a salary of \$200, which later was increased to \$400. It was customary then, as it is now in our country towns, for the farmers when they butchered to send in a piece of meat to their minister, or, as things ripened in the garden or fields, to send in some of these products. But the privilege was reserved in case a "donation" exceeded in value fifty cents, of charging it as part of the

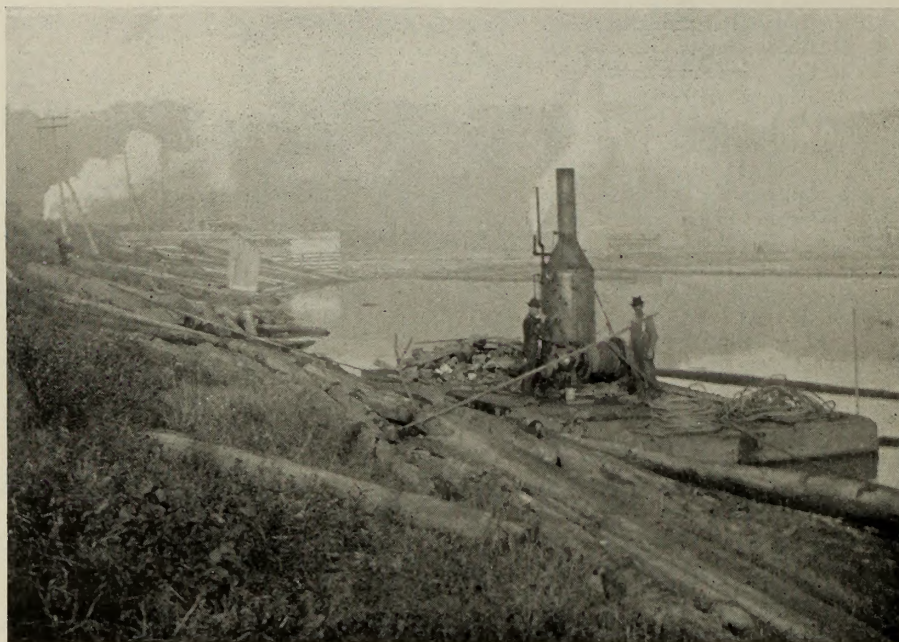


FRENCH CATHOLIC CHURCH OF PERPETUAL HELP.

night he returned laden with this jug and came opposite the marsh, when he was startled by guttural voices from the pond, crying out, "Pomeroy! Pomeroy! Jug o' rum! jug o' rum! Got drunk! got drunk! Go home! go home!" These remarks so worked on his mind that he said to himself, "If the very frogs have got so as to mock me and say that I am drunk, I will stop drinking." And he swung his jug in air and threw it far out into the pond.

A rough road leads about the northern end of the lake, and in whichever way you choose to turn is interesting tramping ground. The near land is broken and varied; an immense sweep of eastern valley opens before the eyes from all the higher points, and north and south are long views of no less interest. If one cares to climb among the trees and boulders of the mountain range, he can see Nature in some of her wildest aspects, and will find many delightful little cascades making silvery plunges down the rocky hollows.

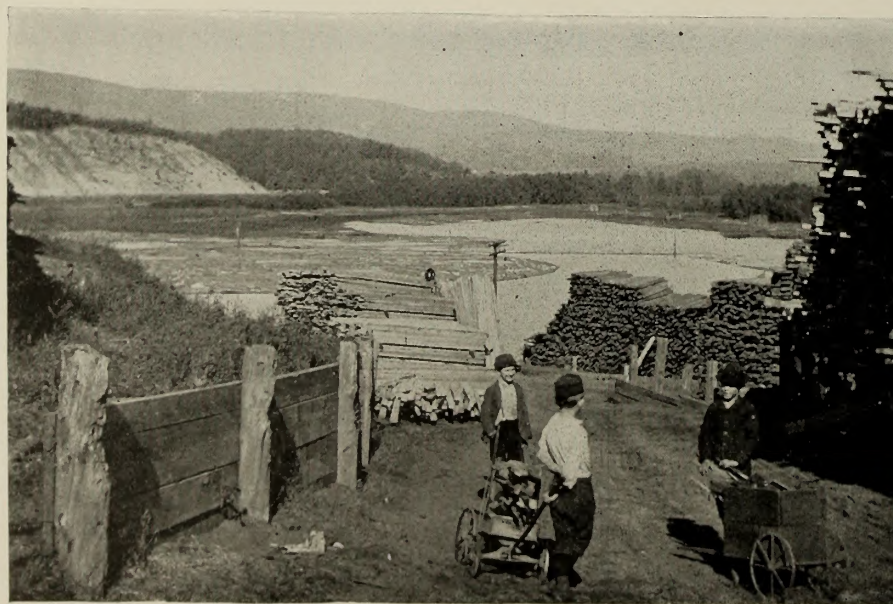
Instead of going directly back to the city, we will turn off from lower Northampton street and go over the high hills to the region known as "Back street." It is a farming district, and was once a chief center of population in the town. There are only a few scattered houses here, but one of them is notable as having been the residence of Elder Rand, Holyoke's first



THE RIVER ENGINE AT THE STEAM SAWMILLS.

minister's salary. In order to make both ends meet, Mr. Rand, besides his preaching, carried on a farm, taught the village academy and took certain of the pupils as boarders. The school building stood close below the Rand home, and pupils came from three miles about. The academy was a classical school that fitted those who chose for college.

Connected with this district is a famous ghost story, which runs as follows: In the old days there lived on Back street a Mr. Felt. One fall he sowed a field to rye, which in the spring was looking green and thrifty, and he was much disturbed at the frequent visits of neighbor Hummerston's geese to the said field. Mr. Felt had a quick temper, and this sort of thing was too much for him. He caught the whole flock one day, killed them, and then wended his way to Deacon Hummerston to inform him what he had done and where his geese were to be found. This and other acts, showing his hasty temper and savage disposition, brought Mr. Felt into disrepute among his neighbors. He often cruelly beat his horses and cattle, and there were times when he served the members of his family in



IN THE YARD OF THE SAWMILLS.



MILLYARD TEAMS.



ALONG SHORE.

the same way. He had a son, Timothy by name, a dull-witted fellow, who was slow of comprehension and in his work made many mistakes. This was a frequent cause of anger to the father, who on such occasions would strike Tim to the earth with whatever implement he happened to have in hand — a hoe, a rake, or a pitchfork, perchance. These attacks sometimes drove Tim from home, but after a few days' absence necessity would bring him back again. At last, however, he disappeared and was seen no more, and a little later the Felts moved west. In building the New Haven and Northampton canal, a great deal of limestone was used. On Mr. Felt's farm was a ledge of this rock, and the company soon had a quarry there. The overseer was a rough, ill-tempered fellow, and it was not long before he had trouble with his workmen and they all left him. That brought work to a standstill, and the overseer was at his wits' end to find some way out of the difficulty. One night, shortly after the men left, the overseer, on his way home from the corner store, quite late, saw a dark figure standing on the ledge outlined against the sky. The overseer stood still, his frightened gaze riveted on the stranger. Presently he broke the silence by asking, "Who are you and what is your business?" The specter replied, "My name is Timothy Felt, and my bones are under where I now stand. I was killed by my father four years ago, and if you will blast this rock you will find my bones." This story ran through all the country round and created great excitement. Every day for some time thereafter, loads of people, not only from Ireland Parish but from towns quite distant, wended their way thither, inquiring the way to the "ghost place," and when night came on people would make a long detour rather than pass the place. Money was raised to continue the quarrying until Tim's skeleton should be brought to light, but no bones



LOGMEN AT WORK.

were found, and after the overseer had gotten out what stone he wanted, the work lagged and was discontinued. Was this humbug or not? One good old lady used to say:

"Where folks believe in witches, witches are,
But when they don't believe, there are none there."

In this case there was wide belief that Tim was murdered, and that his ghost really did appear.

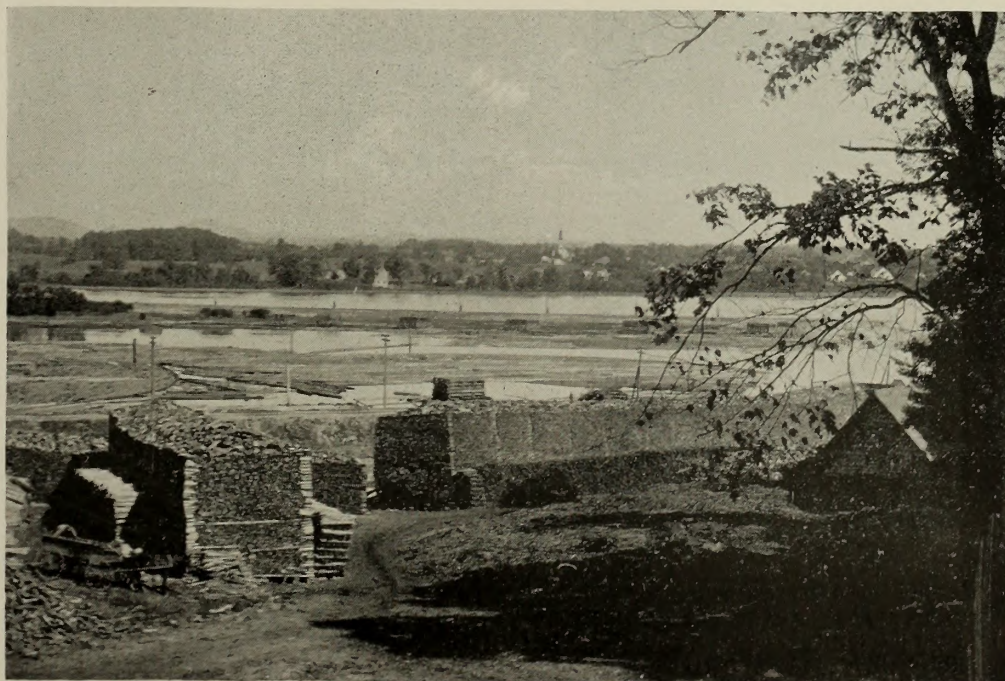
From Back street it is only a short ways to Ashley ponds, Holyoke's chief source of water supply. You catch glimpses of the gleaming water from the crests of the rolling hills as you approach, and the look across the ponds on a bright afternoon, as they shine in the sunlight and link away into the distance, is very pleasing.

On the road back to the city we pass through Elmwood, a populous suburban village on high ground, well above the mills of the city and the

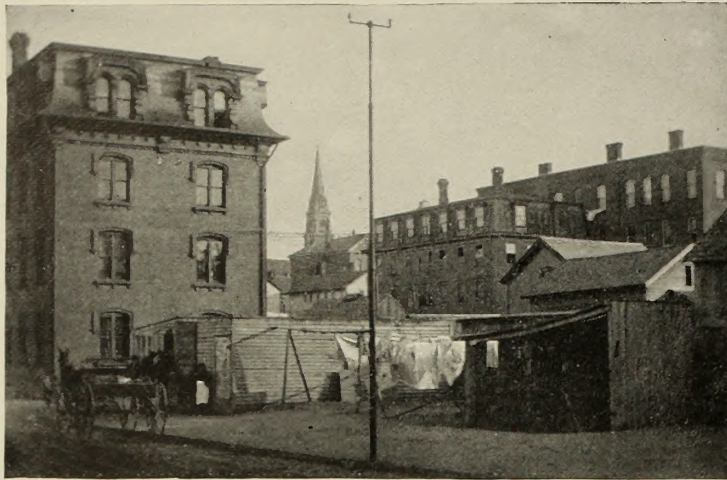
lower valley. Many well-built cottages and fine mansions here congregate and make scattering connection with the city to the north. On the borders of the

village is an interesting old burying ground, overlooking the leagues and leagues of fertile valley spreading away to the south and enlivened here and there with bright reaches of the Connecticut. The gray, moss-grown old stones seem like a part of nature, so quiet and harmonious is their coloring, and they give to eye and mind a soothing sense of fitness which the white marbles of to-day entirely lack.

Farther down the valley is the prettily named district of Ingleside. It is a strip of meadow land along the river, rising a little way back into low lines of hills, where are many clustering fields of apple orchards. It is a beautiful region at any season, but is especially so in blossom time, when the orchards are mists of white petals and the fresh green of the grass fields is everywhere broken



THE RIVER AND SHORES AT THE SAWMILLS.

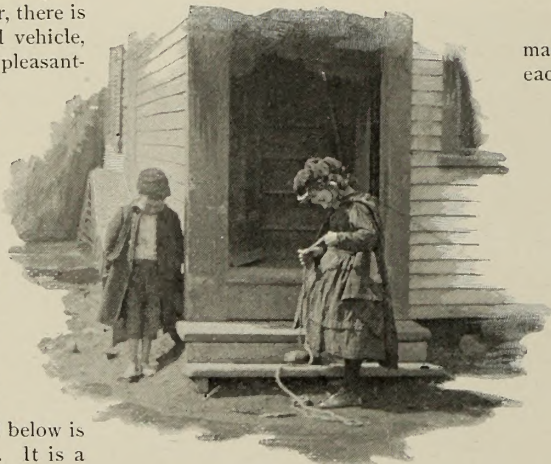


A LYMAN STREET CORNER.

with the golden flecks of the dandelions and buttercups. The lowland here is a famous region for market gardening, and several large dairy farms have here a home. The road in the valley is more than ordinarily smooth and well kept, and is, therefore, a favorite resort for driving and bicycling, both of Holyoke and Springfield people. Evenings, in particular, there is a busy passing of every variety of four-wheeled vehicle, and an almost continual flitting of cyclers. The pleasantest evenings are those when the moon shines full above the low hills in the east and floods all the landscape with its soft light.

In following this road northward, one comes upon the borders of Holyoke again at the village of Springdale, where, under the high sand bluffs along the west, is quite a well-grown hamlet. Elmwood is on the height above, and some of its houses are on the very edge of the declivity and loom up oddly in bare outline against the sky.

The mills of the city are now within sight, across a little meadow with a bordering of fine elms on its other edge. For miles along the canals is one great brick mill after another, each with one or more towering chimneys. The level below is filled with the crowding tenements of the help. It is a region in the main barren of trees, save where one or two



A BASHFUL COUPLE.



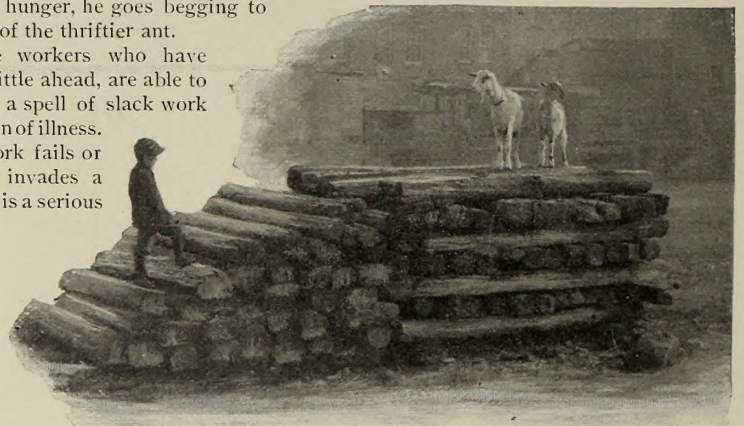
DOORSTEP FRIENDS.

little parks occupy the angles at the meeting of the streets. The district is densely populated. In fact, there is enough tenement life in Holyoke to bring the average number of persons in each house up to over eleven the city through, a number which few cities in the whole country exceed. It is to be hoped that as time goes on, cottage life will become more general.

As a rule, the workers in the mills spend, day by day or week by week, the full amount of their incomes. There are the thrifty exceptions, who start accounts with the savings banks and little by little win a growing competence and independence; but these are comparatively few. Often there are so

many in the family dependent on the workers, as to make any saving next to impossible; again, the wages received are so low as to keep the family all the time on the verge of want. But lack of thrift—and by thrift I mean habits which bring a saving above expenses—can be traced, in not a few cases, to lack of brains or lack of forethought. There is about humanity a great deal of the grasshopper of the old fable. He has a gay time while summer lasts. He eats and drinks, and follows every pleasure that chances to attract him; but when winter comes, with its cold and hunger, he goes begging to the door of the thrifter ant.

Those workers who have saved a little ahead, are able to tide over a spell of slack work or a season of illness. When work fails or sickness invades a family, it is a serious



THE FAMILY GOATS.

matter, even among the more thrifty; but with those who spend each week all their income, suffering, unless outside aid is prompt, is inevitable. It is an important matter that such families shall receive at such times friendly help. But the assistance must be judicious or it works harm. City aid brings with it a certain loss of self-respect. Independence is impaired, and there is less personal effort afterwards and a readiness to go begging to the city when necessity does not compel. If self-respect is gone and begging, either of the city or of individuals seems to pay, then is there danger that the family will not take up work again, but will become chronic paupers. For the purpose of giving this temporary help to those in need, the city has the use of the income of the Whiting Street fund, left for that purpose. In October of each year, \$1,400 is at the disposal of the committee in charge. Each case of want is investigated, and food, clothing and fuel is provided to suit the need. No money payments are made. Wise expenditure of money entrusted to the needy is not to be depended on, and the effect is not good. All the clothing called for is readily found among the well-to-do of the city, so that food

and fuel are chief items of expense. The \$1,400 is exhausted before the winter is through; but where there is real want there is quick response, and there is no suffering because of lack of funds.

It may be added that in case of sickness, the mills where the worker was employed generally render some aid. How much the charity and its form depends on the character of the manager who dispenses it. This leads to the consideration of certain phases of the relation of employer to employed. The following story, though commonplace in its details, illustrates some points very well. A man went to one of the mills seeking work. He said: "I've been a drinking man and that's the way I lost my last place. I've been everywhere for a job and can't get one. I have a family and I must have work or starve."

The employer called in the superintendent of a department. "Have you a vacancy this man can fill?" he asked.

The reply was "No." The employer sent for a second superintendent and repeated the question to him, and received a like answer.

"Well," said he, "one of you two must find something for this man to do. He



AN ALLEY—UPPER DWIGHT STREET.



LYMAN STREET—OUT OF WORK.

can't find work, and he and his family must live. But, remember, just as soon as he gets drunk, turn him off."

The result was the man had a place once more; but the sequel is another unhappy story of weakness. In the course of time the man had to have his spree, and in consequence he was at once turned adrift. It is certain that while drinking habits may not often prevent a man from getting a place or prevent his keeping it, they do count against him.

One of the mill workers presents another aspect of mill life, in the words which I shall try to put down as I heard them: "There are some of the mills treat their help just like machines. They don't seem to think of them as human beings at all. They don't think of their comfort, and they seem never to think of their having feelings. They don't care a cent whether the help live or die, come or go. And the help get a sort of don't care feeling, too, in such mills. They have no interest in doing well for their employers but only in getting their pay and keeping their places. Of course a too easy man will be imposed on. He has to have some energy and firmness. But where a man is hard on his help, and always pushing them to get just as much out of them as he can, they will return just as little. The agent who is both kind and considerate as well as firm, awakens a friendly feeling among the help, and an interest that gives better returns than the hard master secures. I know of one agent who used to remember all his help,

and bow to them when he met them on the street. You don't know how much happiness that gave us, and we did better work for it, too. I know of one mill which always takes pains to inquire after sick help, and those whom sickness keeps out always have their places again when they recover if it takes them a year. That is one of the best mills I know of. They are kind and they give good pay, and the result is they can get the most skilled workers and they stay with them many years."

South Holyoke used to be known as "Tiger Town." It was not built up then as it is now with close brick blocks, but was occupied by little scattering houses. It was notable in those days as the home of a lot of "toughs." There was a good deal of the rough, drinking element, and it is said a man couldn't go down there to sell a load of apples without losing two-thirds of them. Happily it has outgrown this old reputation, but I can say that to-day one needs a guard to go through there with a camera. There are sure

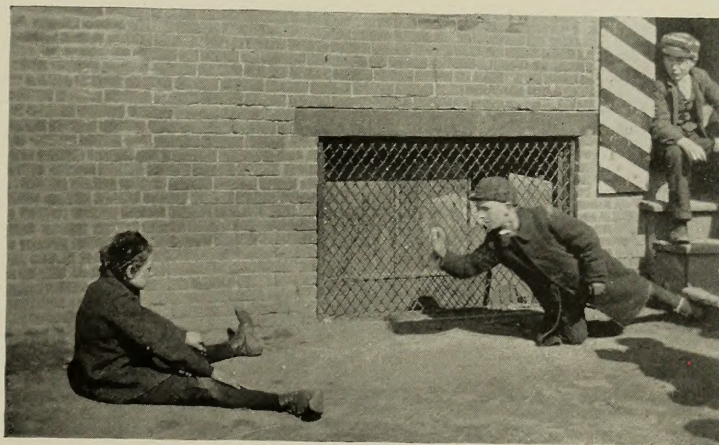


A REAR VIEW.

to be crowds of children in the doorways and about the streets and alleys, and they at once recognize the instrument and its uses and the air begins to resound with cries of "Please take my picture, mister?" A procession begins to follow me there-upon, and when I stop to set up the camera, the crowd quite hedges me in, and it requires no small effort to make them scatter from before it when I get ready to take off the cap. More than once I had to give up entirely, for the crowd insisted on being in the picture and blankly refused to move.

As I wandered about there would be incidents like the following: "Come, Jimmy, and have your pitcher taken!" cries a little girl.

"You have to take your hat off," says



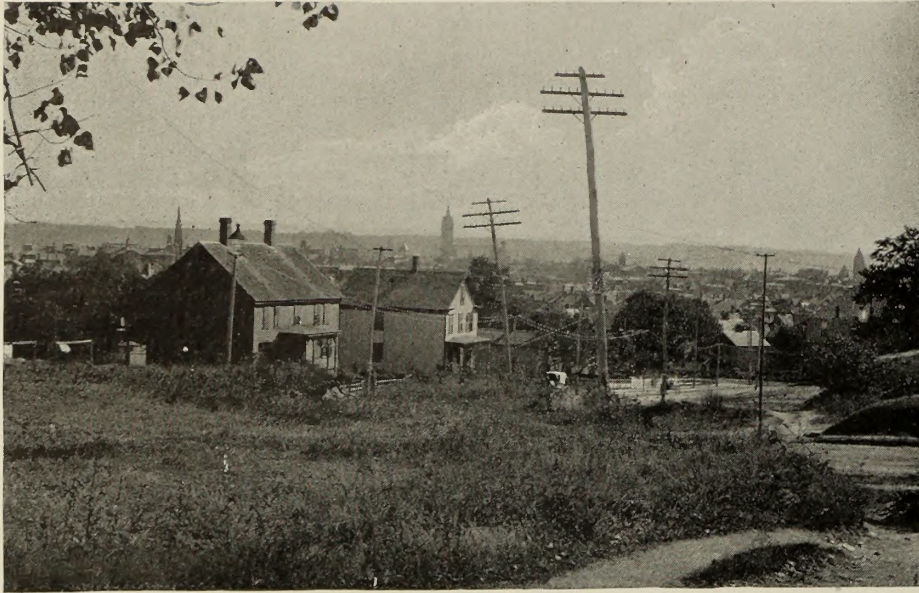
PLAYING MARBLES.



A HOLYOKE MEAT CART.



A LYMAN STREET VIEW OF ST. JEROME'S CHURCH.



A VIEW OF THE CITY FROM MONNY-HOLE HILL.

Jimmy, who, I suppose, recollects some experience in a photograph gallery.

"No, you have not," affirms the little girl.

"Oh, Artie, Artie," cries another, "come here and get yer pitcher taken for nothin'. He'll take it for you for nothin.' Oh, but he'll make a dandy pitcher."

"Is there a bird in there?" asked a small boy, pointing at the camera. "You got a bird in there, ain't you? I had my pitcher taken once. The man had a big thing like what you got. He said there was a bird in there. I heard him squealin'. Gosh, but I was skeered." Children in their photographs often have a pop-eyed look of fright on their faces, but I never knew what the matter was before.

In the tenement districts I was pretty sure to have a mob of children following me, questioning, advising and disputing, and offering aid of various sorts. They felt it an honor if I would allow one of them to take hold of the end of my tripod. Then I was many times accosted with, "Want me to carry your box, mister?" The boy was ready to do the carrying for a dime, or if I



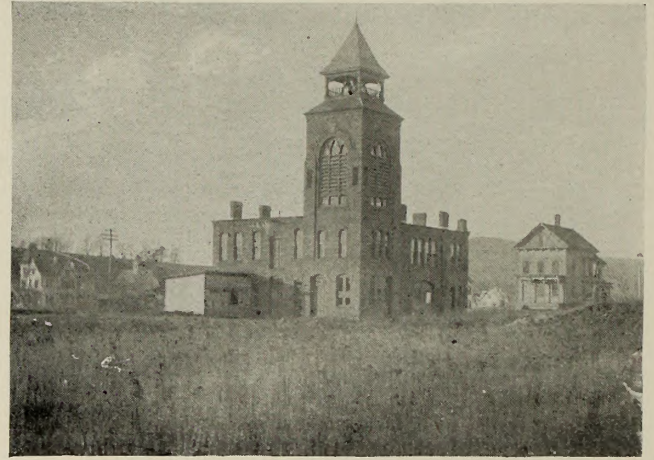
RESIDENCE OF CASPER RANGER.

wouldn't pay that, for five cents, and if I wouldn't pay that, for nothing. If he made no financial gain, he had won a position of honor in the procession.

Whenever I informed a group that I had taken a picture, there were at once cries of, "Let me see it; let me have one," etc. I explained that it spoiled the picture to take it out, but this was not understood, and there were reproachful cries of, "Aw, you ought to leave me see it," and "He didn't take no pitcher, he's makin' fun of yer." At times those who wanted their pictures taken, agreed to pay me if I would only undertake the job. I had many offers of one cent, two cents and five cents, rarely more, and though

it is said there is profit in doing a very large business, I did not see my way clear to accepting those offers. Many older people asked me to take their pictures, but almost invariably affirmed a timidity about it, saying that they were afraid they would break the glass. I don't suppose there is a photograph studio in our land where this remark about breaking the glass is not heard one or more times every day. It seems to be a standard joke, and I have heard it so many times in preparing "Picturesque Hampden," that it has grown quite wearisome.

It so happened that I went into the lower districts of Holyoke on April Fool's day. I had to use care not to respond hastily to the



THE HIGHLAND ENGINE HOUSE.

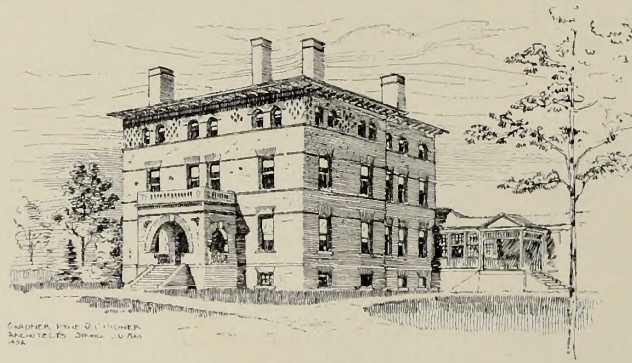
remarks fired at me, and proceeded about my business in a considerable state of uncertainty. Attractive parcels on the sidewalk, and even fat purses with no owners in sight, I passed with scarce a glance.

"Mister, you dropped your handkerchief," calls a voice. "Mister, your shoe's all tored." I feared there might be truth in the assertions, but dared not betray the weakness to look and see.

At noon I happened to be opposite the Lyman mills, and waited a few moments to watch the help flock out. Last of all came three girls, who noted my camera and began to chatter at me. "Here,

take our pictures. Right this way. Here, take mine. Ain't I good lookin' enough?" etc., etc. When they had passed, I noticed that a big sheet of paper was pinned to the back of the middle one, whereon was this motto, "MUSICAL BOXES." It seemed very appropriate.

The best view of the lower city is to be obtained from Depot Hill, now being remodeled into a park. It is a high,



THE CITY HOSPITAL.



PINE STREET—A FIRE OF LEAVES.



FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

great rate. The man seemed disturbed, and as I passed him he cast a glance in the girl's direction and said, sarcastically, "You'll never be lonesome while that kid's around."

One more will end this list of street incidents. I was in a narrow alley below High street, getting a group of children into order, when a back door opened and forth came a man. He looked over my group and began talking with me. "There," said he, singling out one of the little fellows, "that boy



HIGHLAND METHODIST CHURCH.

sandy knoll, just east of the railroad station, crowned by a few tall pines and chestnuts and growths of bushes, and crossed by several well-worn footpaths. This, at least, is what it has been. But I suppose it will be a case where "the desert shall blossom like the rose" when the park idea is completely realized.

Easterly are many acres of lowland still unoccupied, and there are various open squares in the more thickly populated districts vacant, except for a shed or two and some mammoth sign-boards. These fields are utilized by the children as playgrounds. Last fall there was a grand drill of soldiers in Holyoke, and play at soldiering at once became the fashion among the small boys. I made a picture of one little company drilling with their wooden guns and swords. I had hardly finished when a youth informed me that those fellows I'd taken a picture of were "kids." He said, "I'll get you out an army that's something like, if you'll take 'em." He expressed great contempt for the "kids," and for me, too, when I would not agree to his proposition.

It was on a near street, one frosty autumn morning, that I met a stumpy, red-faced little man, followed by a small dog. In the far distance, up the almost deserted street, was a little girl, her arms filled with grocery parcels, yipping and calling to the dog at a



A FIRE ON THE HIGHLANDS.

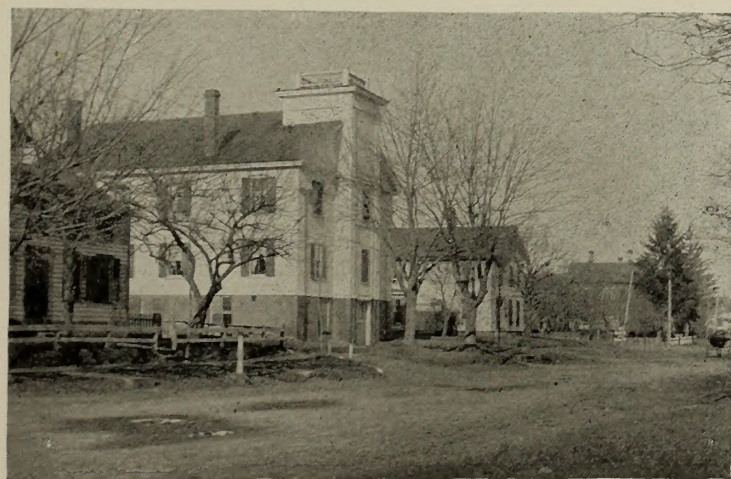
keeps his face clean. He's all right. I don't know about those others. I'd rather not have them around here." It was a little odd to measure character by the dirt or lack of it on a boy's face, and yet, after all, there is some sense in the idea.

The dam is the source of the city's prosperity and the most striking feature of the city's surroundings, and one more visit to it before closing this article seems fitting.

We will enter the picket gate and follow the narrow plank walk leading to the brick building over the gate where the water is let into the canal. From beneath the building the waters come in a surging, boiling flood. There is a dash of big waves and a spiteful plunging about the arches of the gatehouse, that greatly impresses one with the power of water. It almost

seems alive—like some mighty giant bound to toil, who would be free and chafes beneath his burden. Inside the gatehouse is an apartment where is a big boiler, and a small room containing a bed and a few chairs, and decorated on its walls with a few photographs and theatrical posters, and a long corridor where is the machinery to shut the twelve great gates. A gateman occupies the building. There is not a great deal to do ordinarily, but a pile of floodwood on the northern platform of the building shows him to be industriously inclined, and in the season he catches lamper eels. The gateman has a monopoly of this eel business, and with nets, hands or prong he secures great quantities of them. They are repulsive looking creatures, but no doubt taste better than they look.

Holyoke is famed; the



THE OLD FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.



THE BURNING HOUSE.

world over as the "Paper City." For the size and number of its paper mills no other city is its equal. About two hundred tons of paper are manufactured there each day, and in its various forms there is hardly a nook or a corner of the globe where civilized man has penetrated but that this reaches. But the city's interests are not confined to paper making. The center of the place is filled with factory after factory, foundries and machine shops, all teeming with active, bustling



NORTHAMPTON STREET—THE OLD FAIRFIELD HOMESTEAD.

life. Silk, cotton, woolen and worsted fabrics, thread, iron and steel wire, screws, tools and machinery in great variety, lumber, wood pulp, files, cutlery—this is but a partial list of its industrial enterprises. An impression of the business done may be strongly illustrated by the fact of its being the second place in the state in regard to its freight tonnage. It has a delightful situation on the long semicircle of the hills, and all its upper portion is a charming residence region. As to the business sections where the big mills line the canals, that means prosperity, and in the rippling waterways with the high-walled attendant factories looming above them, the imaginative will catch hints of Venice. May the city's prosperity be long continued, and its attractiveness multiply with the passing years.

CLIFTON JOHNSON.

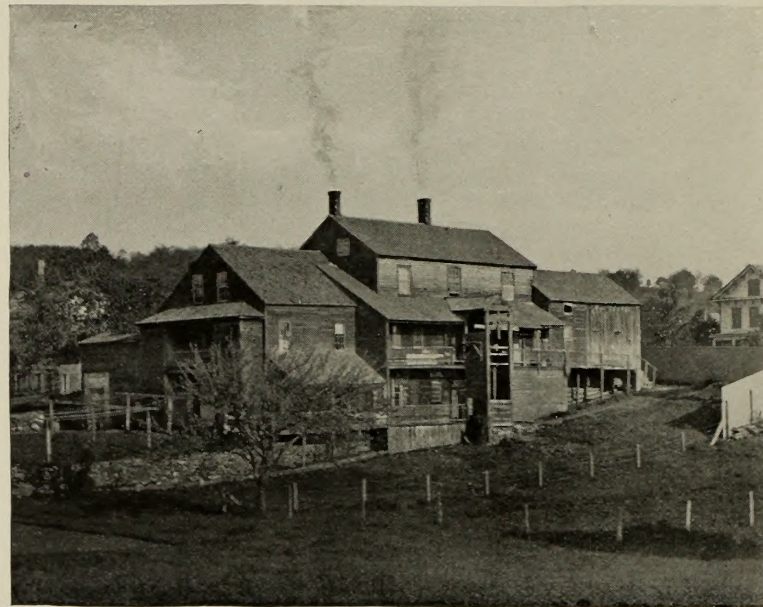
A TALK TO CITY BOYS.

I have taken to thinking much of late about the boys of our cities. For one who lives in a city, that is not a very strange thing to do. A good many boys are in sight as one walks about. You find them not only in the schoolhouses and the school-yards, but on the corners of the streets, and in the alleys and the vacant lots; and wherever a ball-match is about to begin in the park, you see crowds of them faring eagerly that way.

Here and there you find boys at work. There are cashboys, and newsboys, and office boys, and messenger boys, and shopboys, and bootblacks, and garbage boys—some very honest and manly little chaps, too, in that unpoetic branch of business. Indeed, there are quite a good many boys in every city who are hard at work every day, helping to support themselves, and perhaps their mothers, too.

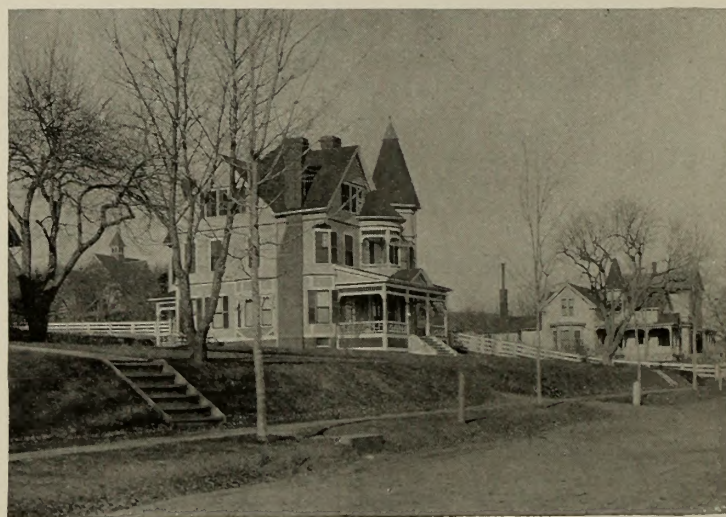


CRAFTS' TAVERN.



THE BEEHIVE.

school four and a half or five hours. That makes say thirteen hours. And they spend, perhaps, two hours at their meals and on their way to and from school, making fifteen hours. And that leaves nine hours which those of them who do not study out of school have to spend in amusing themselves. One whole workday in every week is a holiday, and that is devoted wholly to play or idleness. About thirteen weeks of every year are vacation weeks, and in these there is nothing at all to do. If you figure this up, you will find



NORTHAMPTON STREET HOMES.

there is three-quarters of the working time of every year spent in fun or in idleness. Even those boys who study an hour or two out of school, on school days, but who have no other work to do, have fully half of the working time in every year for their own amusement.

Now, I like to see boys playing, and I would deny myself a great many things rather than have my boys forced to work as constantly as I did, and with so little respite for fun as I had when I was a boy; but, after all, it seems to me that it is a grave question whether a boy who spends three-quarters, or even half of the

working time of every year in amusing himself is not carrying it a little too far; whether, indeed, such a life as this is the kind of life that a boy ought to be leading from his tenth to his eighteenth year; whether this is the best way for him to fit himself for the serious work of life. And because this seemed to me so grave a question, I thought I would see what light could be thrown upon it by experience. "If this is the best kind of life to fit a boy for success," I said to myself, "then, doubtless, we shall find that the men who now stand at the head of affairs lived this kind of life when they were boys." Inquiry among one hundred men who could fairly be said to stand at the head of the financial, commercial, professional and educational interests of my home city, revealed the fact that four-fifths of all these men had the training of farm life. It is the testimony of two-thirds of the remaining fifth that they were poor boys—not paupers by any means, but children of the humbler classes, many of them in narrow and needy circumstances—and though



AN OLD HOMESTEAD ON NORTHAMPTON STREET.

they lived in cities or villages, they were accustomed from their earliest years to hard work.

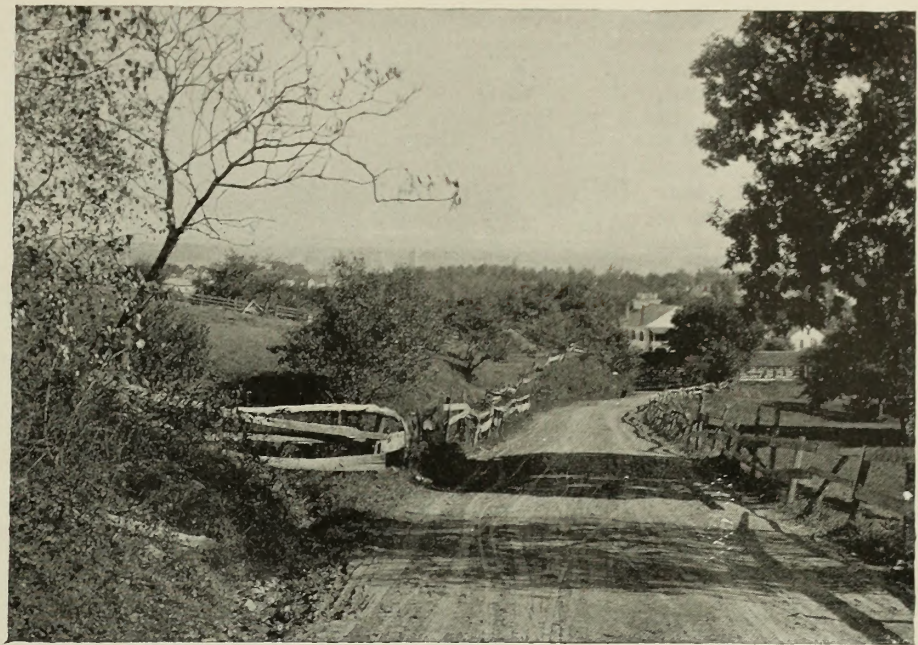
And what is farm life for a boy? I can tell you very shortly about what it means. It means work—steady work, hard work—all the year round, with few holidays and few leisure hours. From about seven to ten years of age, these farmers' boys, who are now bank presidents, and merchants, and lawyers, and doctors, were accustomed to go to school about three months in the winter and three in the summer; but out of school hours and during vacations, there was always work for them to do: gardens to work, cattle and sheep and pigs and chickens to care



RESIDENCE OF GEORGE W. PRENTISS.



A CRAFTS' HILL PASTURE.



LOOKING DOWN CRAFTS' HILL.

for, firewood to saw and split and pile and carry into the house, hay to stir and rake, corn to husk and shell—plenty of work, and they were set at it and kept at it, most of them, from the time that they were seven or eight years old. After they were about ten, they stopped going to school summers: they were wanted at home to work; so that from about ten to fifteen they had three or four months of schooling every winter, during which time they did many chores mornings and evenings, while all the other nine months of the year were devoted to work, with little respite.

Now, why is it that these farmers' boys and these poor men's sons have gone right up to the front, and taken the places that by inheritance belonged to those of the town? Is it because farmers' boys have more brains than city boys? Is it because poor men's sons are smarter than rich men's sons? No; we are not going to admit anything of the kind.

Is it because the farmers' boys and the poor men's sons are morally superior to the sons of the well-to-do people in the cities? No; I do not think that is true either.

The city boys of whom I am talking are not, in their earlier years, exceptionally immoral. There are bad specimens among them, of



THE OLD CHURCH—NORTHAMPTON STREET.

course; but there are quite as many, in proportion, in those classes out of which these successful men have come. There is a great deal of vice and animalism and iniquity among country boys. And many of these fellows who grow up in the homes of the well-to-do people of the cities, are as manly and ingenious and right-hearted as any boys in the world. Why is it, then, that the great majority of them fall behind in the race of life?

The reason is a very simple one. They are not trained to work when they are young, and therefore they are beaten at every point by the boys who are trained to work. Pretty nearly all the prizes of life are carried off by the men who have learned to work. The boys who are compelled by circumstances to learn this lesson are perfectly sure, in this country, to outstrip those who have not learned it.

I heard, the other day, a very good story of one of our best known and most prosperous business men. He was a farmer's boy, and when he was ten years old he went out for the first time with the men into the potato field to help in hoeing the potatoes. It was a large field, and the

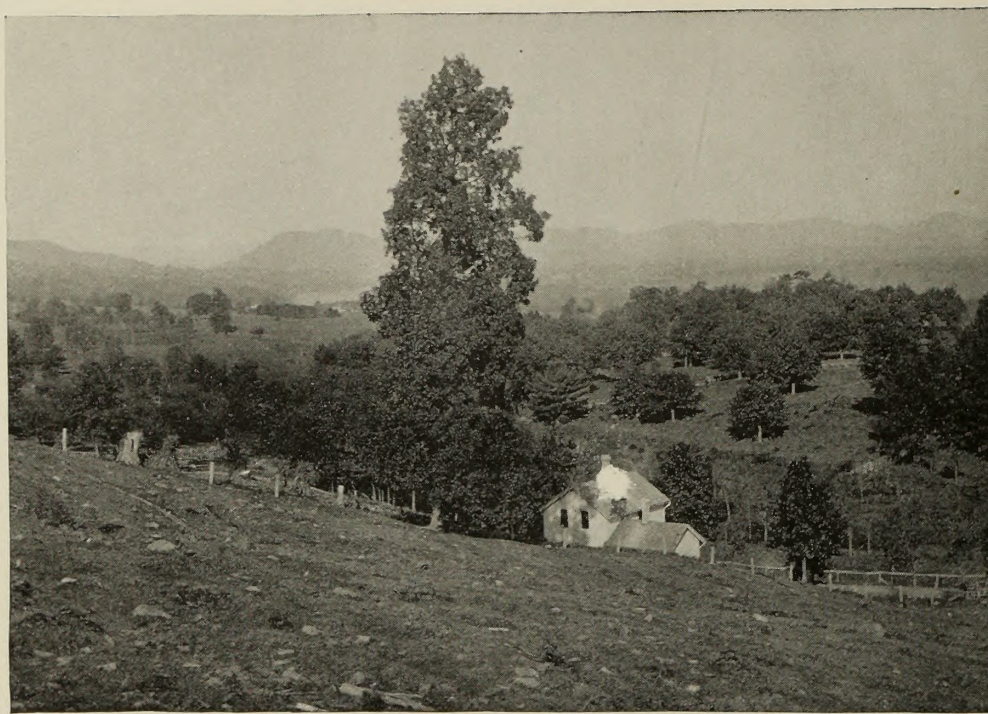
soil was stony, and there were many weeds, and the progress was slow. After they had been at work for some time, the boy lifted himself up and looked around upon the few rows that were hoed, and then over the wide field upon which so small a beginning had been made, and said, with a sigh:

"Can this field of potatoes ever be hoed?"

Well, the work went on, and after a good while the last row was finished. It had been a long and tedious job, but it was done. By and by it was necessary to hoe the potatoes the second time, and the boy was summoned to help. He had not been at work very long when he straightened up, this time with a very different comment:

"This field of potatoes," he said, "has been hoed once, and it can be hoed again."

There it is—the whole philosophy of it. The boy had learned a most salutary and precious lesson. He had learned that it was possible to accomplish a long and difficult and disagreeable task by settling right down to it, and keeping at it, hill by hill and row by row—hour after hour and day after day—until it was done. He had learned the value of patience and persistence and steadiness. That is the lesson that a farmer's boy has a good chance to learn, and that any boy is likely to learn



THE NORTHERN VALLEY.

for the future; to any boy who has not learned it, the education of the schools is worthless, and money is a curse.

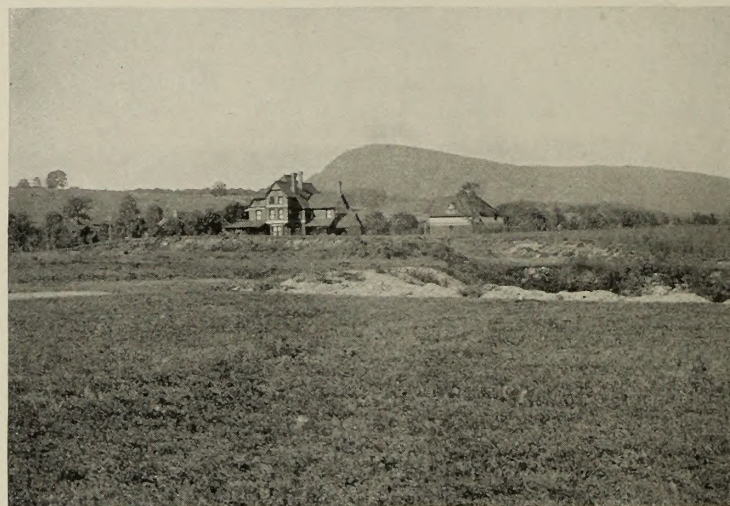
You see, then, boys, that those of you who belong to the class of which I first began to speak—those of you who are not obliged to do any regular work, and who have half or more than half of all your working time in which to amuse yourselves—are not, after all, in a very favorable position. You are sometimes talked to about your advantages; but the fact is that you are laboring under great disadvantages.

It is an immense disadvantage to you that you are not learning, in these years when the habits of life are formed, the habit of steady, patient, plodding work.

It is a disadvantage to you that you have so much leisure. Many of you get the idea that



IN A CRAFTS' HILL CORNFIELD.



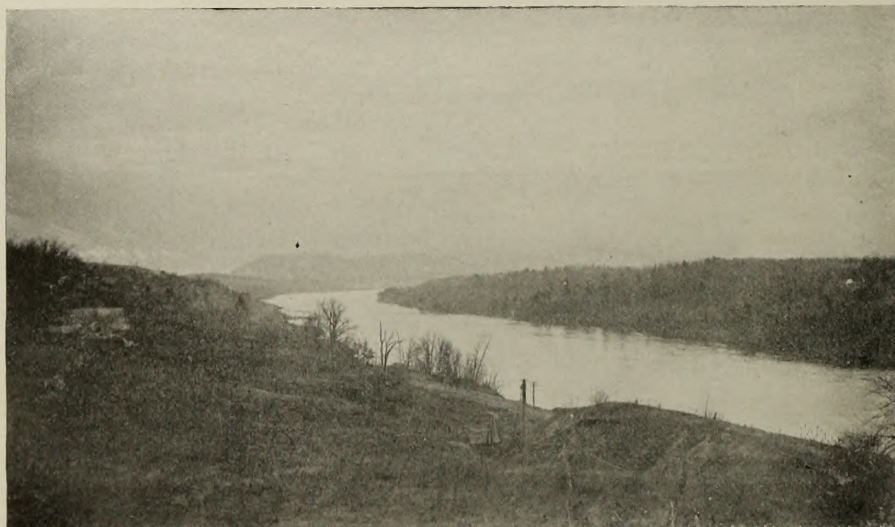
MOUNT TOM, FROM THE HIGHLAND.

the staple of life is play; your heads are so full of it that you cannot do justice to your studies; any task becomes irksome to you; and you lose the power of application and the habit of persistence. The abundance of amusements within reach of a city boy whose parents are in fair circumstances is a great obstacle in his way. Such amusements, indulged in to the extent that they are by the majority of boys of this class, debilitate the mind instead of refreshing it, and

who has any grit in him, and who is forced to face the hard fact of poverty. Any boy who has learned that lesson well, has good promise



THE LOWER GATEHOUSE—WHITING STREET RESERVOIR.



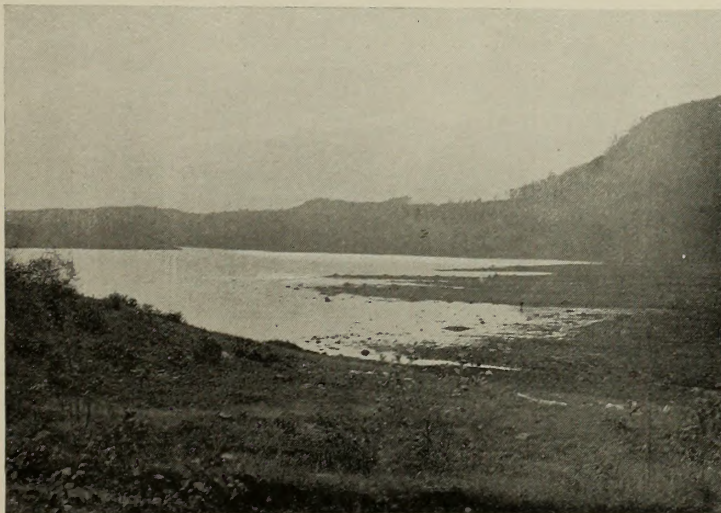
THE RIVER AND VALLEY, FROM THE NORTHAMPTON ROAD.



THE ROAD TO MOUNTAIN PARK.



NEAR THE RESERVOIR.

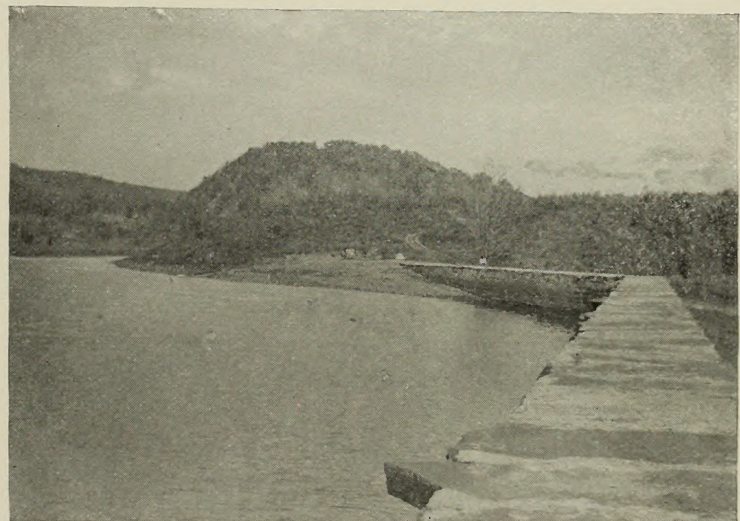


WOODLAND LAKE.

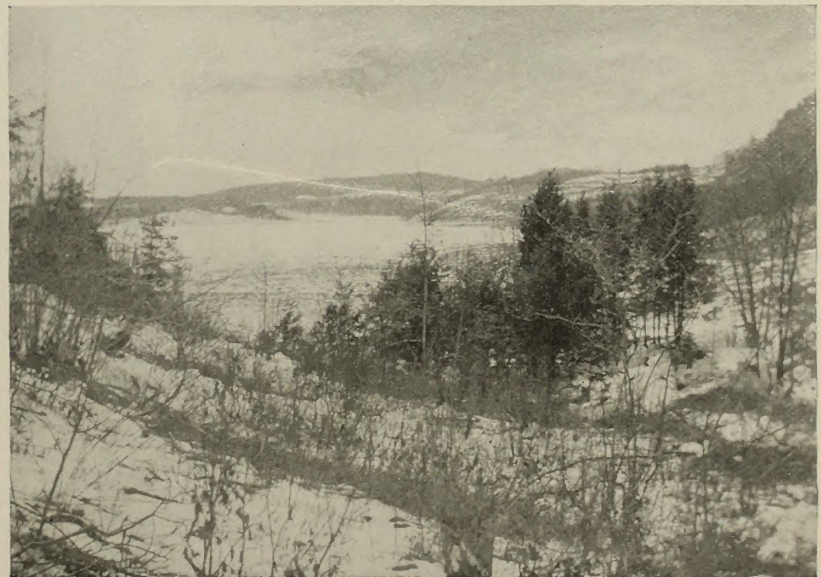
frugality. That is the rule, to which there are few exceptions. You are not likely to prove exceptions to the rule when you go out into the world, and it is a pity that you should seem to be exceptions now. You think, perhaps, that your fathers get considerable money without seeming to work very hard; but you forget that it was by years of hard work, with small earnings and small savings, that your fathers, most of them, gained the power, and the knowledge, and the credit, and the capital that enable them now to reap large rewards with comparative ease. You are not going to do offhand what it has cost them a lifetime to learn how to do. And it is a great misfortune to



THE LOWER POND.



THE RESERVOIR.



WINTER IN MOUNTAIN PARK.

unfit the boy for the serious business of life. The free access to the city libraries and the circulating libraries is, I fear, a great disadvantage to many of you. It need not be if you make the right use of them; but if you read almost wholly for amusement, as many of you do—if you read only novels and sensational tales of travel—then your reading has exactly the same effect upon your mind that other amusements have. The result of it is that you lose your mental grip, and find yourselves unable to do any patient, vigorous mental work.

Another of your disadvantages is that you have too much money to spend—or, if you have not much, that which you have comes easily—with little or no effort or sacrifice on your part. You have not much chance of learning the cost of money. Money costs work, and any large amount of it costs prudence and



A WINTER VIEW ACROSS WOODLAND LAKE.

you that your money, be it much or little, is so easily gotten; you do not realize the price that must be paid for money, and you throw it away in a reckless fashion; as the wise man says, it comes lightly and is soon diminished.

What people call your advantages are really your disadvantages; for, while you are having a good time here hanging on the fences, sunning yourselves in the vacant lots, watching the ball games, or joining in laughing over the minstrel shows and plays at the theater, reading the novels and the story papers, spending your money for little



SNOW FIELDS.

luxuries, the poor boys and the country boys are learning to work; learning to put themselves right down to hard tasks; learning that disagreeable things can be done by sticking to them; learning, in their small gains, what a costly thing money is; learning the great and profitable lessons of labor, and patience, and frugality, and steadfastness; and so, when you and they start out together in the great arena of the world's work, they go right past you, and the first you know you are nowhere, and the work of the world and the prizes of industry and skill and power are in their hands.

You often see two young men beginning together in business, with equal chances and equal abilities, the only difference between them being that one of them has learned during his boyhood what work means, and the other has not. Presently this last one finds that there is much that is disagreeable and confining and tedious about his work; that much is required and little is given for it; and he gives it up and is off in search of something pleasanter. It is not easy to find; and so he tries one thing after another, sticking to nothing long and getting no mastery of anything. His gains are therefore small, but his wants are many; his expenses exceed his income; he is always in debt, and by and by he gets utterly discouraged. Luck is all against him, he says, it is no use to try, and he sinks down into helpless poverty, or perhaps plunges into vice or crime. A great many of the forgers and defaulters come from this class. The other young man, meantime, sticks to his work. He knows that work is not always agreeable, but he is not going to let the task conquer him; he will conquer the task. He has done it before and can do it again. Success does not come all at once, but he

can wait as well as work. And it comes to him by and by. He does not need to go in search of it; promotion seeks him. Prosperity does not need to be run after; it follows.

Now, boys, you are thinking by this time that, for those of you who are so unlucky as not to be obliged to earn your own living, there is a dubious outlook. Well, I have only been giving you the facts. I did not invent these facts; I have simply reported them as honestly as I could, and you certainly can afford to look them honestly in the face. I want to guard you, however, against one or two wrong inferences.

You must not infer that all the country boys who come to the cities become rich and influential men. There are tens of thousands of them who become paupers; there are tens of thousands of them who come to the city because they do not like to work, and because they imagine that city folks have an easy time of it. They come to grief, of course, and it serves them right.

Neither must you infer that all poor boys in the cities become leading merchants and leading lawyers. Tens of thousands of them are growing up to be paupers and criminals.

Neither are you called upon to believe that these boys from whom we have heard, liked the severe and confining labor at which they were kept in their boyhood. Some of them disliked it less than others did, no doubt; but most of them did hard work, not because they enjoyed it, but because they were compelled to do it.

What these facts and figures teach is simply this — that a boy in city or country, who is trained to work, who gets the discipline of will that



MOUNTAIN PARK MEADOWS.

comes with that training, has eighteen chances of succeeding in life, when the boy who has not had this training has one chance.

They teach, also — and this is the fact that I want you all to notice — that you cannot afford to go with the majority of your class, unless your class greatly changes its habits; that if you do about as the other fellows of your class do, you will come out about where the other fellows of your class come out — and that is nowhere — crippled, beaten, distanced in the race of life.



AMONG THE HILLS—MOUNTAIN PARK.



THE ROAD DOWN FROM THE PARK.

Well, then, is there no chance for you? Yes; there is a splendid chance, if you will only seize it. There have been those from your very class who have won success. They had your disadvantages, but they have made men of themselves—successful, worthy, influential gentlemen. All honor to them! What they have done, you can do.

Can anything be done to give the boys in the city a better chance?

Yes; there are some things that can be done, and that must be done. Our system of education must be modified so as to provide industrial as well as mental training. The education of the hands, the education of the eye, the education of the judgment, the education of the will, that a boy gets by learning to work, are of more consequence in future life than arithmetic and geography and grammar. These last are of great importance, but those first are of greater importance; and it is a poor system of education that makes no provision for them.

It is *habits* rather than methods of industry, however, that you need to learn; and many of you will find some opportunities of learning these about your own homes if you will look for them. There is considerable work of one kind or another that boys can do—in connection with the house, or the garden, or the grounds; and if you will shoulder this, and do it well and faithfully, the exercise and the training will be very profitable to you, and may be very helpful to your parents.

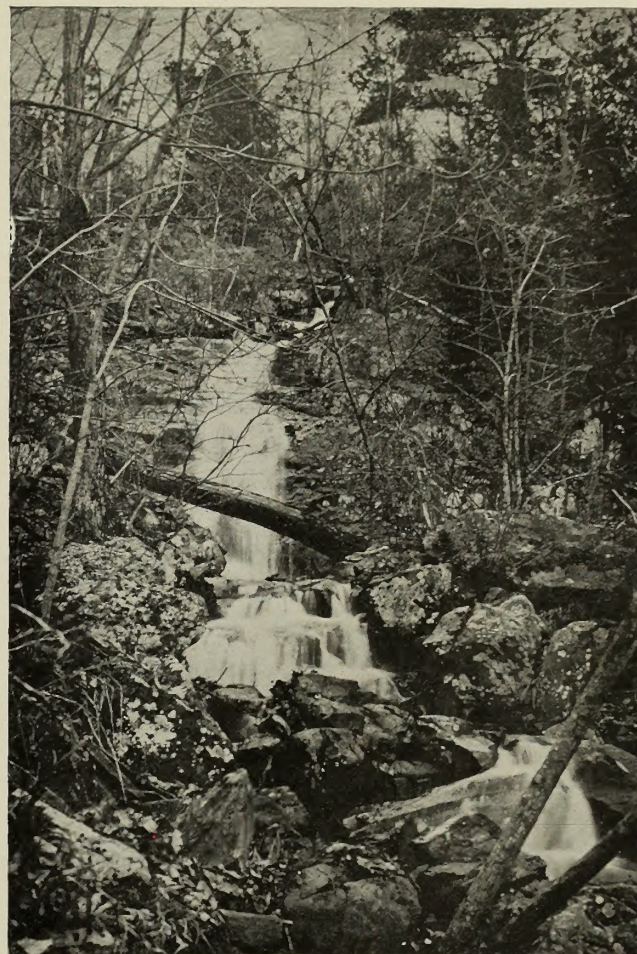
Furthermore, there is plenty of chance for you to do faithful mental work; and this, if you will take hold of it with a will, may be almost as valuable training for future usefulness as manual labor could be.

To begin with—there is your every-day school work, to which some of you might give a great deal more time, with great profit. If you will take the studies that you like least, and go at them with the determination to master them—if you will put yourself right down to the disagreeable parts of your school work with steady patience, and hold yourself to them till they are thoroughly done—you will get, in such victories as these, a discipline of will that is almost as good as you would get in hoeing a stony potato field. Besides, there are lines of reading and study that you could take up in connection with your school work, in which you would find the best kind of discipline. If the boy who now spends almost all his afternoons in the park, or visiting boy friends, and almost all his evenings at his club, or at the music hall, and who fills in the intervals of leisure with Fireside Library stories, will make up his mind to give at least two solid hours of every day to the reading

right to it, whether he is specially interested in it or not, till he comprehends it and fixes it in his mind—that will prove to him a most valuable training. The boy who can do a thing like this can make a man of himself. He is not the kind of chap that will be elbowed off the track by country boys, nor by anybody else.

Of course you ought to have a chance to play. A boy likes to play, and a schoolboy needs to play. I should wish my boys to have at least two hours every day of good, wholesome, vigorous outdoor sport. So much as that would not hurt them, I am sure—though that is a great deal more than I had. But I am equally sure that all those city boys who really expect to hold their own in the great competitions of the world, must give less time to idleness, and play, and foolish reading, and put their minds and their wills in training for the serious work of life.

—Washington Gladden, in *St. Nicholas*.



A MOUNT TOM BROOK.

SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN.

Far from their mountain home my streams
Wander and leave me to my dreams;
Singing they go
To the sea below,
And leave me to my dreams.

Once, from my arms they could not stray;
Helpless, but safe, they cradled lay
Clasped in my arms,
Secure from harms,
Nor wished from me to stray.

Now from my sheltering care they roam,
Seeking below a fairer home.
Ever be nigh
Oh, gracious sky,
Where'er my streams may roam.

Sun, moon and stars my wanderers guard;
Cheer all their way;—their tasks are hard,
The way is long,
They are not strong,—
Watch o'er them, guide and guard.

Come, fleetest night-winds, speed away,
A message bear for me, I pray,
To far off sea—
Where'er they be—
My children, far away.

Carry my love, lest they forget
Old days at home with me,—and yet
Forbear to chide,—
The world is wide,
And busy hearts forget.

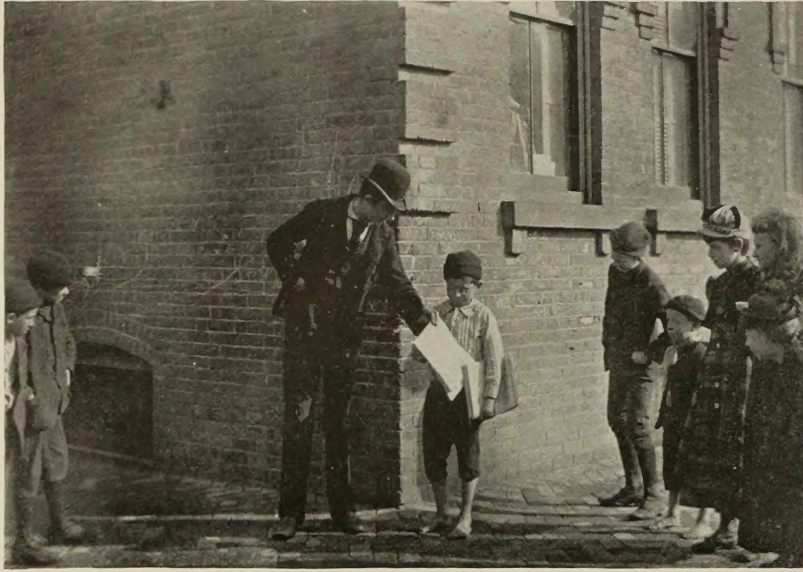
Gather their kindest thoughts of me,
Wrap in a cloud that waits by the sea,
And in my dreams
My wandering streams
Shall come and comfort me.

JOHN HOWARD JEWETT.



MOUNT HOLYOKE, FROM THE PARK.

of some instructive book—doing it of his own accord, doing it thoroughly, not fooling around two hours with the book in his hand, but holding his attention



BUYING THE NEWS.

STORIES OF THE MILLS.

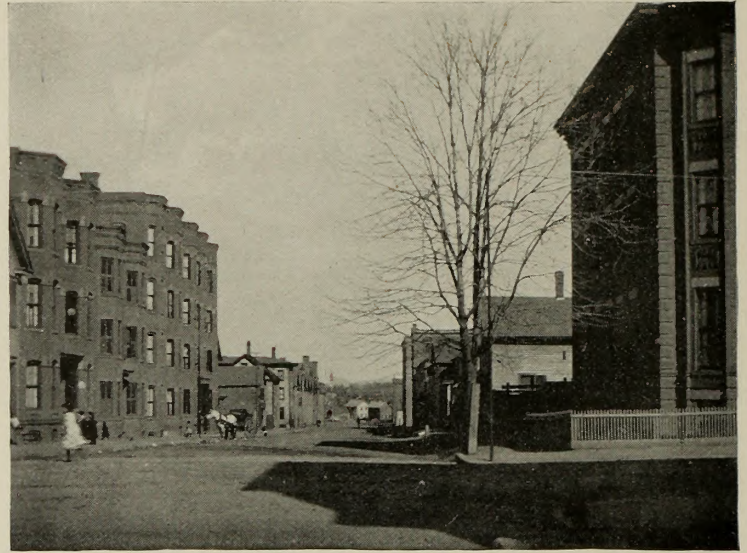
I.

THE ROMANCE OF AN OLD MILL MAN.

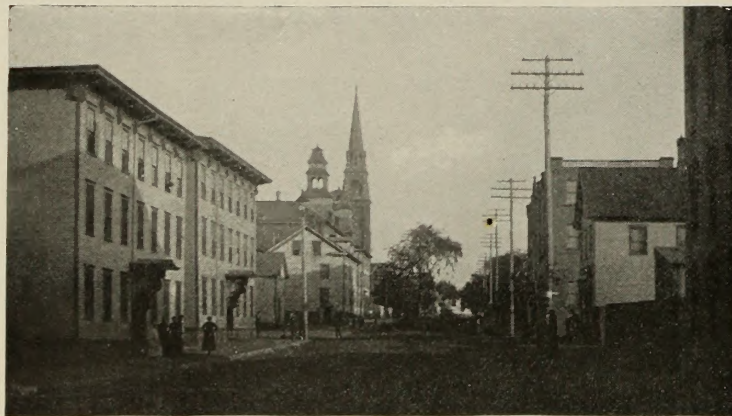
For several years Uncle John Graham sat in a corner of the spool-room, by one of the windows that projected from the roof, mending loom harnesses. He was a Scotchman by birth, but he had come to America when a young man, enlisted in the army in the first year of the war and had been wounded at Shiloh. He carries a bullet in his breast yet that the doctors had never been able to extract. The wound troubled him sometimes as he grew older, and disabled him from hard or heavy work. So the superintendent of the Dexter mills, who knew his faithfulness, had given him this light employment.

The niche of the spooling and warping room where he worked was the lightest and least noisy spot in the noisy room. It was a large room, and in this further

corner the roar of the spooling frames and the noise of the warpers were blended in a hum that was not unpleasant. The light from the window as it fell on Uncle John's head, showed a bald spot on the crown that was marking a wider and wider circle every year. He was a cleanly, oldish man, and in his thin figure, bowed now from carrying so long that concealed bullet, and in his gentle, kindly face there was nothing to suggest that he had once been a soldier.



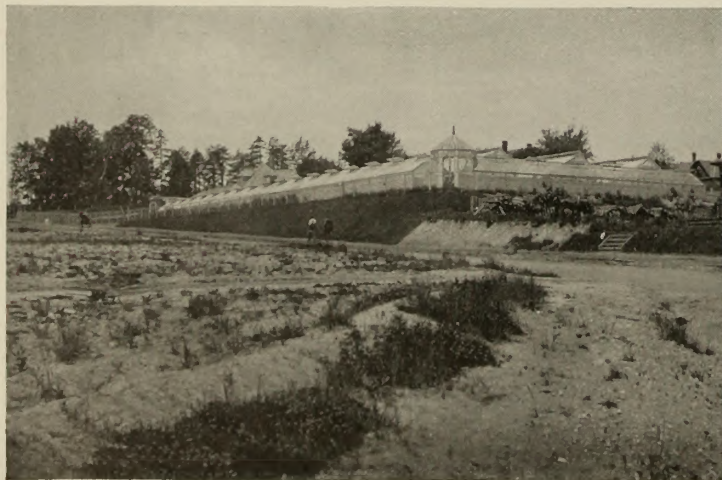
NORTH WALNUT STREET.



HAMPDEN STREET.



A GROUP IN PROSPECT PARK.



THE TAFT GREENHOUSES.



A WELL-FILLED DOORSTEP.



DOORSTEP FRIENDS.

There was a bit of sentiment about Uncle John's past. It was said that his sweetheart had come before him to America, and just when he had saved the money to come over and marry her, he received word that she was dead. It was said, too, that in his room at the house where he lived with his widowed sister, was a little alcove filled with the mementos of his lost sweetheart, where he worshiped as at a shrine.

One Saturday late in September, when there was to be a half-holiday at the mills, Uncle John waited till most of the mill-hands had swarmed out of the big gates before he took down his walking stick from the beam overhead, put on his tidy outdoor coat and hat, and slowly walked down the four long flights of stairs from the top of the Dexter mills to the mill yard. He stopped in the yard for a few minutes to admire the flower beds that were laid out in the lawn of the mill grounds. The dahlias were just coming into bloom—light and dark and variegated in colors. The lawn was separated by a chain fence from the foot walk, and the flowers were for the mill help to look at and admire, but not to touch.

"I'll have some out as fine as these in a week," thought Uncle John.

Then he hurried on to pass through the mill gate before it was closed. Most of his fellow employes had already disappeared in the tenement houses and blocks surrounding the mill. One long street, lined with mill tenements, reached straight ahead, and through this street and along another at right angles to it he kept on his way. He passed all the stores and business blocks, and then struck out for a considerable distance into the country till he came to a little house set alone in the green fields.

This was his own house, built and furnished after years of economy, where he made a home for himself and his sister. A slat fence enclosed a little garden full of old-fashioned flowers. A vegetable patch lay beyond it and a thrifty bit of meadow in the rear pastured a sleek

cow. Uncle John loved every foot of his little estate. He admired as a landscape the level fields around it, and the hills in the distance reminded him of the heather hills of home.

It was looking its best and pleasantest to-day. The sun was bright on the gay garden beds. The dahlias which he had anticipated were beginning to open.

Uncle John pulled a weed or two from the garden, picked up a few bits of paling that were scattered alongside the path, and walked slowly around to the kitchen door. He stood there a few minutes, looking over the place with a kind of serene gravity. Then he turned and went indoors.

There were voices in earnest conversation in the front room, and Uncle John sat down in the kitchen to rest.



FEEDING THE DOG.



RESIDENCE OF E. S. WATERS.



THE DRINKING FOUNTAIN—HAMPDEN PARK.



AFTERNOON—PROSPECT PARK.

"Janet's got company, and by the sound it's somebody I don't know. I'll sit here till she's gone," he thought.

It was a woman's voice, shrill and shrewd and not very pleasing that was speaking. The high-pitched words could be heard distinctly in the little kitchen.

"You don't mean to say that he's lived single all these years, an' all on account of *her*. Why, it's twenty years and more. I never heard of such a thing in my life."

Janet's voice was then heard in tones of exasperation.

"But how did you happen to lend yourself to help such a deceit, woman? What did you do it for? And why have you kept up the lie so long, to come and tell us the truth at this late day?"

"Well," replied the woman, in a lower voice and with a note of apology in it, "you know what Jess was—or mebbe you don't know. She was that masterful that she'd always get her own way. I was a young gell myself then, and Jess was my room-mate. I set a sight by her, an' when she wanted me to write the letter to get her out of a snarl, I did it."

"But I don't see now why she did such a thing," said Janet. "She must have known my brother wouldn't have held her to her word if she wished to be free. He wasn't that sort of a man."

"No," returned the woman, "t wasn't that. She wasn't afraid of him. But I suppose she liked him a bit after all. They'd been lass and lad together at home, and she hated to have him think ill of her. She was bound to go off with the

other fellow. He'd money, and dash, and style, and Jess had got to care more for them things than for any plain fellow plodding on at home. But she didn't want John to know. She'd rather have him think her dead."

"And so the two of you plotted to spoil the lad's life and break his heart," said Janet.

"Well, I don't know about that," returned the other. "Maybe it might have been worse for him than 'tis now. If you'd seen Jess as I did ten years ago, I reckon you'd 'a thought so. However, 'tis all over now, and can't be helped."

"No, it can't be helped," repeated Janet.

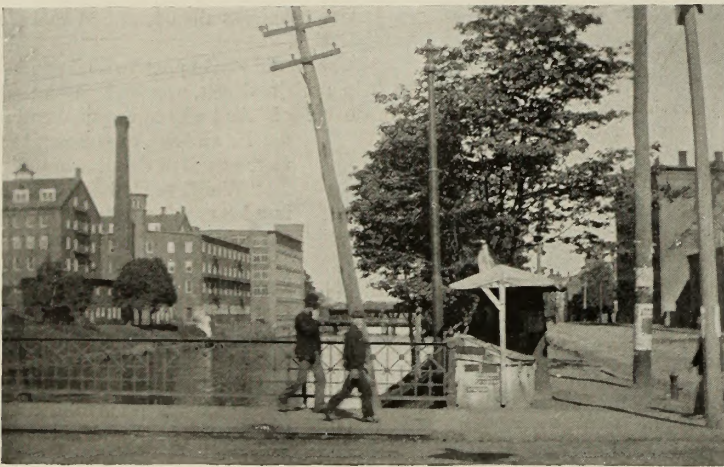


DWIGHT STREET, FROM MAIN.

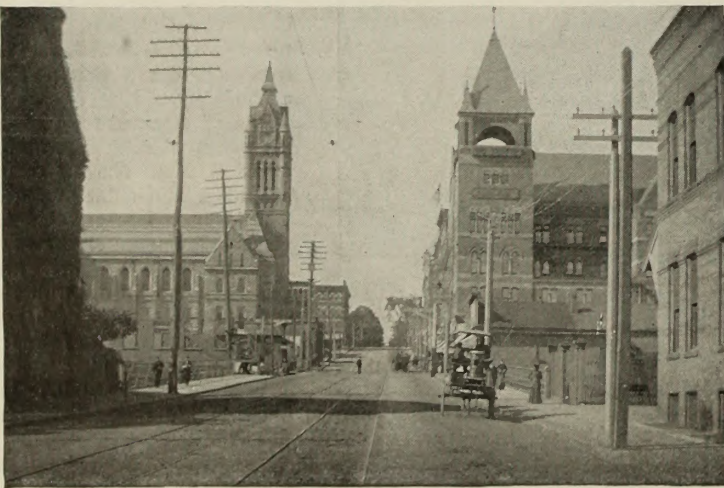
Then the woman was heard rising to go, and Janet did not ask her to stay.

Uncle John heard the door close behind her and saw her going out at the gate—a coarse, stout woman in a gay shawl, and with scattering locks of black hair blowing about her blowsy face.

Janet was startled when she came into the kitchen and saw Uncle John sitting there.



DWIGHT STREET, CORNER RACE.



DWIGHT STREET, NEAR HIGH.

"Why, John, I didn't hear you come in!" she exclaimed. "Did you hear what that woman was saying?"

"Yes, Janet, I heard."

"If the story's true, that accounts for it—why you never could get any more particulars about Jessie, and why you never could find the grave."

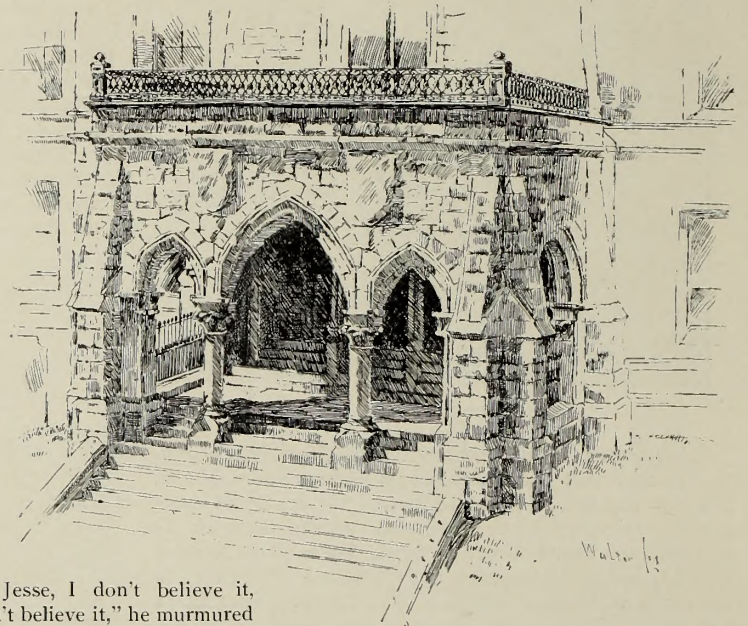
Uncle John rose and walked with an uncertain step into the room adjoining the kitchen, which was kept for his own.

The mill gossips had been partly right. A small desk with a few books upon

it stood in one corner of the room. Just above, set in a pretty hand-carved frame with a vase of flowers before it, hung the picture of a young girl.

It was an old-fashioned "tin-type" of a by-gone time, but even the poor workmanship and queer dress could not conceal the beauty of the handsome, careless face. Her head was turned a little, showing the thick, rich braid of abundant hair hanging down the girl's back. Her eyes were bright and full and brown, and a smile lurked in the corners of her saucy mouth.

Uncle John looked piteously at the pictured image of his shattered idol, worshipped so vainly and so long.

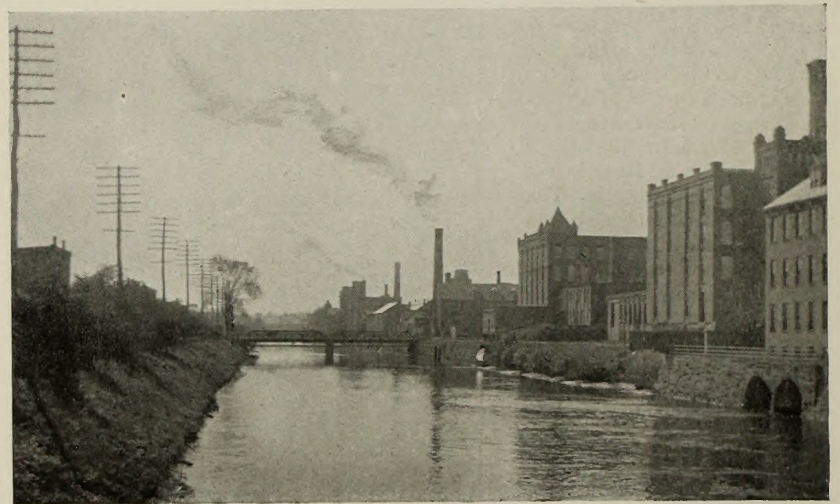


MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE CITY HALL.

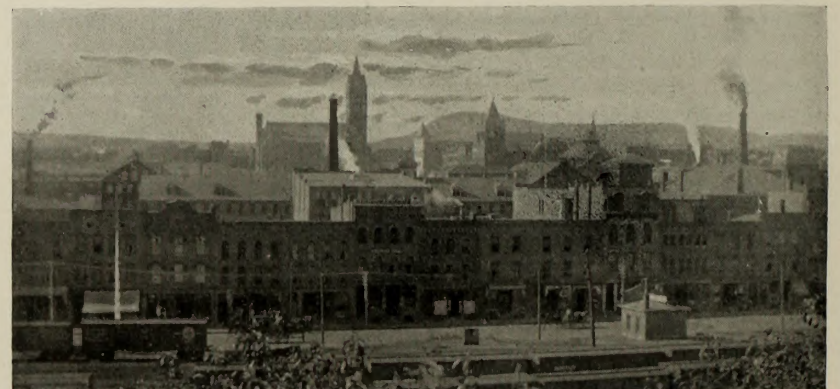
"Jesse, Jesse, I don't believe it, lass. I don't believe it," he murmured in a tone of pathetic appeal.

But when Janet opened the door half an hour later to call Uncle John to his dinner, the room was vacant and the picture was gone from its place on the wall.

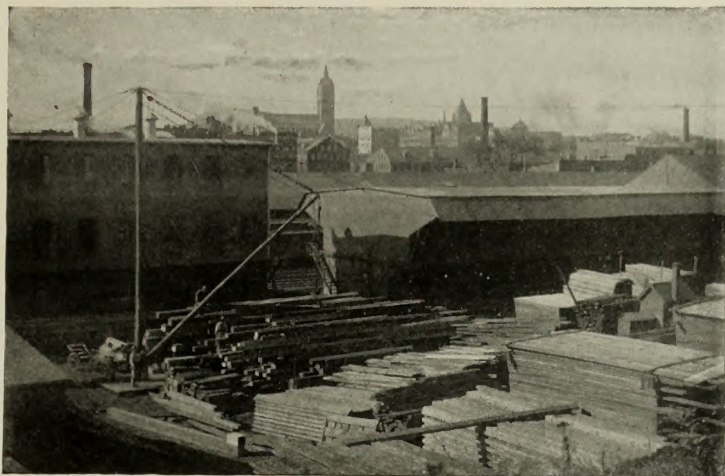
It was noticed during the following winter that Uncle John was failing. He walked



THE SECOND LEVEL CANAL, SOUTH FROM DWIGHT STREET.



THE BUSINESS CENTER, VIEWED FROM DEPOT HILL.



A DOWN-LOOK FROM DEPOT HILL.

more feebly and his hair was whitening fast. He was not old enough in years to age so rapidly, and it was thought his old wound was troubling him again.

A little girl now came to the mill to bring him a warm dinner on pleasant days. It was a child that Uncle John and his sister had rescued from the clutches of Mother Tassett.

When she first began to come she was a thin, scared looking child, showing the effects of ill usage and neglect. Now she was plump and healthy. In the comfortable clothes which Janet had made for her, she was as neat and comely as any of the mill people's children.

Often, when the mill gates were open at night, she was seen waiting patiently for Uncle John. When he appeared they went homeward together, hand in hand.

Mother Tassett, from whose place the little girl had been taken, had come to the village about a year before and found quarters in a tenement of Rum Alley. If the atmosphere of wickedness about that neighborhood had been strong before, it was stronger than ever after Mother Tassett came. She was the boldest as well as the smartest of the dissolute gang of that desolate corner of the town.

It was a good thing for the neighborhood and a good thing for little Agnes Frye when Mother Tassett, in spite of all her

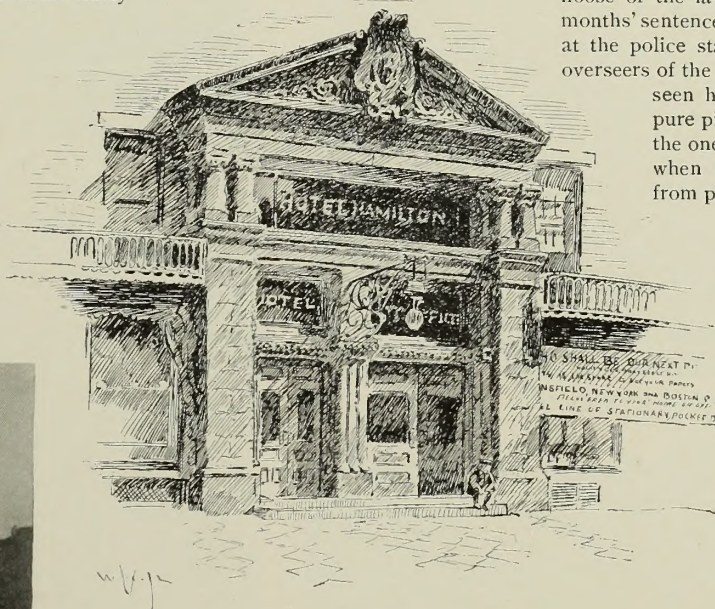


THE OLD HOLYOKE HOUSE—1867.

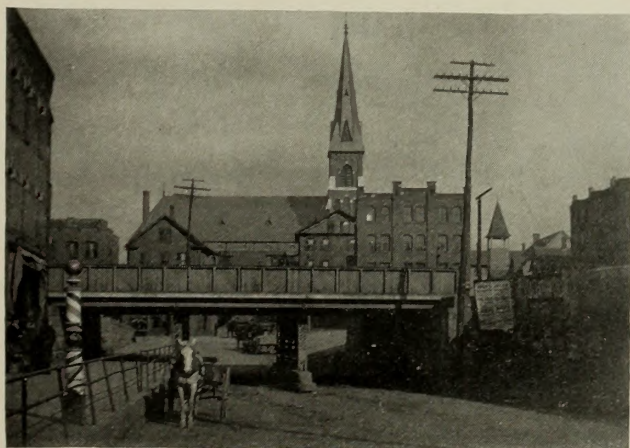
shrewdness, had at last run her neck into the noose of the law far enough to insure her a six months' sentence. The little girl was left behind at the police station, waiting the action of the overseers of the poor, and there Uncle John had seen her, ragged and forlorn, and in pure pity had taken her home. Now the one dread of her life was the day when Mother Tassett would emerge from prison and try to claim her again.

But the time went on and no such claim was made. "Mother Tassett's back, and she 'pears to be tryin' to drink herself to death this time," Kate Bowlin announced, one day late in the spring, to the girl who attended the next warping frame, and the word was passed to Uncle John. Mother Tassett never appeared, however, to make trouble for Agnes or her new guardian.

So the summer passed and the child grew more and more a comfort to the old



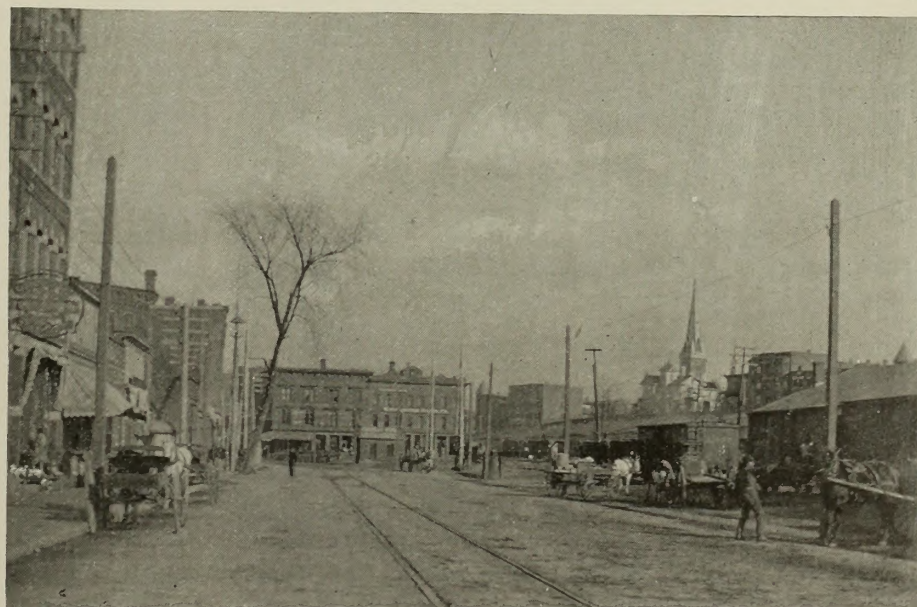
THE POST OFFICE ENTRANCE.



MOSHER STREET, FROM MAIN.



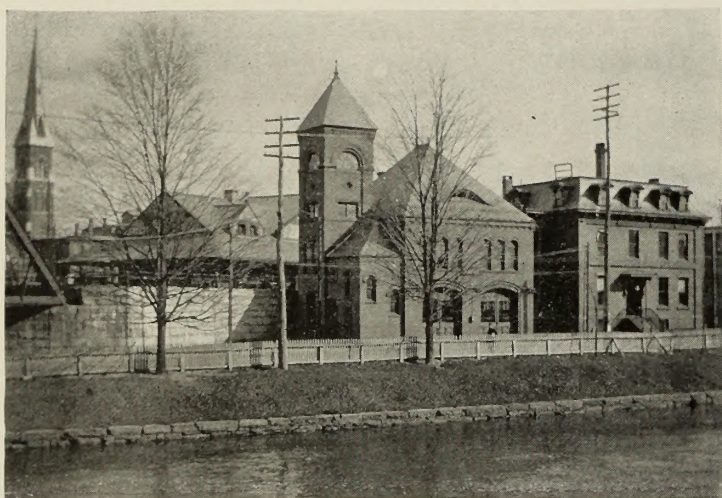
LYMAN STREET, AT THE RAILROAD CROSSING.



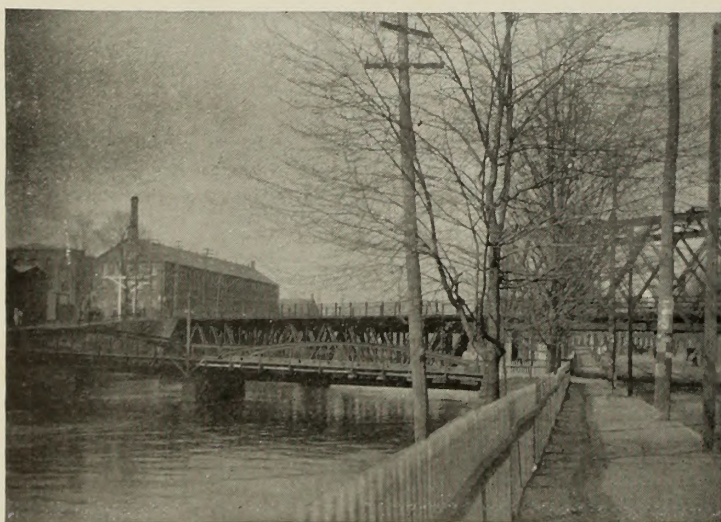
MAIN STREET, NEAR DWIGHT.



THE FLATIRON BLOCK.



THE MOUNT TOM HOSE HOUSE AND VICINITY.



LYMAN STREET BRIDGES.

man's life. Sometimes, in confidential moments, he talked to one and another of the room girls of his plans for the future, and his hope to give Agnes a good education.

It was again well on in the fall of the year when, one morning as he was going to work, Uncle John came upon a knot of excited people huddled near the entrance of Rum Alley. They were talking, not loudly, but in low tones of excitement and horror.

"What's the matter?" he asked, stopping near the yard.

"It's Mother Tassett," one of them replied. "She's took pison an' she's dead. The p'lice has just gone in there."

There was a stir about the door of the dingy house to which the speaker pointed. A policeman came out and a woman was with him. It was the woman

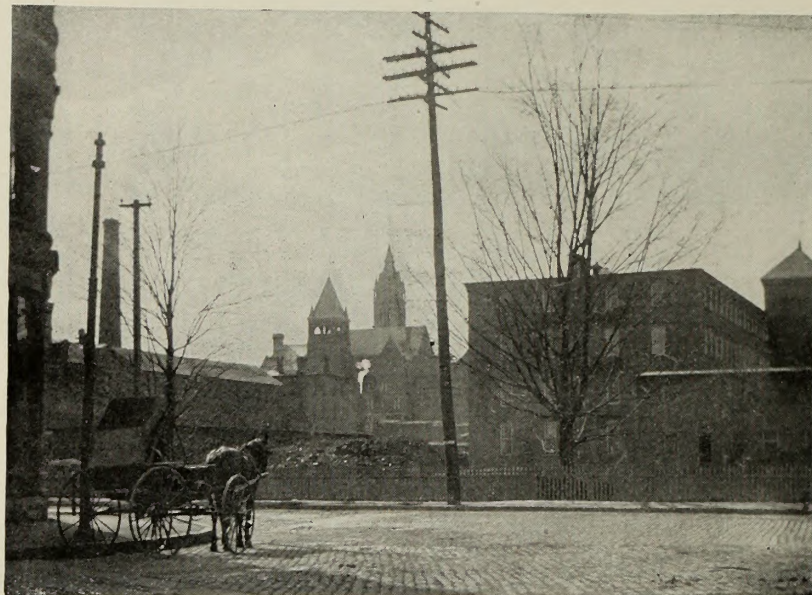
who had called on Janet the year before—the one of the frowsy hair and gay shawl. She glanced over the crowd and touched the policeman's arm.

"There's a man that'll know more about her folks than I do," she said, pointing to Uncle John. "He came from the same town an' can tell you her right name and who are her kin."

The policeman made his way through the crowd and spoke to Uncle John.

"You're wanted in there, Mr. Graham, to identify the suicide," he said, jerking his head backward toward the house.

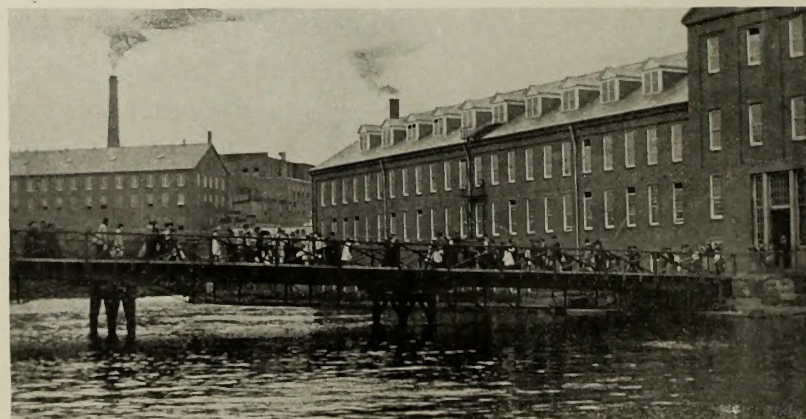
"I guess it must be a mistake," Uncle John protested. "I took the little gell after



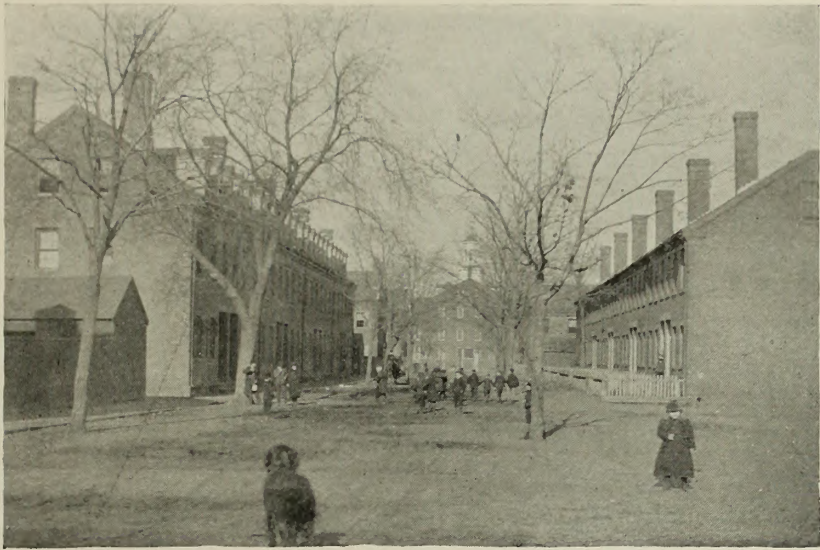
LOOKING TOWARD THE CITY HALL, FROM RACE STREET.



MAIN STREET, NORTH FROM DWIGHT.



NOON AT THE MILLS.



CENTER STREET.

the woman was sent to jail, but I don't imagine the child was any kin to her. As to the woman herself, I never happened to see her, before nor since."

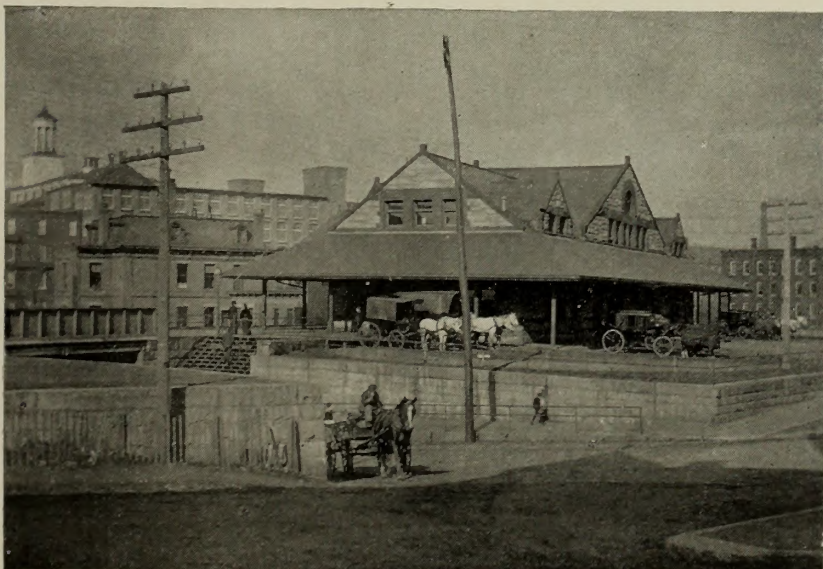
Nevertheless, he followed the policeman through the dirty alley back to the door.

"It's a tough place, and she's led a tough life," commented the officer, as they went up the broken steps.

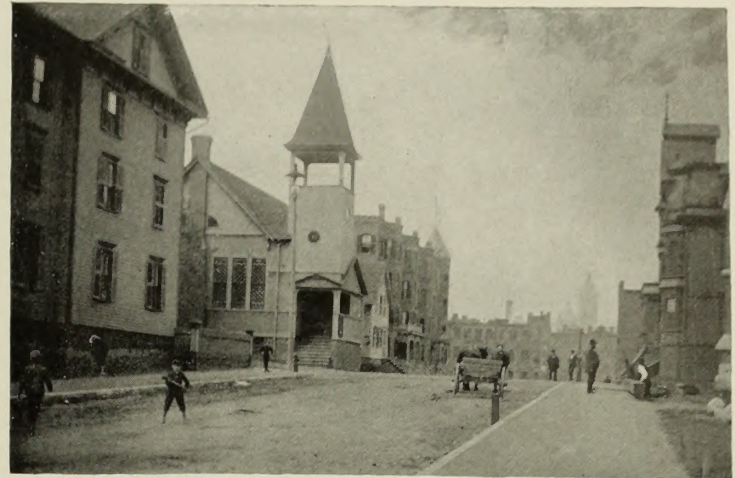
Heaps of refuse and old bones and broken cans—the ever-present signs of squalor and poverty and unthrift—littered the untidy yard at the left. A hungry goat bleated in a little enclosure in the rear. The morning smoke was rising from the chimneys of the surrounding shanties, and over the wretched scene a bright ray, breaking from a cloud and shining from the east, heralded the coming sunrise.



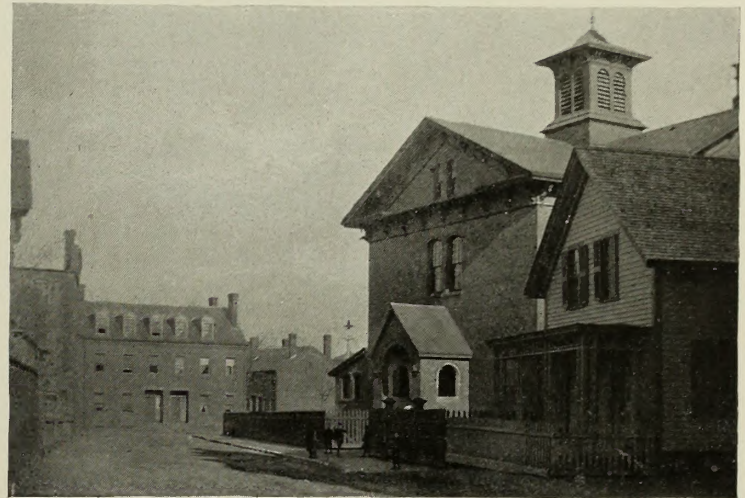
MOSHER STREET.



THE DEPOT OF THE RIVER ROAD.



ENDEAVOR CHAPEL.



LYMAN STREET SCHOOL.

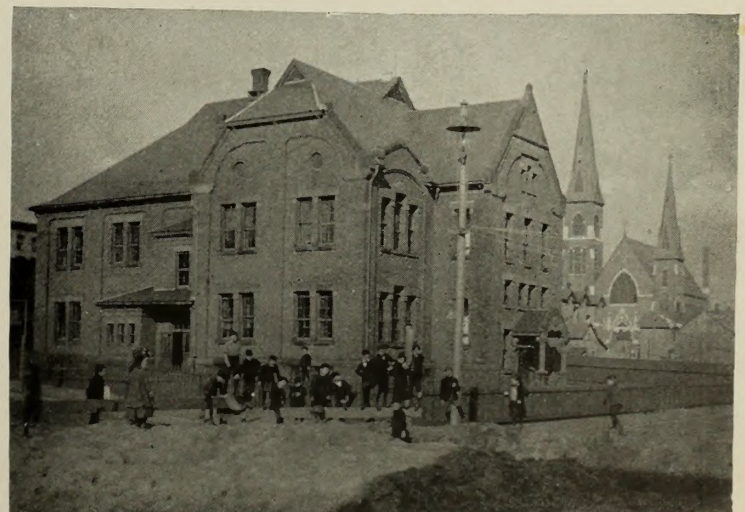
The dead woman was reclining in a great chair in the squalid room where dissipation had ended a wretched life and death had claimed her. Bloated, ghastly and piteous to look upon, there still shone through the marks and lines which dissipation had scarred on the blighted face, some traces of the comeliness of her ruined youth.

And there, with the pitiless morning light on the haggard features, Uncle John saw and knew her. The last treasured remnant of his life's romance crumbled to ashes, for the face he saw was the face of his lost love.

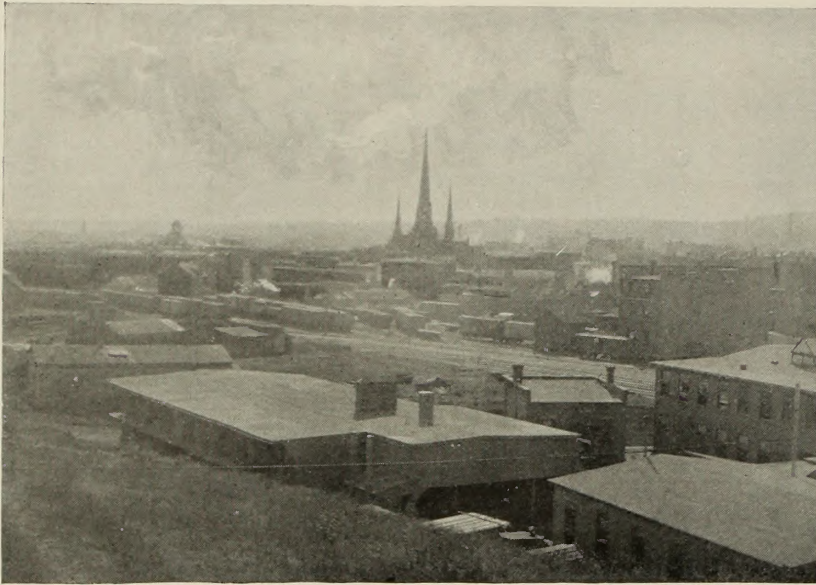
II.

THE GHOST OF THE SPOOL-ROOM.

In the early winter evenings when the gas was lighted in the spool-room of No. 2 mill, the voice of the machinery took a different sound from the burden it had been carrying through the day. It seemed to be pitched on a higher



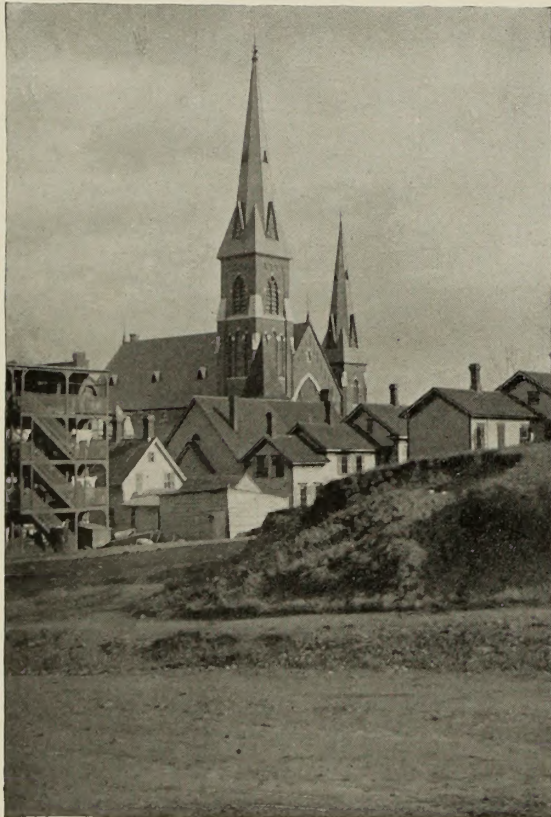
SCHOOL, CORNER CENTER AND DWIGHT STREETS.



SOUTH HOLYOKE, FROM DEPOT HILL.



GROVER STREET.

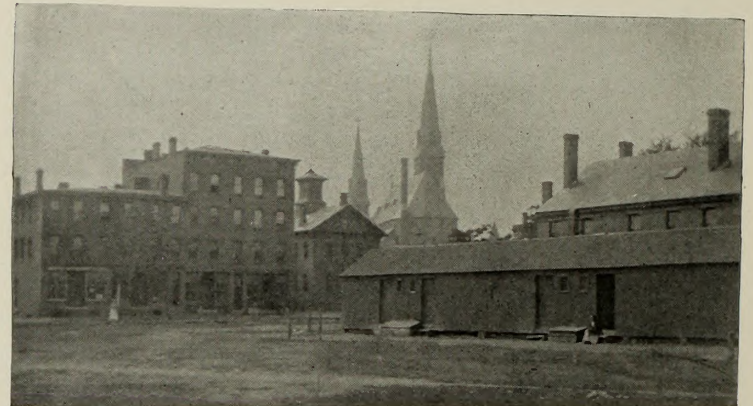


CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.

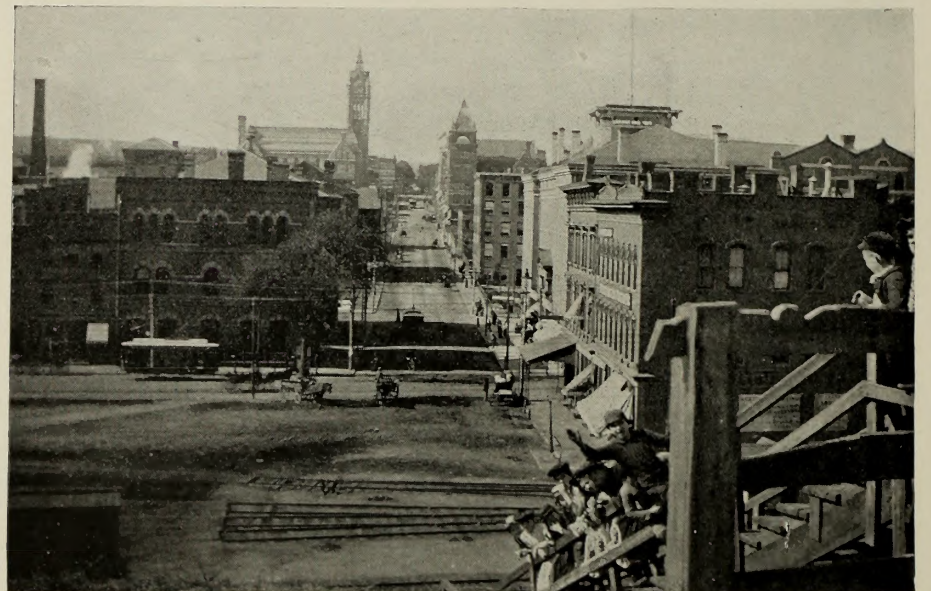
key, and to break into measures and bars and run like a tune in the head. The long room with its many points of dancing light grew fantastic and dream-like. The figures moving mechanically to and fro, seemed a part of the great machinery that carried the whirling belts and wheels. The spoolgirls, bowing forward and

swaying backward among their frames, and the warp tenders guiding the threads from creel to warping beam, with raised right arm and monotonous step, moved like images of a dream. And so with the mechanism of long habit the work went on.

But one night the semistupor that fell upon the tired workers at lighting-up hour was dispelled by a shrill scream. The



LOWER LYMAN STREET.



DWIGHT STREET, FROM DEPOT HILL.

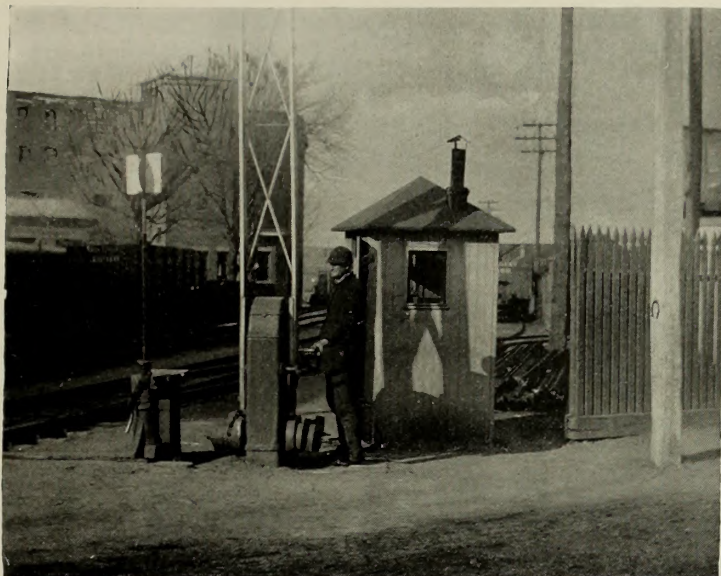


THE EASTERN CITY.

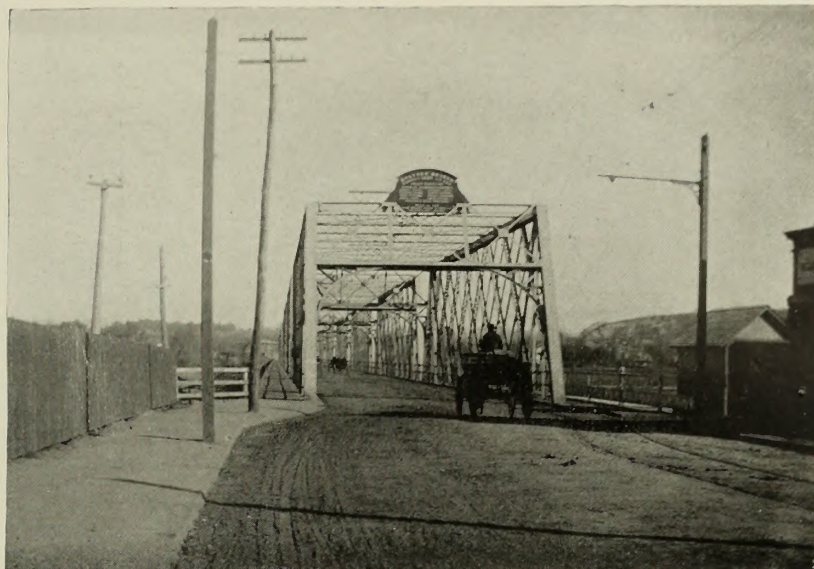
scrub woman came rushing into the room from the elevator hall, tossing her bare arms above her head and howling with fright.

The elevator hall, which also served as the girls' cloakroom, was a quiet place just off the spool-room, where the scrub woman was in the habit of comforting herself with a nap after her day's floor scrubbing, before going home. It was a customary thing to see her tilted back on a bobbin box, her head resting against the wall and her bare feet planted firmly on the floor before her, sleeping the sound sleep of physical weariness and mental unconcern.

But she was wide awake enough now. Her black eyes—pretty eyes, perhaps they may have been in days of rosy youth—were staring wild with terror. In her fright her hair had come unbound and hung in a long black cord over her left shoulder.



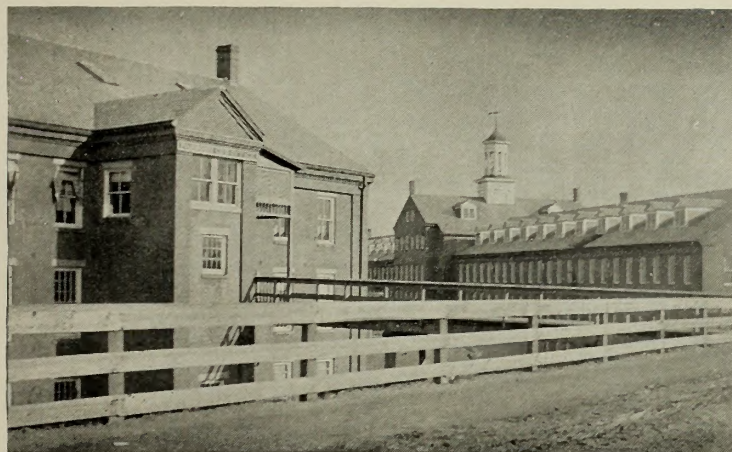
A KEEPER OF THE GATE.



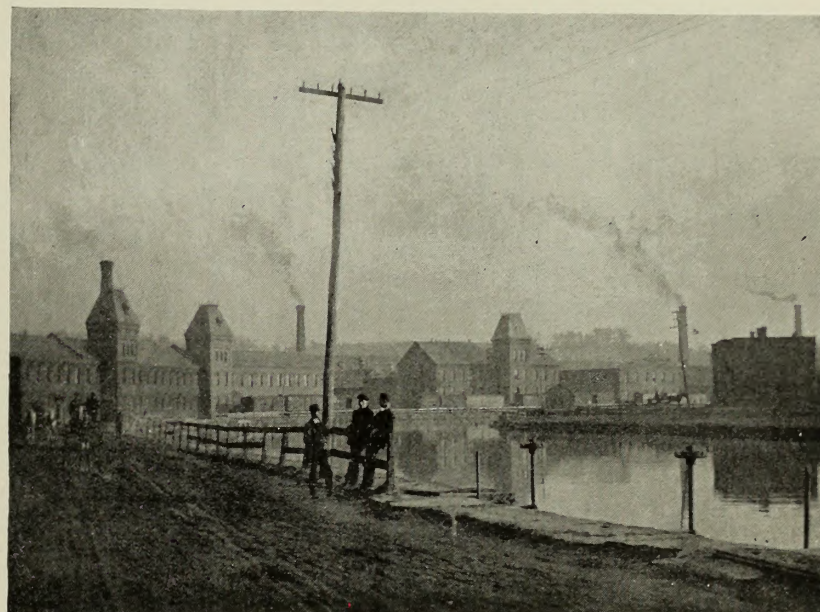
THE BRIDGE OVER THE CONNECTICUT TO SOUTH HADLEY FALLS.

The overseer being for the moment out of sight, nearly every employe improved the occasion to rush down the room and enjoy the passing excitement, whatever its cause might be.

"Oh, glory be to heaven!" wailed Mrs. Blinn. "Sure, 'twas the dreadful ghost I saw. 'Twas clad all in a long, white grave-shroud, an' its eyes were full



A CORNER AMONG THE MILLS.



ON THE EDGE OF THE THIRD LEVEL CANAL.

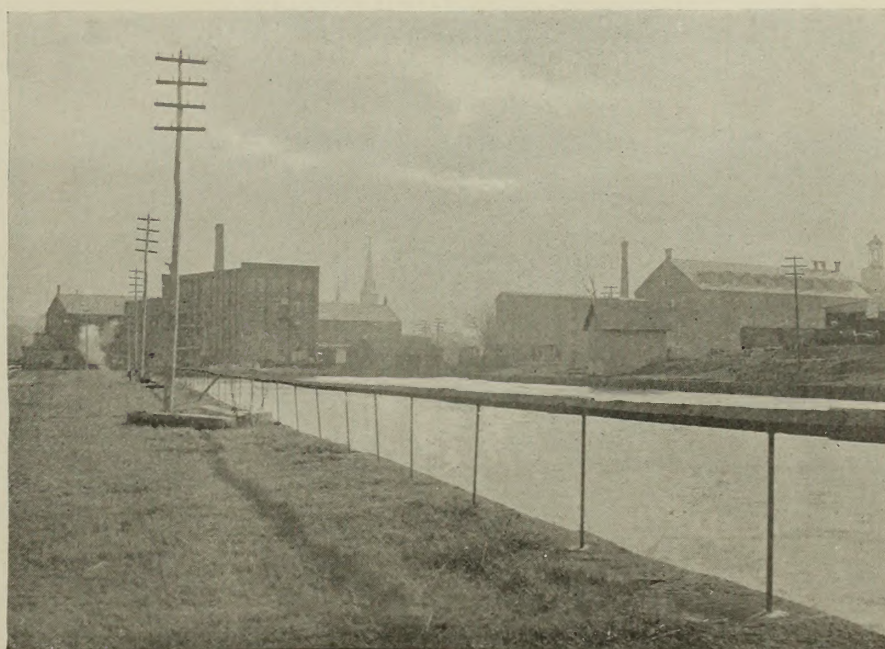
of fire, an' its face blazed like the fiery pit below. Oh! Oh! Sorra's the night that I ever saw this fearful thing!" and she threw her apron over her head and moaned and rocked herself from side to side in genuine terror.

"Oh, come now, Mrs. Blinn, don't take on like that. 'Twas only dreamin' you were," said Katie Crippen, trying to remove the apron; but Mrs. Blinn only clutched it tighter, rocked the harder and groaned louder.

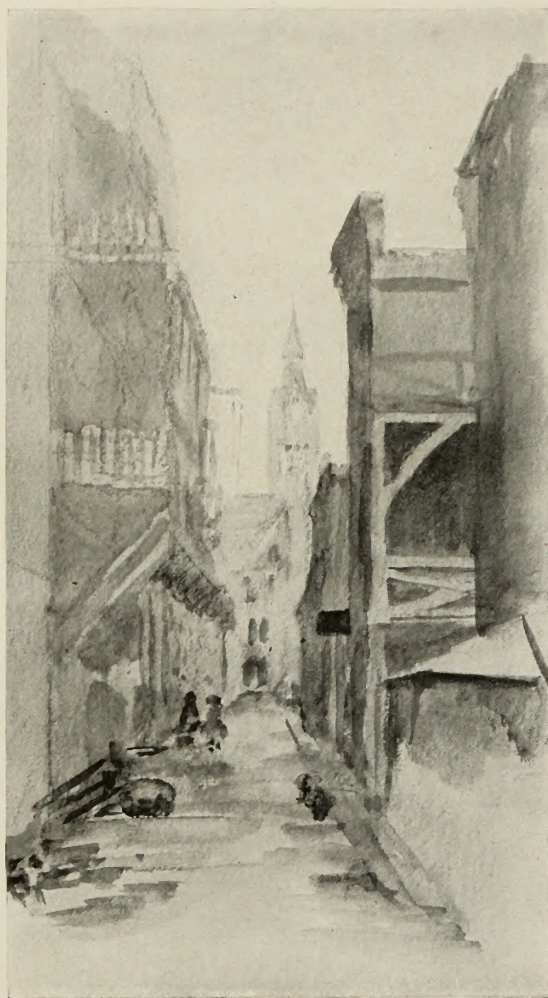
"Sure, an' do you suppose 'twas a raal ghost?" asked Maggie Hayes in an awed undertone.



CANAL STREET.



THE FIRST LEVEL CANAL, NEAR THE GATEHOUSE.

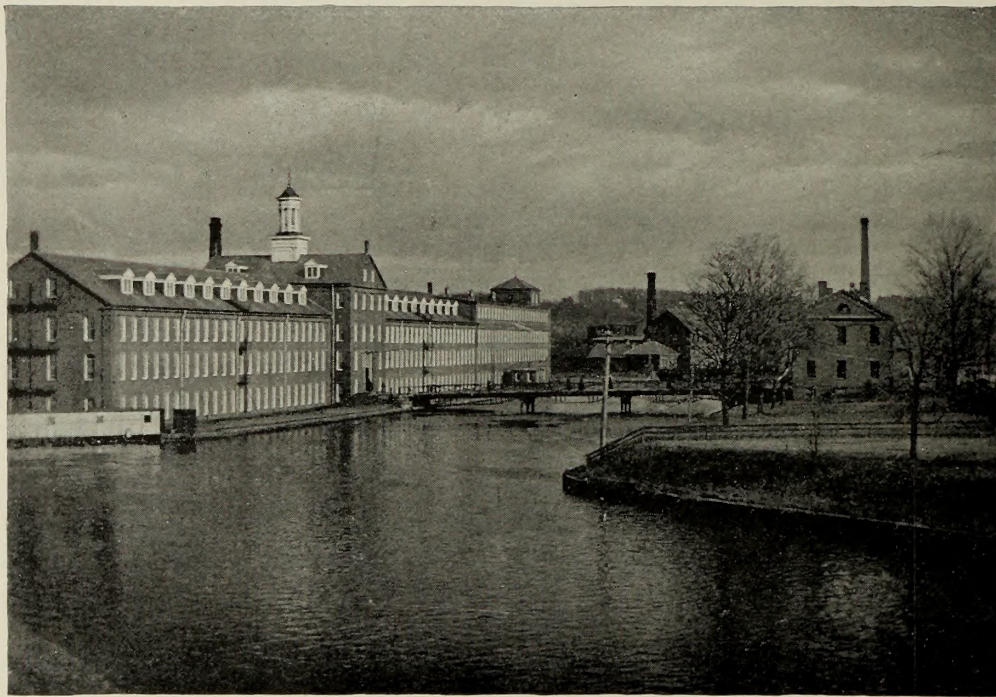


AN ALLEY—FROM A WATER COLOR BY MRS. I. H. FERRY.

"Ghost? Pah!" exclaimed Hugh Brett, the old Scotchman who was employed at odd jobs about the room. "More like 'twas a flash of light through the window shinin' on the wall; and wakin' up so sudden it looked quare and scared her."

"'Twas a warnin', Mother Blinn, 'twas a warnin' for your sins," presently piped the voice of Sandy Hutton, the spoolboy, pushing his red head in among the group. His eyes were dancing with glee and the corners of his mouth turned upward with the crescent curve they took when he was greatly delighted.

Mrs. Blinn snatched the apron from her head and aimed a quick blow with it at Sandy. It was the surest way that could have been devised to dispel her fright, for there was a chronic feud between the scrub woman and the spoolboy.



THE SECOND LEVEL CANAL.



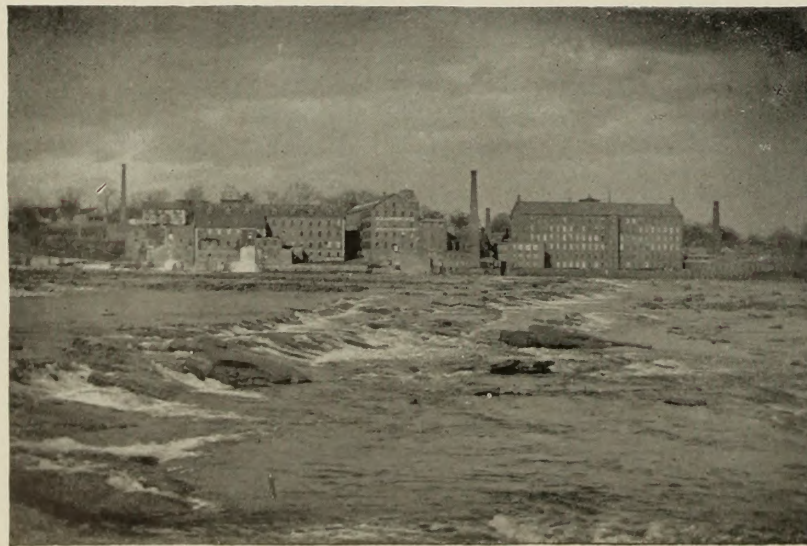
BEFORE A SHOP WINDOW.

"Indeed, I believe she'd rise from her dyin' bed to give the boy a lick," remarked Maggie, and this diversion put to flight all serious thoughts of Mother Blinn's scare.

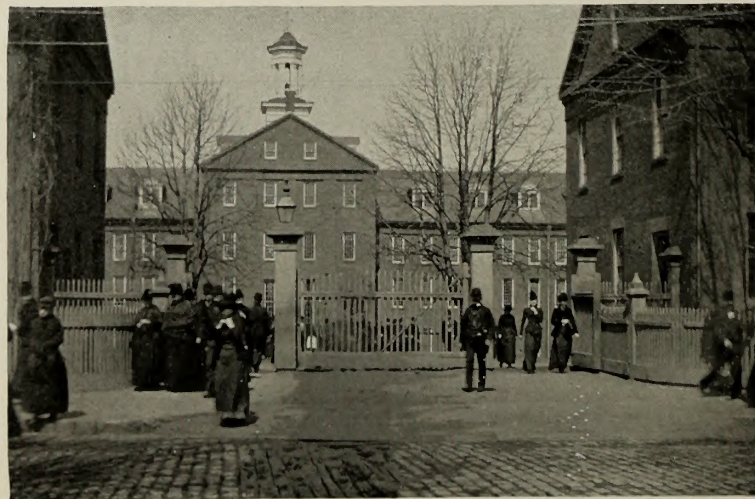
But that was not, by any means, the last of the spool-room ghost.

Sandy Hutton was the only boy working in the spool-room. There were two or three men employed to do the heavy lifting and carting of beams, but all of the spooling and warping frames were operated by girls. Sandy's business was to clear the filled spools from the spooling frames, wheel them in boxes to the warpers and carry back the emptied spools to be refilled. It kept him tolerably busy on the whole, but his active spirit would have missed a great deal of welcome excitement if it had not been for the almost daily skirmishes with the scrub woman and an occasional set-to with Andre Bourdon.

Andre was the boy who rode up from the spinning room on the elevator, to bring up the supplies of bobbins for the spool frames. As he shoved the boxes out into the spool-room from the elevator, he and Sandy seldom missed exchanging remarks, and sometimes more emphatic compliments, if the overseer was out of sight and hearing.



THE RIVER BELOW THE DAM.

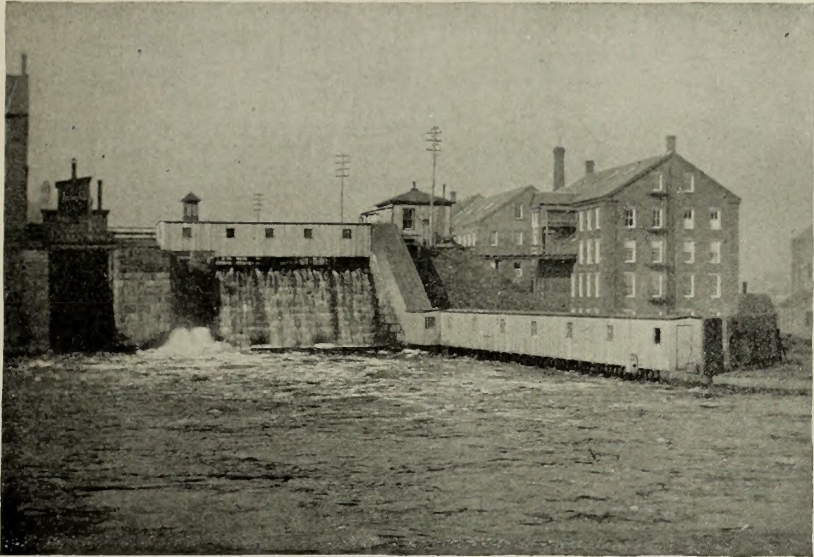


TWELVE O'CLOCK AT THE HADLEY MILLS.

"Hullo, Scotch!" was Andre's form of greeting.

"Hi, there, Frenchy!" Sandy would hail back.

Sandy was not long out from Scotland, and one day he wore into the mill a pair of Scotch-made shoes that excited the derision of the bobbin boy.



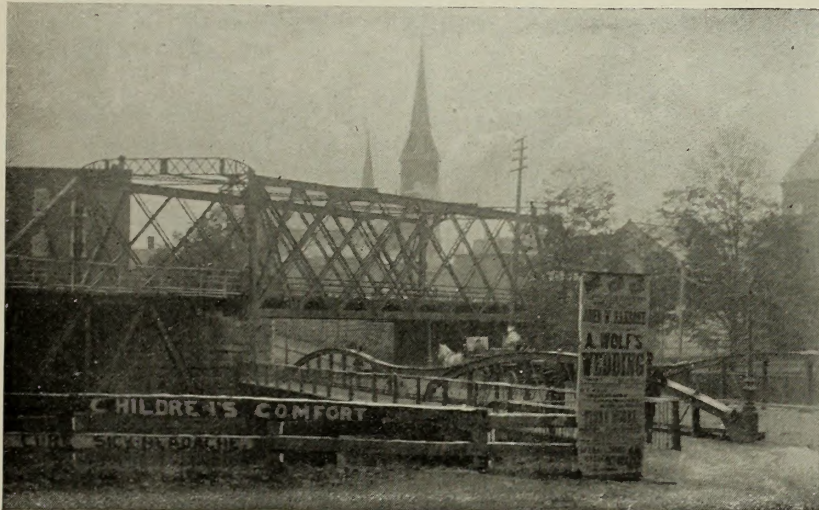
THE OVERFLOW DAM.

"Tacketty feet! tacketty feet!" he called out as Sandy came clattering up the stairs at noon-time; and the rest of the spinning-room boys joined in the cry.

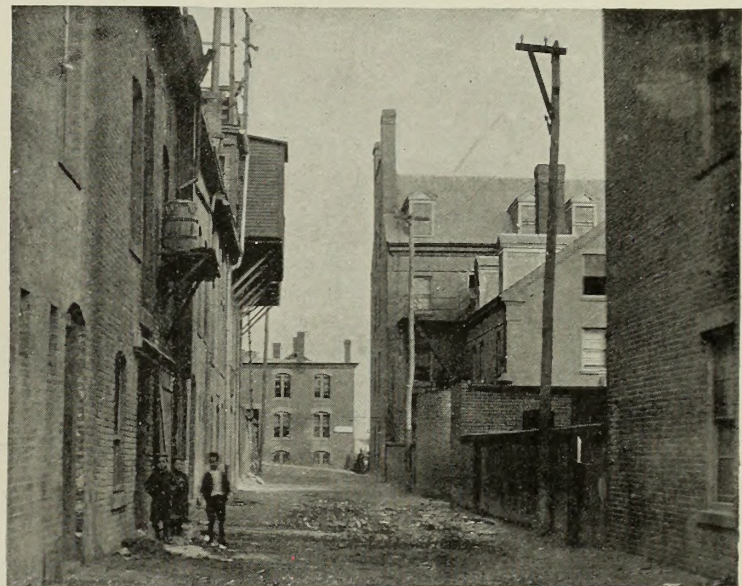
During the afternoon, at every trip up into the spool-room, Andre repeated the jeer, and if the overseer was not too near, Sandy responded with a flying bobbin aimed at Andre's head.



A BROKEN EXPRESS WAGON.



LYMAN STREET, AT THE LOWER CANAL.

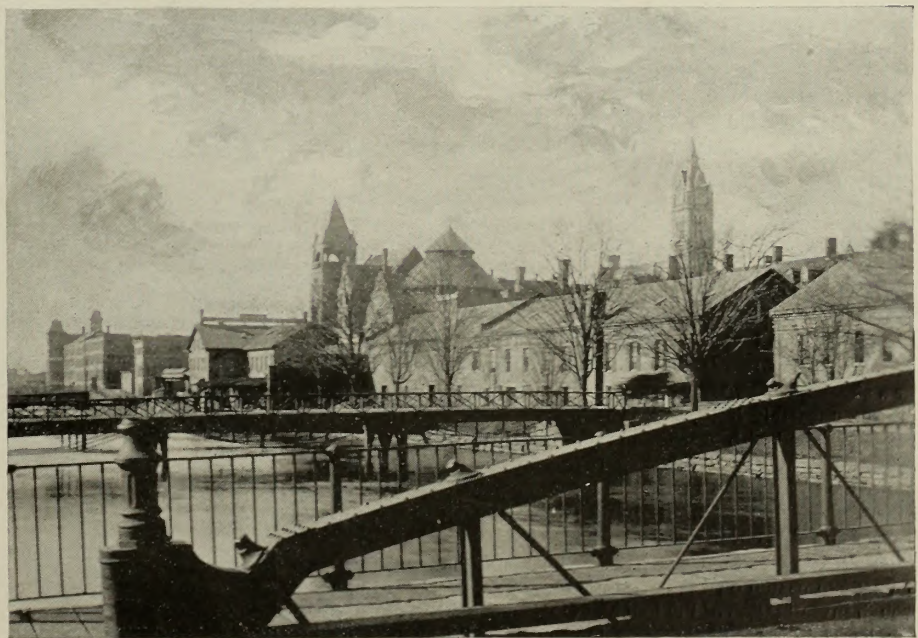


IN A HOLYOKE ALLEY.

Andre had come up on his last trip for the night and had pulled the last box from the elevator, when he caught sight of something that caused him to give a yell of terror. The box went flying to one side of the hall and Andre stumbled into the spool-room shaking and crying, and sank into a collapsed heap on the floor.



JUMPING THE ROPE.



THE CITY CENTER, FROM THE LYMAN STREET UPPER BRIDGE.



FRONT STREET.

"Oh, de ghos', de ghos'!" he howled. "I seen him! I seen him!"

There was plenty of superstitious fear in the spool-room, and the word that Andre, too, had seen the ghost passed around in a shuddering whisper. There was no stampede toward the hall this time, for the overseer was on hand and he had a stern voice and a stern eye.

He lifted the shivering bobbin boy by the collar and gave him a shake that tended to restore his scattered wits.

"What do you mean by such nonsense?" he asked sharply. "You go back down stairs where you belong, and don't you come up here again to raise such a screeching as that."

Poor Andre! He was in hard luck, for when he had sent the bobbin box spinning across the hall, it had hit and upset one of the tall oil cans standing against the wall and the yarn on the bobbins was soaked and spoiled. The quaking lad had to go down and report the accident to his own overseer, who cuffed him for his carelessness and threatened to discharge him if such a thing happened again.

A week or two passed by and the spool-room ghost had become the talk of the mill. The scrub woman and the bobbin boy had to listen to much sly jesting, but there were many who were disposed to look upon it as a serious matter. The smaller spoolgirls especially showed an earnest avoidance of the elevator hall as soon as the shadows of evening fell, and when they were obliged to go for their cloaks and hats at closing hour they took care to go in the strength of numbers, and to make as brief a stop in the hall as possible.

The talk quieted down at last, and when one night two or three of the warper girls found themselves left the last ones in the spool-room after the speed had stopped, they were thinking nothing about the ghost as they went toward the cloakroom.

All the lights had been turned down, except one burning at the further end of the room and two at the overseer's desk. The cloakroom beyond the elevator was all in shadow.

It was Katie Crippen and Maggie Hayes and Julia Pray who were in the cloakroom together hurrying on their wraps, when suddenly a fearful specter rose before them in the corner. Through the darkness it showed weird and white and ghastly. Over a sheeted form rose the semblance of a face gleaming with a strange, unearthly light, and as it made a movement forward the girls shrieked with horror and ran.

They did not stop till they had reached the bottom of the last flight of stairs, had pushed the door open and were out in the open air. They were all quite hysterical with terror, but there were no signs of pursuit, and they safely reached home.

The story went about the mill the next morning, and there was a set expression on the overseer's face as he proceeded to a thorough investigation of the hall and cloakroom. But nothing unusual was found. There was a long closet, with shelves, on one side of the hall, where the girls stored their hats, and a row

of hooks beyond where they hung their cloaks and shawls. The closet extended up nearly to the ceiling. Back of the elevator was a long sink built solid to the floor. No apparent hiding place for a ghost-player was there.

For a long time after this there was no further alarm. The winter wore away and spring came, and at last the days had grown so long that gas light was no longer needed. On the first day that the speed went down on the unlighted room, the ghost made its final appearance.

One of the smaller spoolgirls saw it. Once more a terrified shriek rang from the cloakroom and the child came rushing out pale with fright.

The employees, now released from duty by the stopping of the speed, crowded into the hall and the overseer followed.

The foremost of the crowd heard the sound of something like a sudden rush or scramble, but nothing was to be seen but the closed closet and the row of shawls and capes hanging on the wall. The window was open, but no one could have escaped by an opening full forty feet above the ground.

"I'll get a long stick, and if the ghost is in any corner of *this* hall we'll poke him out of his hole," said Hugh Brett.

Two or three of the girls gave a little scream.

"Oh, ye needn't be scared, girls," said Hugh. "The ghost will be the one to do the squealing when we find him."

The overseer threw down the shawls and cloaks to see if anything was concealed behind them. Hugh armed himself with a window pole and began to explore the closet.

There was nothing on the top. It must, indeed, have been a shadowy ghost which could have hidden itself in that narrow space.

The opened closet showed the girls' hats and hoods piled in some

confusion on the shelves.

"Nothing here?—wait a bit," said the Scotchman.



A FRONT STREET CHERUB.

Under the lowest shelf, rolled into a corner that would have been cramped quarters for a medium-sized dog, was something that looked like a ball of white cloth. Hugh reached down and gave it a tug.

"If that wasn't a live boy's foot I got hold of, then I'm not a Scotchman," said Hugh. Taking a firmer grasp, the bundle was jerked out upon the floor.

Then from the folds of a large spread of white cotton, such as was used to cover the warps when the mill shut down on Saturday, was slowly unwound the crest-fallen figure of Sandy Hutton—Sandy, his shamed face still showing in the dim light the brimstone marks that he had not had time to remove. He had played his roguish prank just one time too many.

So the ghost of the spool-room walked no more, for Sandy's place in the mill instantly became vacant, and next day the spool-room of No. 2 had a new spoolboy.

* * * * *

A few years later, two of the girls who had worked in the mill at time of the ghost scare, happened to attend together a minstrel performance in a neighboring



TRAINING THE DOG IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO.



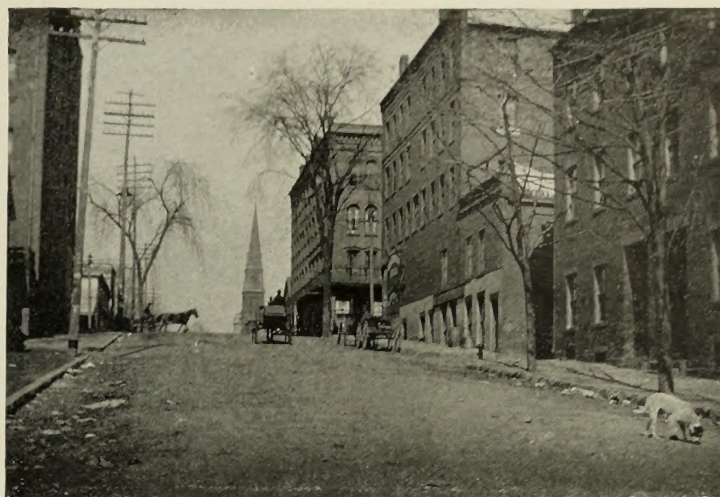
SOMETHING BROKEN.



DOORWAY GROUPS—LYMAN STREET.



LYMAN STREET, FROM FRONT.



LOOKING UP HAMPDEN STREET HILL.

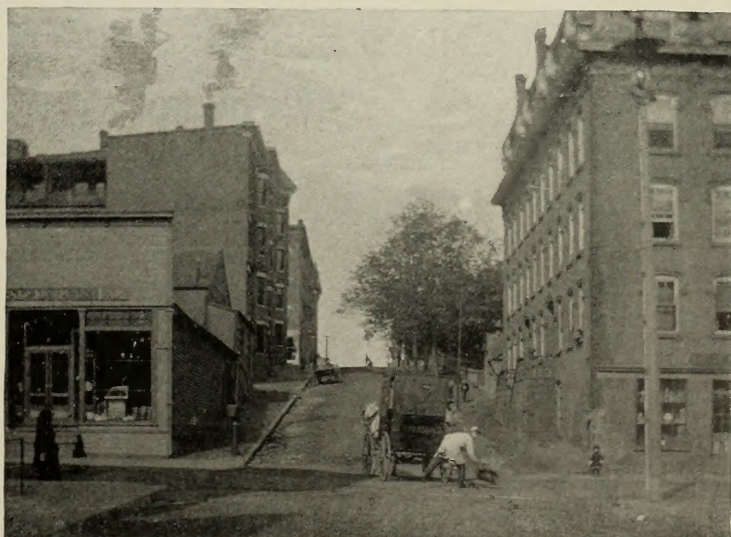


UNION STREET.

town. All the familiar tricks of the old-fashioned minstrel show were performed, including the hair-raising ghost burlesque and the feats of the limber-jointed fellow who is doubled up and pulled through a barrel. There was something familiar about the movements of one of the cork-blackened performers, but the girls did not recognize him until he came forward to respond to a recall after one of his tricks. Then he came out to the front of the stage, looked straight down to the chairs where they were sitting, and when the corners of his mouth went up in a crescent curve, they saw a well-known face looking through the grease and paint, and knew he was Sandy Hutton.

Sandy had evidently found his true vocation this time.

FANNY M. JOHNSON.



A STREET IN "LITTLE CANADA."



A VISITOR AND HER DOG.

A CORPUS CHRISTI SACRIFICE.

THE BURNING OF THE FRENCH CATHOLIC CHURCH.

On the Corpus Christi festival Catholics love to make their church altars beautiful for the placing of the sacred Host. They drape the altar shelvings with rich laces, hang soft curtains on statues and projections, and place everywhere lighted candles. Flowers, too, are everywhere, to make for this day, given to the worship of the body of Christ, one of the most beautiful of the church observances.

In 1875, on Thursday, the 27th of May, just when the year was most delightful, the French people of Holyoke were gathered in their church for the Corpus Christi vesper service. The church was small and poorly built — a frame structure, sheathed to the ceiling, with no plastering to make it firm or heavy. At best it was only a temporary house of worship, built so that these many people, who spoke a strange tongue, might have the gospel preached to them in their own language. Up to five years before they had worshiped with the old St. Jerome society, but they had gathered in numbers and wealth enough to have their own church and pastor, and Rev. A. B. Dufresne had been sent to them for a religious guide. Under his supervision the little church was begun



A PEDDLER — OLIVER STREET.



SIDEWALK SLIDING.

the first of December, 1869, and by New Year's day was ready for service, with just one month's work upon it. Meanwhile the parish grew and a fine new church was going up near by, substantial and well built.

On that warm May night there were six hundred people at the vesper service — a large crowd for the building, that seated only eight hundred. There was to be confirmation in the church the next Sunday, and many children and young people who were preparing for the rite sat in the low,



AFTER A SNOWSTORM.

narrow galleries that ran around the building. It may have been a breeze from a near window, or some say it was the swaying of a woman's fan that floated the light lace draped over the Virgin's statue too near the lighted candle on the pedestal. In an instant the bit of fire had leaped over the draping. Some of the men who were close by tried to put it out, but the flame was too quick for them. It licked up the curtain and swept on to the thin sheathing, and the building was doomed.

All thought then was for safety — for escape with life and friends. From below there was a mad rush for the main door in front, and most of the people got safely out. But up in that crowded gallery, only eight feet above the floor, were the hundreds of young people who, from three sides of the building, had but one way of escape, and that a narrow four-foot stairway. It could not be the exit for that panic-stricken crowd. People who saw tell

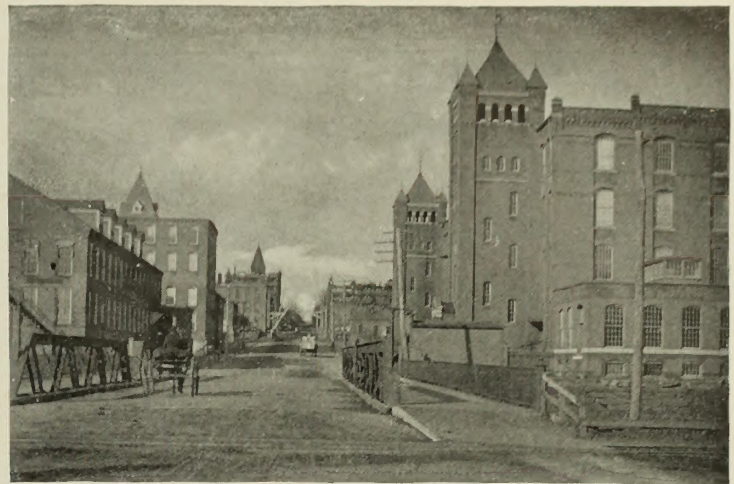
of such a rush that where the stairway ended was a mass of people so wedged together that they no longer seemed living beings. Without were ready helpers, but with that packed mass blocking the doorway, the work of rescue was terribly slow, and the heat and smoke did their work almost unchecked. A young fireman on a baseball field near



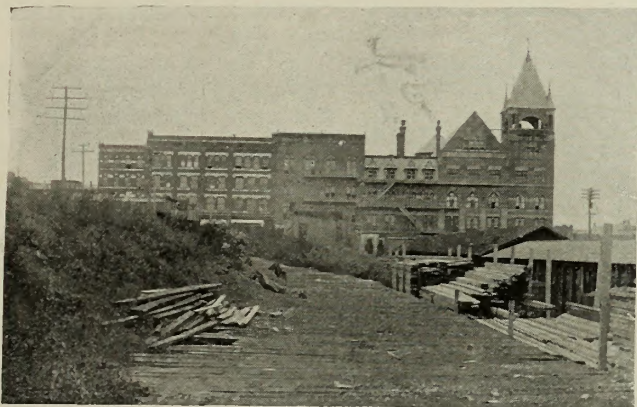
PLAYING WITH THE BABY.



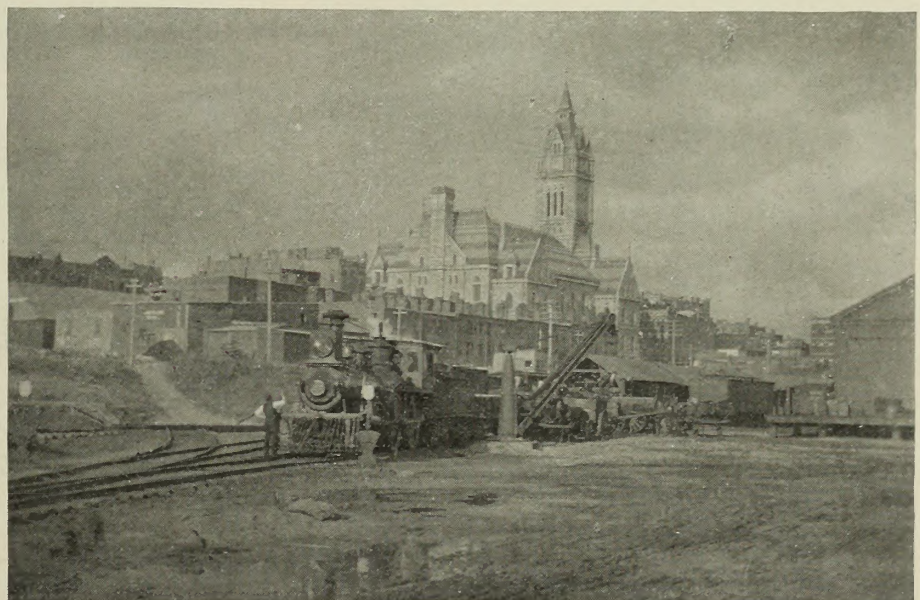
A LOAD OF WOOD—HAMPDEN STREET.



APPLETON STREET, FROM RACE.



THE OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.



THE CITY HALL, FROM THE TRACKS OF THE WESTFIELD ROAD.

by, who a few years later became Chief Lynch of the fire department and one of the most skilled firemen in the state, was one of the first to reach the fatally crowded doorway. He pulled forth body after body, this one dead and that one alive, even if the conditions were exactly the same. It is a triumph to save one life, and to save many lives, as did the firemen and some of the men who were in the burning church, must forever make the rescuers men marked among other men.

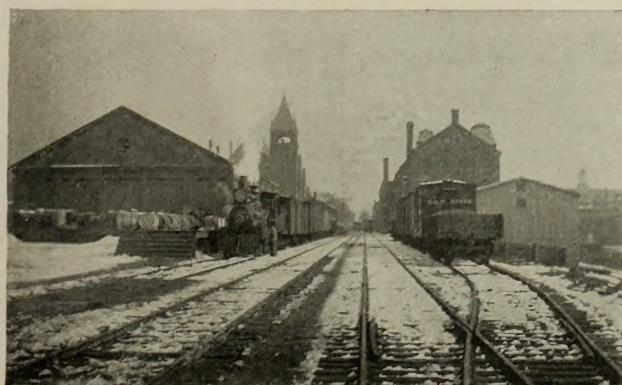
Most of the victims were women, but that they died was not because they were weaker and were overpowered by the stronger, neither that the men shirked at their call. The stories of the bravery that made men go back to the burning building to save a wife or a sister, a mother or a child, will never all be told. It is well enough to say that there need not have been such an awful loss of life if there could have been calm or self-possession in the danger. But human beings are not given calm or self-possession in such crises. No one thought of the windows or side doors, although they



GETTING A LOAD OF DIRT.

might have given escape to many. Wrought into the homes and lives of many of the French people living to-day in Holyoke are many sad stories that arose from the fire that claimed from the crowd of worshippers seventy-two people and placed lasting marks upon thirty-nine more.

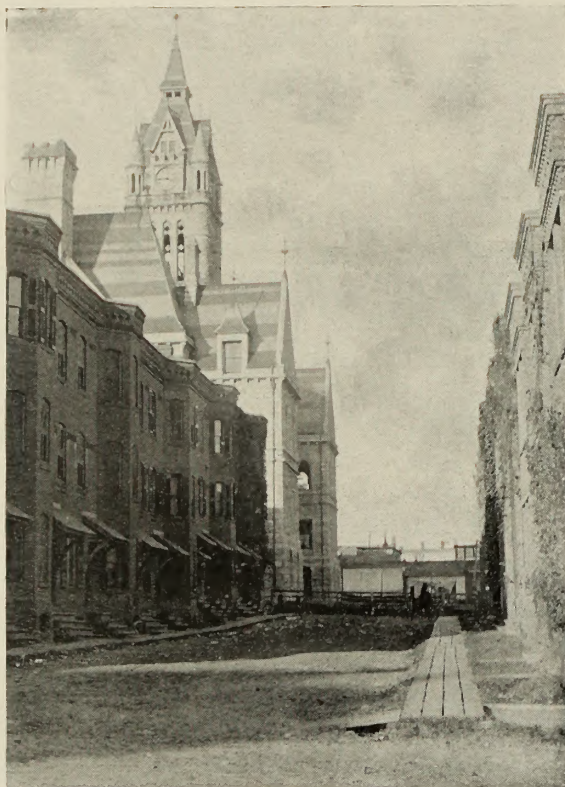
At her seat before the organ, with her hands never removed from the keys, they found Ida Mennier, the organist. She had fainted in the first sudden fright of the panic, and though the smoke had brought suffocation and death, she had not fallen from her seat. One mother had eight children in the building and lost them all. Noticed on the persons of the victims were



LOOKING UP THE TRACKS NEAR THE WESTFIELD DEPOT.



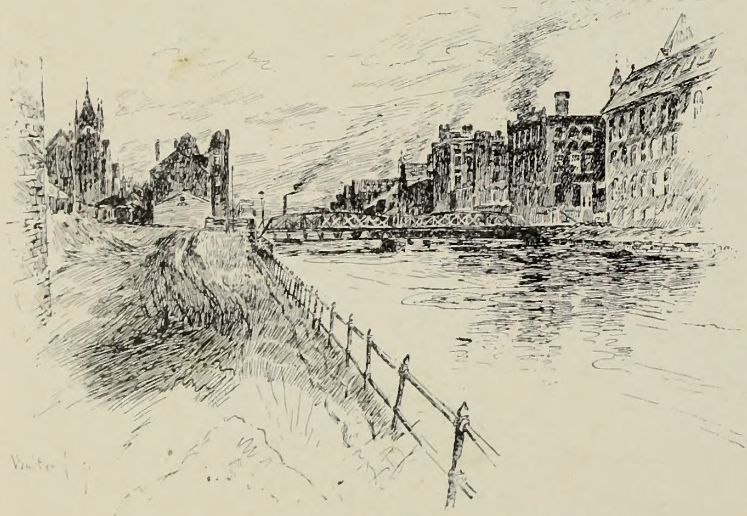
CABOT STREET.



NEWTON PLACE.

gleaming jewels, bracelets, rings and brooches, examples of the taste of this beauty-loving people for personal adornment. A watch worn by one woman ticked on through the disturbance that cost her life, and did not stop until four o'clock next morning. One young man escaped, only to mourn his bride of a week before.

Never will the men who worked among them forget the anguish in the cry raised in the French tongue: "*Pour l'amour de ciel, sauve moi!*" (For the love of heaven, save



ALONG THE CANAL.

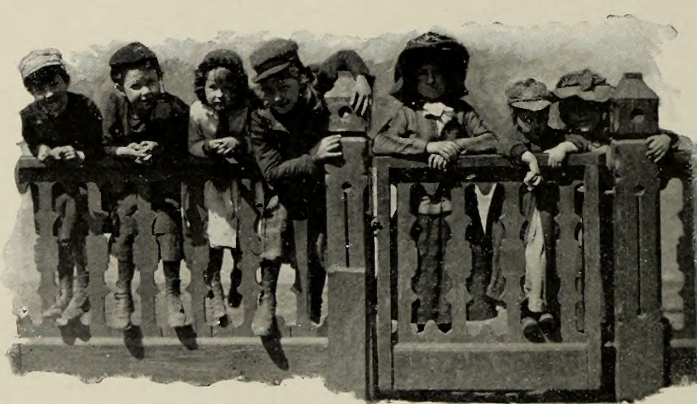
me.) But man is kind to his stricken fellows, and scarcely was the terror known throughout the young city when all Holyoke offered its best to the sufferers. Business and manufacturing firms that had lost many of their workers, told their bankers to draw at sight for any amount while help was needed. The Sisters of Charity came, and with training and skill to direct, did noble work. All that the doctors could do and that the mayor and city government could propose, was done.

That was Thursday, and the Saturday following was the day of funeral. From the new and handsome building they were putting up for their sacred place there was made the song and prayer of sad requiem for the dead. For all the city it was a day of mourning when the six hearses and twenty-one business teams behind wound their way across the bridge and two miles beyond to the cemetery, where were laid these people almost as strangers in a strange land. The next day was Memorial day, the saddest one that Holyoke has ever known.

M. A. RYAN.



THE FIRST LEVEL CANAL, NORTH FROM SARGEANT STREET.



READY TO HAVE THEIR PICTURES TAKEN.

CREDIT TO WHOM CREDIT IS DUE.

The large majority of pictures in this volume were specially drawn or photographed for this work, but there have been as well many attractive contributions from outside sources. Some particularly charming work has been done with the camera by William A. Prentiss, and we are fortunate in being able to place before the public the photographs which he kindly allowed us to use. Many

of our canoeing pictures are to be credited to Frank Metcalf. Mrs. William Whiting, John W. Dickinson, F. B. Towne and Fayette Smith furnished a variety of clever and pleasing photographs, and many others have lent their aid to whom we can only make a general acknowledgement.

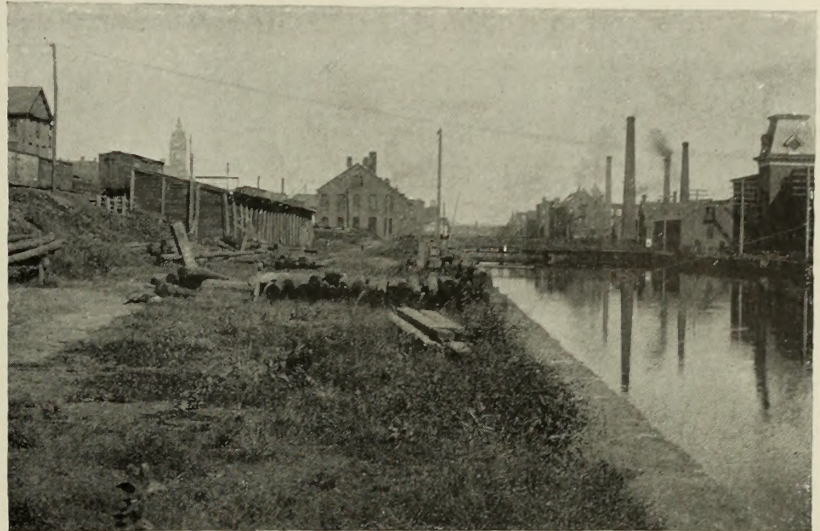
Ex-Mayor Crafts was a valuable help to the literary part of the work in drawing upon his fund of anecdote and memories of Holyoke's early days for the benefit of the work. To Miss Adelaide Moffat and Miss Louise Cable we are indebted for permission to reproduce examples of their paintings. Thanks are due Mrs. I. H. Ferry, who for some years has been teacher of art in the Holyoke schools, for the quaint water color of one of the city alleys, which we have had engraved for our pages.



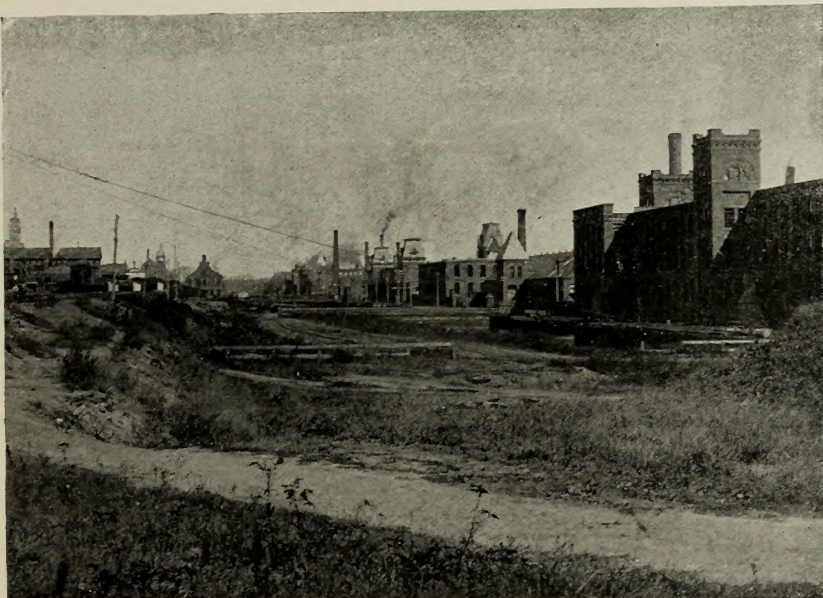
LOOKING UP THE ALLEY.



NEWTON STREET.



FIRST LEVEL CANAL, FROM HAMPSHIRE STREET.



THE END OF THE FIRST LEVEL CANAL.



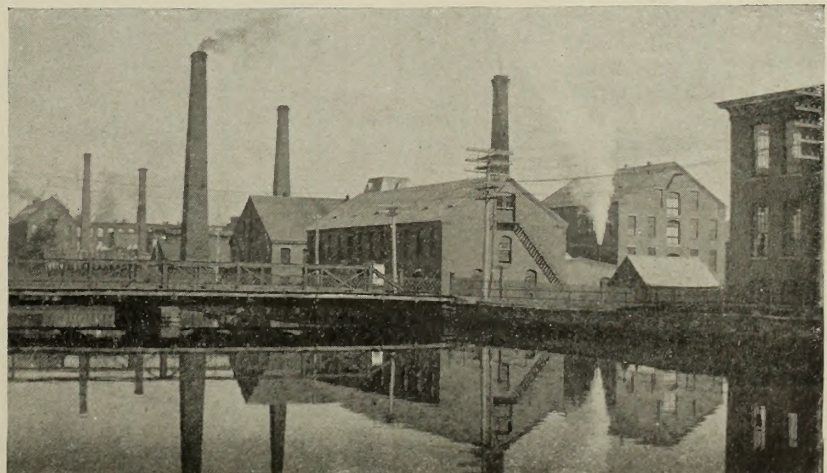
THE TINKER AND HIS FURNACE.

A number of the pen and ink drawings of architecture or groups of children are the work of Walter Cox, whose facility in this line is very promising. D. E. Butler, the High street photographer, developed and printed our own artist's pictures, and deserves credit for faithful work.

A REMARKABLE NOSE.—The following advertisement, clipped from an enterprising daily, is of more than ordinary interest: "Run away—A hired man named John; his nose turned up five feet eight inches high, and had on a pair of corduroy pants, much worn."



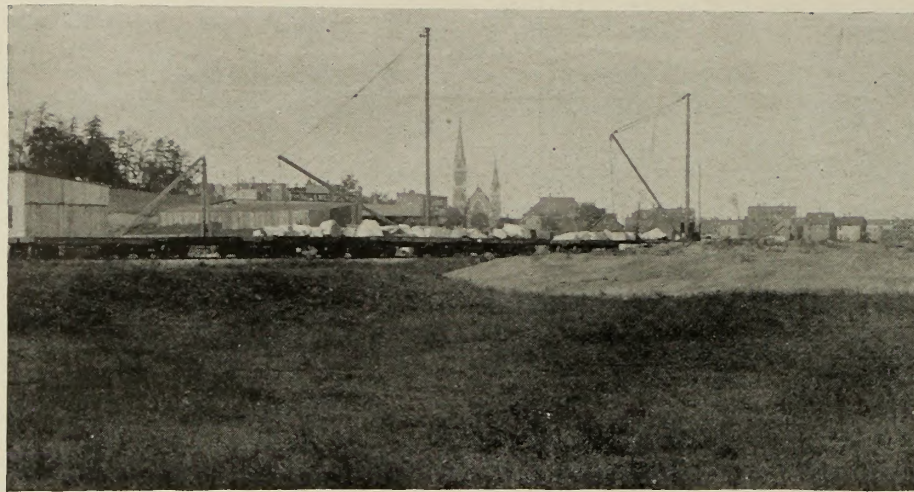
WASHING DAY.



MILLS ALONG THE FIRST LEVEL CANAL.

THRIFT.

New England has had two great inspiring minds—Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin. Far apart in spirit and character, they formed a grand unity in their influence. One taught religion, the other thrift; one clarified theology, the other taught the people how to get on. Edwards tided New England over the infidelity that prevailed in the last century; Franklin created the wealth that feeds society to-day by inspiring a passion for thrift. Hence, for a century, irreligion and beggary were equally a reproach, and still in no country in the world is the latter held so vile.



ON THE PLAIN EAST OF THE CITY.

wisely," says Henry Taylor, "it would almost argue a perfect man." Nearly all the virtues play about the use of money—honesty, justice, generosity, charity, frugality, forethought, self sacrifice. If poverty is our lot, we must bear it bravely and contend against its influences; but we are not to think of it as good, or in any way except as something to be avoided or gotten rid of, if honor and honesty permit it. You may already have a sufficiently ill opinion of poverty, but you may not understand that one is already poverty-stricken if his habits are not thrifty. Every day I see young men—well dressed, with full purses and something of inher-

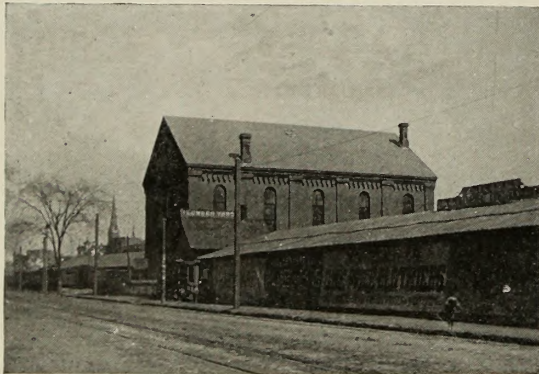


"PLEASE TAKE MY PICTURE."

Life he sought in the city street—
A touch of the people, the soul of the town
Behind him, before and under his feet.
It found him out and hunted him down,
With from each little boy and each little sister:
"Please, won't you take my picture, Mister?"

Life he sought, for life is treasure,
In alleys dark and in business ways;
Took and gave he measure for measure,
For his lense was true to every phase,
While cries each child of the street life mixture,
"Please, Mister, won't you take my picture?"

R.



THE OLD METHODIST CHURCH.



SARGEANT STREET SCHOOL.

But the power of these two formative influences is evidently waning. Nor is it to be altogether regretted. Both were too austere to be perpetually healthful; neither regarded the breadth and scope of human nature. The danger is lest the ebb be excessive, and its method be exchanged for others not so sure and wholesome. Thrift pertains to details. Our courage prompts to risks, our large-mindedness invites to great undertakings; yet great undertakings are for the few, while thrift is for all. Large enterprises make the few rich, but the majority prosper only through the carefulness and detail of thrift. But, while shunning the jaws of waste, there is danger of drifting upon the rocks of meanness. I say frankly, if either fate is to befall us, I would rather it were not the last.

I begin by insisting on the importance of having money. Bulwer says: "Never treat money affairs with levity; money is character." And indeed character for the most part is determined by one's relation to money. Find out how one gets, saves, spends, gives, lends, borrows, and bequeathes money, and you have the character of the man in full outline. "If one does all these



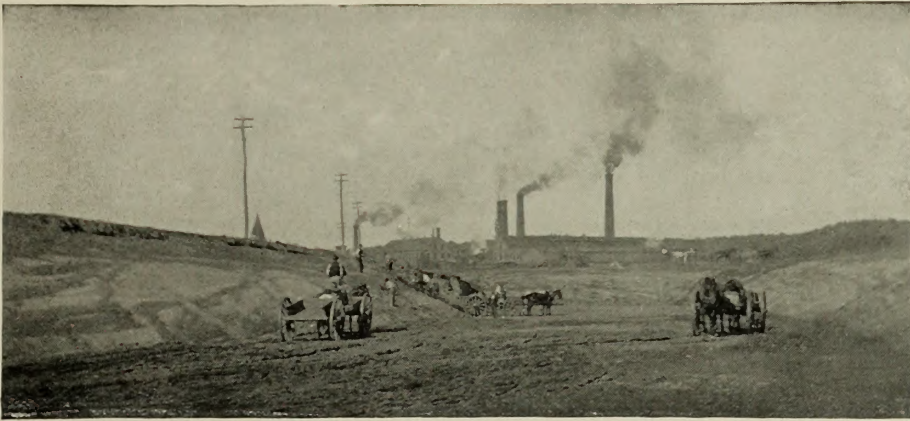
SOLDIERS.

itance awaiting them—as plainly foredoomed to poverty as if its rags hung about them.

The secret of thrift is forethought. Its process is saving for use; it involves also judicious spending. The thrifty man saves; savings require investments in stable and remunerative forms; hence that order and condition of things that we call civilization, which does not exist until one generation passes on the results of its labors and savings to the next. Thus thrift underlies civilization as well as personal prosperity. The moment it ceases to act society retrogrades towards savagery, the main feature of which is absence of forethought. A spendthrift or idler is essentially a savage; a generation of them would throw society back into barbarism. There is a large number of young men—chiefly to be found in cities—who rise from their beds at eleven or twelve; breakfast in a clubhouse; idle away the afternoon in walking or driving; spend a part of the evening with their families, the rest at some place of amusement or in meeting the engagements of society, bringing up at the clubhouse or some gambling den or place of worse repute, and early in the morning betake



DEPOT HILL, NOW CANONCHET PARK.



DIGGING A CANAL.

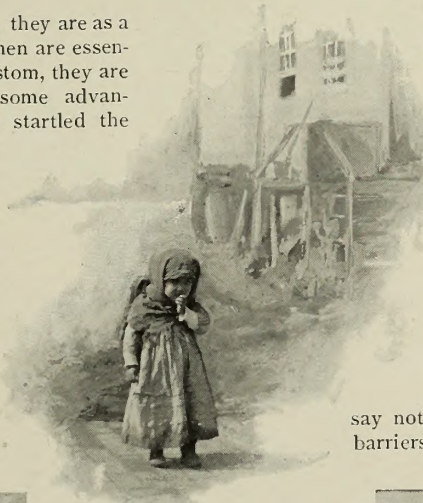


A DOG TEAM.

themselves to bed again. They do no work; they read but little; they are as a class vicious. I depict them simply to classify them. These men are essentially savages. Except in some slight matters of taste and custom, they are precisely the individuals Stanley found in Central Africa, with some advantages in favor of the African. Some years ago, Mr. Buckle startled the reading world by putting the Roman Catholics of Spain and the high Calvinists of Scotland in the same class, as alike in the generic trait of bigotry, though differing in matters of belief. Precisely in the same way, and with the same logical correctness, these idlers are to be put in the same category with savages. They live under the fundamental characteristic of savagery, namely, improvidence. Our young man of leisure has a rich father, and the African has his perennial banana, and, upon the whole, rather a surer outlook.

The chief distinction between civilization and barbarism turns on thrift. Thrift is the builder of society. Thrift redeems man from savagery.

What are its methods?



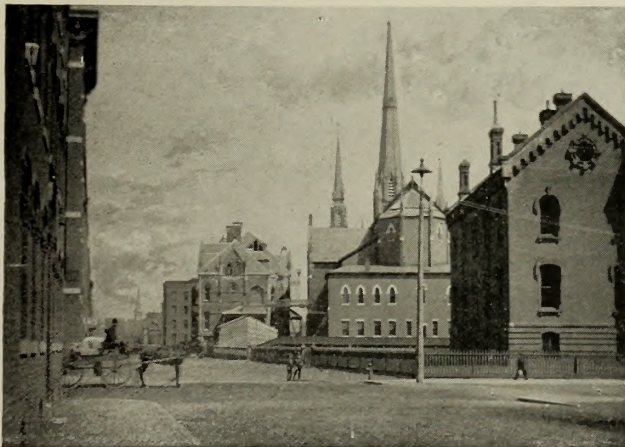
A LITTLE ITALIAN.

(1.) I name the first in one word—*save*. Thrift has no rule so imperative and without exception. If you have an allowance, teach yourself on no account to exhaust it. The margin between income and expenditure is sacred ground, and must not be touched except for weightiest reasons. But if you are earning a salary—it matters not how small—plan to save some part of it. If you receive seventy-five cents per day, live on seventy; if one dollar, spend

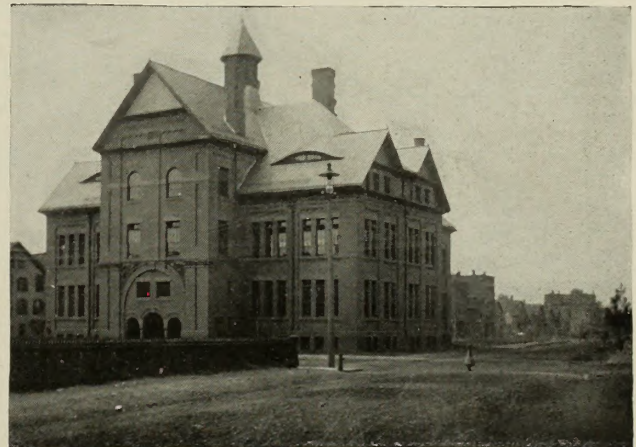
but ninety; you save thirty dollars a year—enough to put you into the category of civilization. But he who spends all must not complain if we set him down logically a savage. Your saving is but little, but it represents a feeling and a purpose, and, small as it is, it divides a true from a spurious manhood.

Life in its last analysis is a struggle. The main question for us all is, Which is getting the advantage, self or the world? When one is simply holding his own, spending all he earns, and has nothing between himself and this "rough world," he is in a fair way to be worsted in the battle. He inevitably grows weaker, while the pitiless world keeps to its pitch of heavy exaction.

There is a sense of strength and advantage springing from however slight gains essential to manly character. Say what we will about "honest poverty"—and I would say nothing against it, for I well know that there may be built barriers of poverty about a man, not to be passed, yet within which



PARK STREET.



PARK STREET SCHOOL.



LOWER CABOT STREET.



PARK STREET, CORNER ADAMS.



A CORNER IN SOUTH HOLYOKE.

he may nourish a royal manhood—still the men who escape from poverty into independence wear a nobler mein than those who keep even with the world. Burns is the poet of the poor man, and has almost glorified poverty, but he never put into any of his verses more of his broad common sense than into these:—

“To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justified by honor;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.”

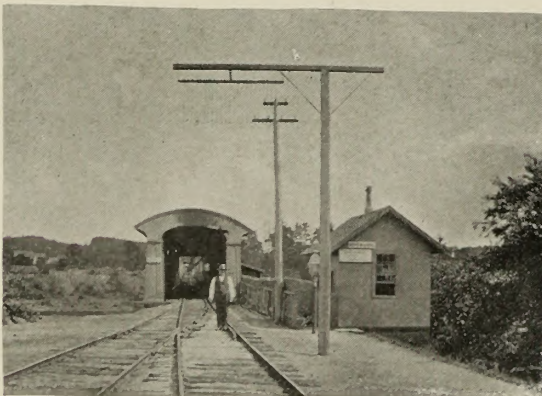
It is a great part of this battle of life to keep a good heart. The prevailing mood of the poor is that of sadness. Their gayety is forced and fitful. Their drinking habits are the cause and result of their poverty. It takes but little to redeem one from this feeling. The spirit and purpose of saving thrift change the whole color of life.

It can hardly be expected that you will look ahead twenty or forty years, and realize the actual stings of poverty and the sharper stings of thriftless habits; but it may be expected that you will see



A MAID WITH SHAVING CURLS.

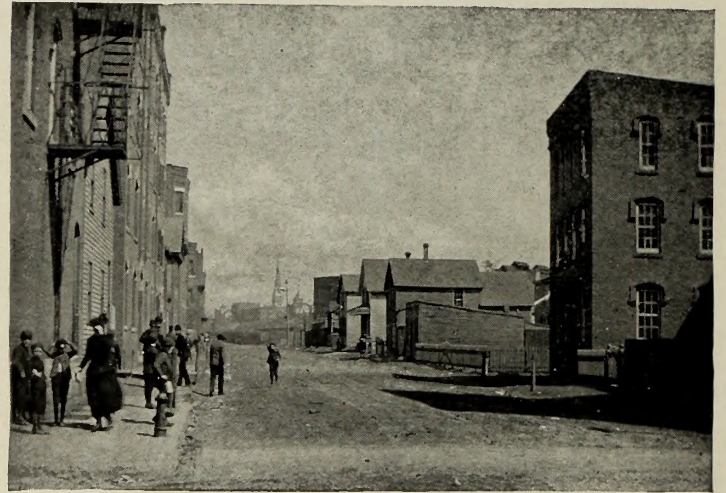
the bills, but generally unable to do so. I have noticed also that the givers, and the benefactors of society, had no such youthhood. This popular and fascinating young man is in reality a very poor creature; very interesting he may be in the matter of drinks, and billiards, and theatre tickets, and sleigh-rides, and clothes, and club-rates; but when he earns five or eight or ten hundred dollars a year, and spends it chiefly in this way, would charity itself call him anything but a fool? The boys hail him a royal good fellow, and the girls pet him, but who respects him? The painful fact is to be recognized, that the saving habit is losing ground. The reasons are evident: city and country are one. The standards of dress, amusements, and life generally are set in the richer circles of the metropolis, and are observed,



THE OLD WILLIMANSETT BRIDGE.



SOUTH HOLYOKE GERMAN CHURCH.



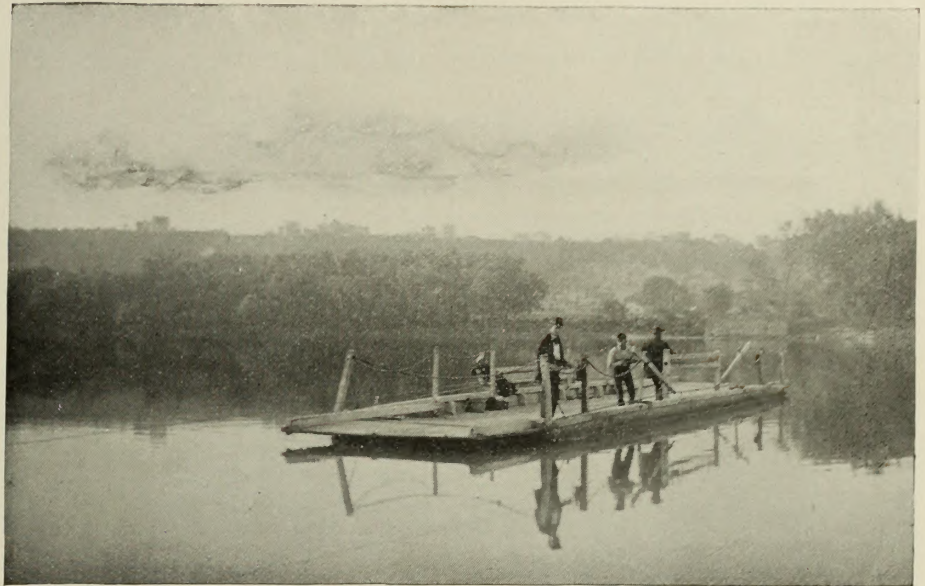
PARK STREET, NORTH FROM CABOT.



A CANAL WASHOUT.



MAIN STREET, CORNER CABOT.



THE OLD SOUTH HOLYOKE FERRY.



HAMILTON STREET SCHOOL.

knows how to keep a dollar when he has earned it, he would unhesitatingly take the latter. The habit of saving, while it has its dangers, even fosters generosity. The great givers have been great savers. The miserly habit is not acquired, but is inborn. Not there lies the danger. The divinely-ordered method of saving so educates and establishes such order in the man, and brings him into so intelligent a relation to the world, that he becomes a benefactor. It is coarse thinking to confound spending with generosity, or saving with meanness.

(2.) I vary the strain but little when I say, Avoid a self-indulgent spending of money.

The great body of young men in our country are in the receipt of such incomes that the question whether a thing can be afforded or

at whatever cost, in all other circles. I can do nothing to offset these influences but to remind you of nobler methods. I can only say that to spend all one earns is a mistake; that while to spend, except in a severe and judicious way, weakens character; economy dignifies and strengthens it.

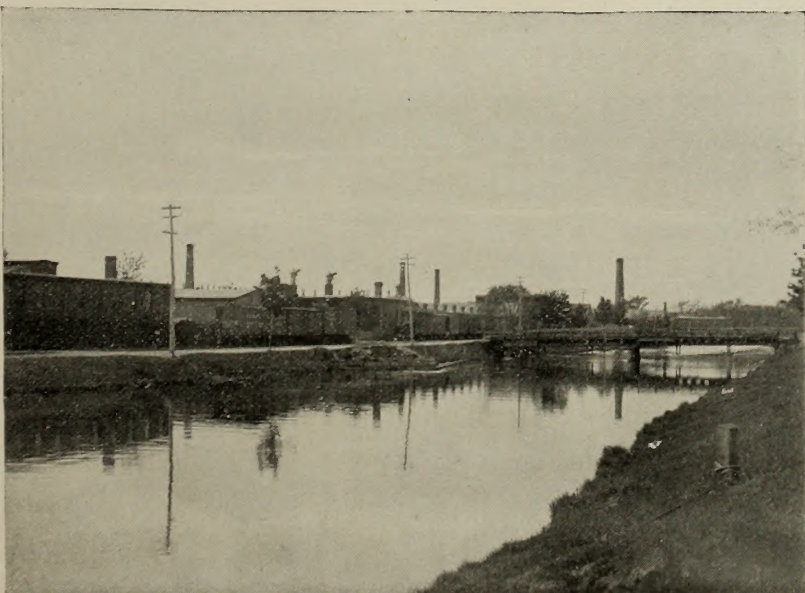
The habit of saving is itself an education. It fosters every virtue. It teaches self-denial. It cultivates a sense of order. It trains to forethought, and so broadens the mind. It reveals the meaning of the word *business*, which is something very different from its routine. One may know all the forms of business, even in a practical way, without having the business characteristic. Were a merchant to choose for a partner a young man thoroughly conversant with the business, but having expensive, self-indulgent personal habits, or one not yet versed in its details, but who



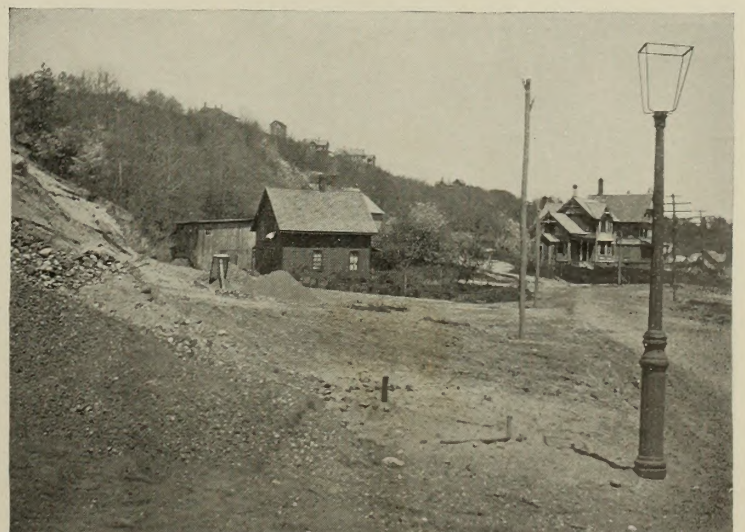
HALCYON BOAT HOUSE.



SARGEANT STREET.



THE THIRD LEVEL CANAL, NEAR RIVERSIDE.



ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF SPRINGDALE, WITH A GLIMPSE OF ELMWOOD ON THE HILL.

not becomes a highly rational inquiry. With incomes ranging from a dollar or less per day to a thousand dollars a year, there is room for the play of that wise word, *afford*. I think it tends to shut out several things that are very generally



SPRINGDALE.



INGLESIDE, THE ELY HOMESTEAD.

indulged in. I have no intention of saying anything at this time about the habit of smoking, except to set it in the light of this common-sense word, *afford*. Your average salaries are, say, five hundred dollars. If you smoke cigars, your smallest daily allowance will be two, costing, say twenty cents, more than seventy dollars a year. If it were fifty, it would be a tenth of your salary. The naked question for a rational being to consider is, Can I afford to spend a tenth or seventh of my income in a mere indulgence? What has common sense to say to the proportion? Would not this amount, lodged in some sound investment, contribute rather more to self-respect? Ten years of such expenditure represent probably a thousand dollars, for there is an inevitable ratio of increase in all self-indulgent habits; fifty years represent five thousand,—more than most men will have at sixty-five, who began life with so poor an understanding of the word *afford*. Double these estimates, and they will be all the truer. I do not propose in these pages to enter on a crusade against tobacco, but I may remind you that the eye of the world is fixed on the tobacco habit with a very close gaze. The educators in



THE LOWLANDS NEAR SPRINGDALE.

to show how the social critics of the day are regarding the subject.

The habit of drinking is so nearly parallel with smoking in its relation to thrift that it need not detain us. The same cogent word *afford* applies here

Europe and America are agreed that it impairs mental energy. Life insurance companies are shy of its peculiar pulse. Oculists say that it weakens the eyes. Physicians declare it to be a prolific cause of dyspepsia, and hence of other ills. The vital statistician finds in it an enemy of virility. It is asserted by the leading authorities in each department that it takes the spring out of the nerves, the firmness out of the muscles, the ring out of the voice; that it renders the memory less retentive, the judgment less accurate, the conscience less quick, the sensibilities less acute; that it relaxes the will and dulls every faculty of body and mind and moral nature, dropping the entire man down in the scale of his powers, and so is to be regarded as one of the wastes of society. I do not undertake to affirm all these propositions, but only

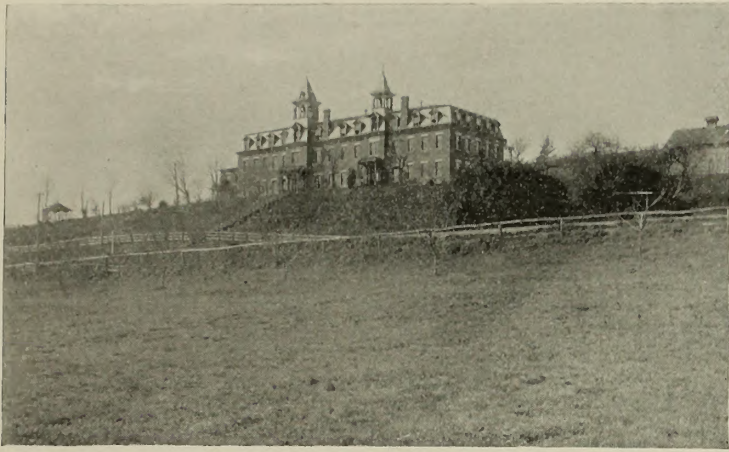


THE CITY, FROM SPRINGDALE.



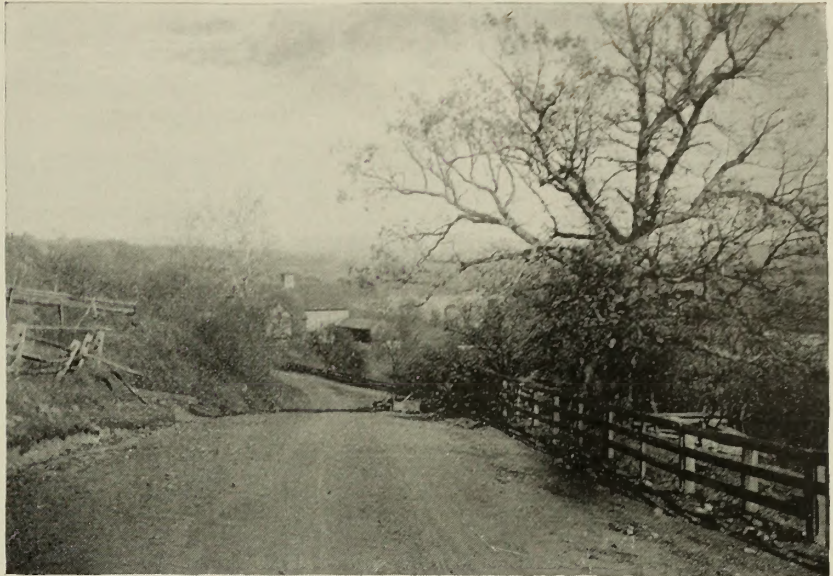
THE WHITING "CABIN."

with stronger emphasis, because the drinking habit involves a larger ratio of increase. Waiving any moral considerations involved in beer drinking, the fact of its *cost* should throw it out. The same startling figures we have used are more than true here. It is not a thrifty habit, and no young man who has his way to make in the world is entitled to an unthrifty habit. It is idle to repeat the truisms of the theme. We have heard till we cease to heed that drink is the great waster of society. Great Britain spends annually two hundred and fifty millions of dollars

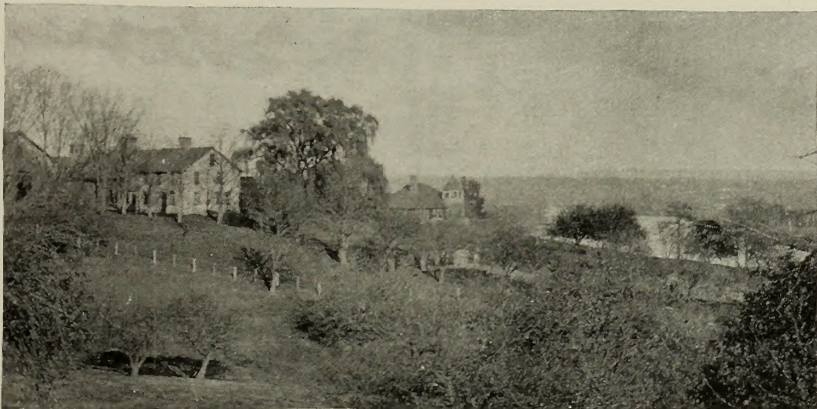


MT. ST. VINCENT ORPHAN ASYLUM.

in drink. Our own statistics are nearly as bad. It is the one thing—even if it does not reach the proportions of a vice—that keeps more men out of a competence than all other causes combined. The twin habits of smoking and beer drinking stand for a respectable property to all who indulge in them—a thing the greater part will never have, though they have had it. “The



AN INGLESIDE ROADWAY.

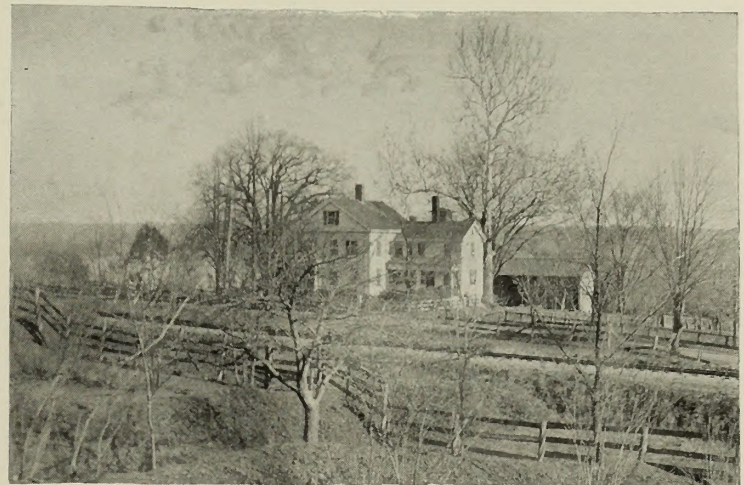


THE WHITING FARM.

gods sell all things at a fare price,” says the proverb; but they sell nothing dearer than these two indulgences, since the price is commonly the man himself.

The simple conclusion that common sense forces upon us is that a young man fronting life cannot *afford* to drink; he cannot afford the money; he cannot afford to bear the reputation, nor run the risks it involves.

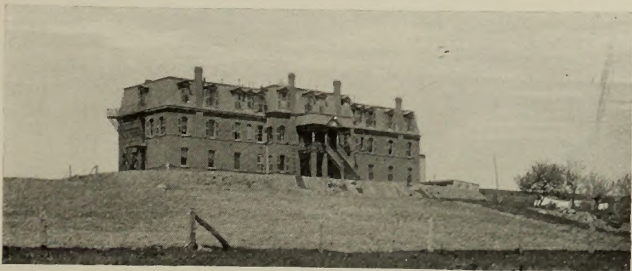
I refer next to the habit of light and foolish spending. Emerson says, “The farmer’s dollar is heavy; the clerk’s is light and nimble, leaps out of his pockets, jumps on to cards and faro tables.” But it gets into no more foolish place than the till of the showman, and minstrel troupe, and theatrical company. I do not say these things are bad. When decent, they are allowable as an occasional recreation, but here, as before,



THE WHITING FARMHOUSE.

legitimate occupations. There is no thrift in chance; its central idea is *order*,—a series of causes and effects along the line of which forethought can look and make its calculations. Speculation makes the few rich and the many poor. Thrift divides the prizes of life to those who deserve them. If the great fortunes are the result of speculations, the average competencies have their foundation and permanence in thrifty ways.

(4.) Have a thorough knowledge of your affairs; leave nothing at loose ends;



THE ALMSHOUSE.

the sense of proportion must be observed; not what I like, but what I can *afford*.

It has been said that no one should carry coin loose in the pocket, as too easily got at. I would vary it by applying the Spanish proverb, “Before forty, nothing; after forty, anything.” If one has been careful in early life he may be careless after. At first let the purse be stout and well tied with stout strings; later there need be no purse, but only an open hand.

It seems to be an excess of simplicity to suggest that a young man should purchase nothing that he does not actually want, nothing because it is cheap; to resist the glittering appeals of jewels and gay clothing and delicate surroundings. These will come in due order.

(3.) It is an essential condition of thrift that one should keep to



A GROUP AT THE GATES OF THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

be exact in every transaction. The chief source of quarrel in the business world is what is termed "an understanding," ending commonly in a misunderstanding. It is not ungenerous or ignoble always to insist on a full, straight-out bargain, and it falls in with the thrifty habit.

It is a very simple matter to name, but the habit of keeping a strict account of personal expenses down to the penny has great educational power. Keep such a book, tabulate its items at the close of the year,—so much for necessities, so much for luxuries, so much for worse than luxuries,—and listen to what it reports to you.

(5.) Debt is the secret foe of thrift, as vice and idleness are its open foes. It may sometimes be wise for one to put himself under a heavy debt, as for an education, or for land, or for a home; but the debt-habit is the twin brother of poverty.



INGLESIDE, IN BLOSSOM TIME.

what I have seen of young men and their after progress, I am satisfied that what is called 'bad fortune,' 'ill luck,' is, in nine cases out of ten, simply the result of inverting the above maxim."

We cannot properly leave our subject until we have referred more particularly to spending. Thrift decides how, and to what extent, we shall both spend and save. We must leave ample room for the play of generosity and honor; we must meet the demands of church and home and community with a wise and liberal hand; we must preserve a keen and governing sense of stewardship, never forgetting the ultimate use of money, and the moral and intellectual realities that underlie life.

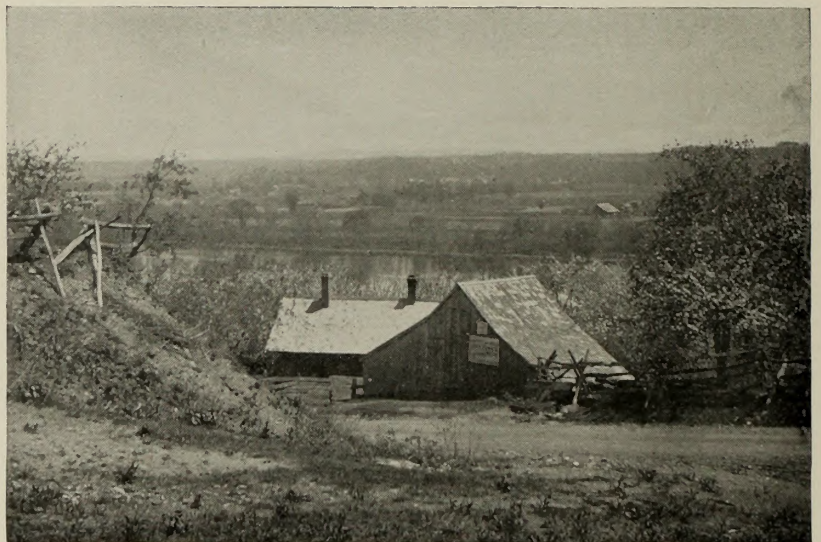
If I were to name a general principle to cover the whole matter, I would say, *Spend upward*, that is, for the higher faculties. Spend for the mind rather than for



THE BIG ELM.

(6.) Thrift must have a sufficient motive. There is none a young man feels so keenly, if once he will think so far, as the honorable place assigned to men of substance. No man is quite respectable in this nineteenth century who has not a bank account. True or false, high or low, this is the solid fact, and for one, I do not quarrel with it. As most

of us are situated in this world, we must win this place and pay its price. The common cry of "a good time while we are young" is not the price nor the way. Mr. Nasmyth, of England, an inventor and holder of a large fortune made by himself, says, "If I were to compress into one sentence the whole of my experience, and offer it to young men as a rule and certain receipt for success in any station, it would be comprised in these words, Duty first, pleasure second! From



A VALLEY VIEW.

the body; for culture rather than for amusement. The very secret and essence of thrift consists in getting things into higher values. As the clod turns into a flower, and the flower inspires a poet; as bread becomes vital force, and vital force feeds moral purpose and aspiration, so should all our saving and outgo



THE WILKINSON FARM.



IN ELMWOOD VILLAGE.

THE OLD, OLD FLOWERS.

The author of "Endymion" put as much truth as poetry into his line when he wrote, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." The dandelion is none the less beautiful because we have always seen it and it is too common to be noticed. A gentleman presented a bouquet to a lady, in which was one flower that struck her as so exquisite that she exhausted all her superlatives in its praise.

"Do tell me the name of it," she said.

"It is a potato blossom," replied the donor.

Real beauty is above the laws of fashion, and outlives fashion; so that if it becomes "unfashionable" by a whim of human taste or fancy, it can



THE OLD CEMETERY — ELMWOOD.

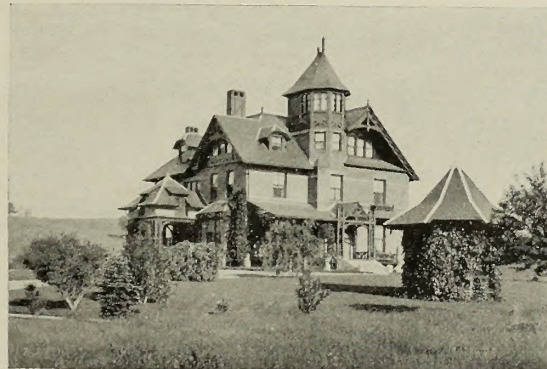


THE OLD BROWN PLACE.



THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

have regard to the higher ranges and appetites of our nature. If you have a dollar, or a hundred, to spend, put it into something above the average of your nature that you may be attracted to it. Beyond what is necessary for your bodily wants and well-being, every dollar spent for the body is a derogation of manhood. Get the better thing, never the inferior. The night supper, the



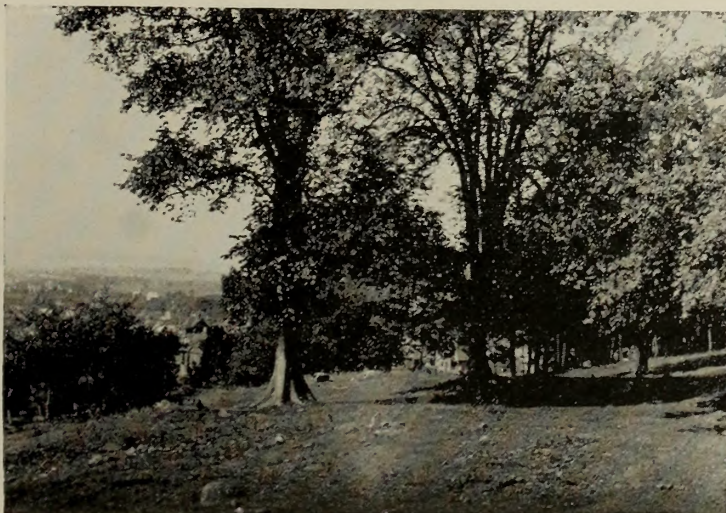
RESIDENCE OF TIMOTHY MERRICK.

afford to wait till its turn comes again. A flower (of whatever kind) is a piece of perfection, and nature never changes its pattern for the fickle favor of men and women.

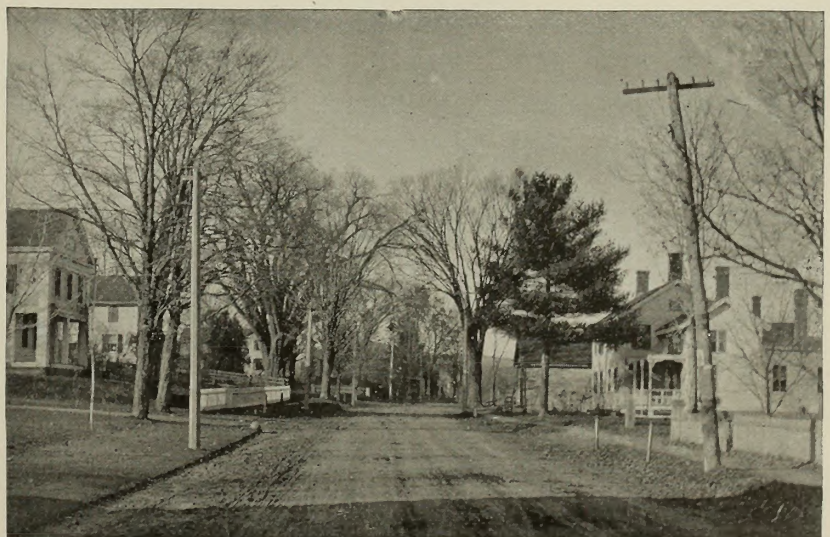
The revived popularity of the old-time flowers is a curious illustration of both the changeableness of taste, and the permanence of beauty. On many sides we see evidences that the old-fashioned flowers are coming into fresh favor. There is a decided tendency to again use in gardens the flowers of our great-grandmothers' gardens, such as the peonies, poppies, hollyhocks, sweet williams, clove pinks, yellow lilies, columbines, bluebells, fleur-de-lis, monkshood, phloxes, lychnis, sweet sultan and the like. They are not only for the most part beautiful in color and form, but a great advantage of their cultivation is that when once planted they will de-

ball, the drink, the billiard table, the minstrels,—enough calls of this sort there are, and in no wise modest in their demands, but they issue from below you. Go buy a book instead, or journey abroad, or bestow a gift.

I have not urged thrift upon you for its own sake, nor merely that you may be kept from poverty, nor even for the ease it brings, but because it lies near to all the virtues, and antagonizes all the vices. It makes soil and atmosphere for all healthy growths. It favors a full manhood. It works against the very faults it seems to invite, and becomes the reason and inspiration of generosity.—*Theodore T. Munger, in "On the Threshold."*



VIEW FROM WESTOVER.



NORTHAMPTON STREET.

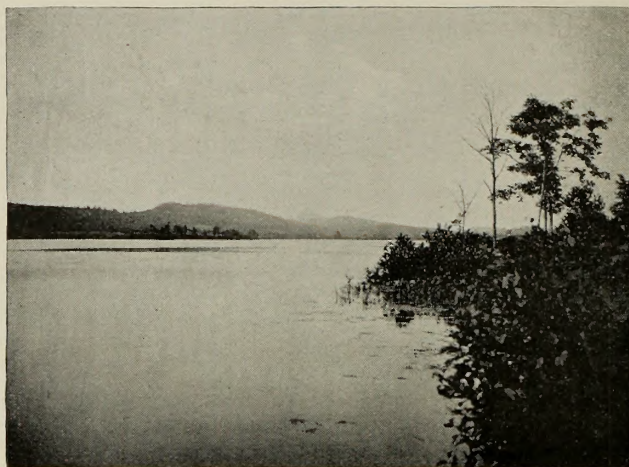
light the senses for years, if a little attention is only given to them in the spring by digging about the roots and applying a plentiful supply of rich compost, and dividing the roots in autumn if too crowded.

To make an old-fashioned garden there should be beds of Easter lilies, mingled with clumps of spider lilies and borders of sweet williams and columbines of every hue, intermixed with circles of such annuals as mignonette and sweet alyssum, edged with bluebells or baby's-breath. Long beds are made of tulips of all colors, single and double, and clumps of peonies, phloxes, clove pinks, poppies and garden pinks, with a



A PICNIC PARTY ON ASHLEY PONDS.

background of hollyhocks and monkshood. The martagon lilies, Easter lilies, yellow lilies, and the iris with its pure crimson bells, may succeed the tulips, and then the June roses, which in these days of rose gardens would not be thought very beautiful, but in the old days were a glory. In the finest of these old gardens you might have found as many as fifty kinds of roses planted there, besides climbers and bush roses, and various kinds of monthly tea and a blanksia, whose clusters of buff flowers



ALONG SHORE.

were exquisitely beautiful. Of course, these delicate roses were housed in the cellar during the winter, but they added great beauty to the old garden in the summer. Campanulas, foxgloves, pyrethrums and larkspurs also grew in abundance, and cut flowers always filled dishes in the sitting-room and parlor. The blood-red, dark-crimson and dwarf golden-yellow sorts are very effective in mixed borders. Sweet williams have been greatly improved and produce flowers of large size and great richness of coloring.

WAS THIS IN HAMPDEN?

Simeon Brash, or Uncle Simmy, as every one called him, was one of the "odd sticks," who lived on a little farm in the Connecticut valley a great many years ago; but many of his quaint sayings and queer performances



ASHLEY PONDS.

are laughed about to this day by the descendants of those who knew Uncle Simmy.

One day, mounted on a decrepit, bony, blind horse, minus saddle or bridle, he rode around the neighborhood, accosting every one he met with, "Ye hain't, hev ye? Ye hain't, hev ye?"

"Hain't what?" would be the natural reply.

"Hain't seen a little red keow with a dingle-dangle bell; hain't, hev ye?"

His drawling, sing-song manner of speech made this sound very funny, and he always began the inquiry with "Hain't, hev ye?" and there stopped as though his hearers were gifted with mind-reading powers and could tell for themselves what he meant. At one farmhouse he mixed matters up by asking, "Hain't, hev ye, seen a little red bell with a dingle-dangle keow to it; hain't, hev ye?"

When nearly seventy years old, and after having been a widower for the space of six months, Uncle Simmy concluded to marry Mrs. Kittery, a well-to-do widow of sixty-five, living near him.

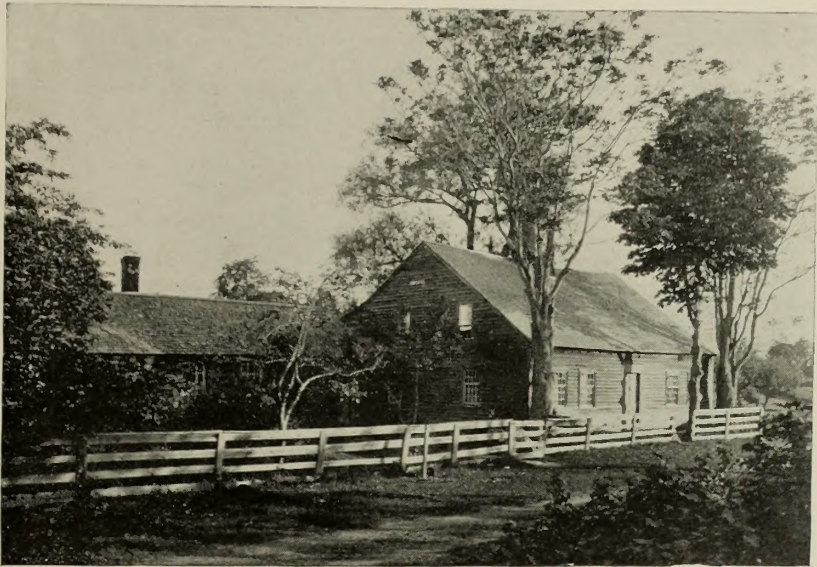
Without giving the lady the slightest hint of the honor about to be done her, he drove up to her door in his old buggy one day, dressed for the bridal, evidently thinking that Mrs. Kittery would gladly and immediately array herself likewise and go on with him to the village, where they would be



A WATERSIDE AVENUE.



AUTUMN FIELDS, EAST OF ASHLEY PONDS.



THE ELDER RAND PLACE.

married. Mrs. Kittery had a houseful of company that day, and was sitting with them at dinner when Uncle Simmy suddenly drew rein in front of the open door, and, without leaving his buggy, cried out in high-pitched, nasal tones:

"Hey, you Abby Kittery! Come along out hyar; I got something to say to you in *pri-vate*."

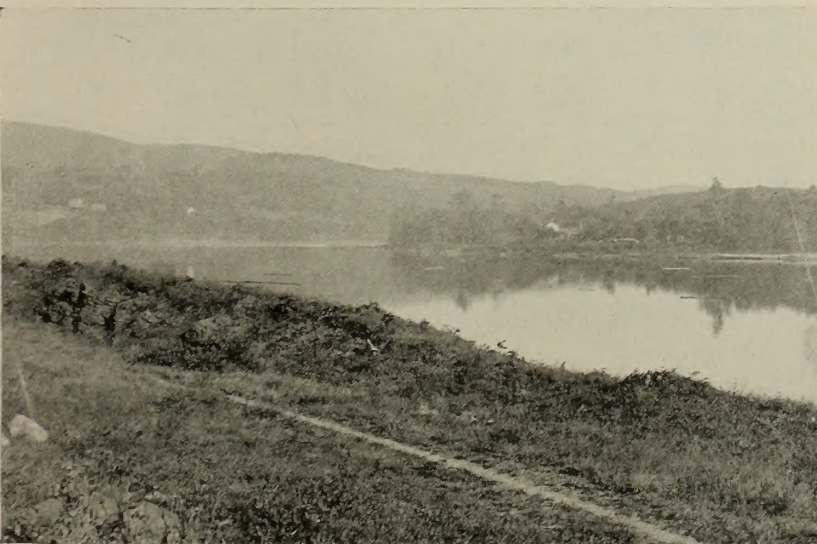
Mrs. Kittery had had some inkling of Uncle Simmy's intentions from other parties, and was very indignant. Guessing what his *pri-vate* business was, she stepped to the door and sharply cried out:

"Well, I ain't got a thing to say to *you*, Simeon Brash, that I can't say 'fore the hull world!"

Accepting this as a final refusal of his suit, Uncle Simmy sat down and coolly said, "Hain't? Mighty injupendent! Some body else'll git me, then," and drove on, singing merrily.—*Youth's Companion*.

MISFITS.

It was a New England deacon who said, "We are thankful for one spark of grace, and are confident that it will be watered." But it was a minister who one day announced to his congregation, "You will be sorry to hear that the little church of Jonesville is once more tossed upon the waves, a sheep without a shepherd."



A QUIET DAY UP THE RIVER.

CANOEING IN THE HOLYOKE NEIGHBORHOOD.

When one approaches Holyoke from the north and looks from the car window across the river as the train keeps its swift, curving way along the water's edge, he sees several lonely little cottages among the trees on the

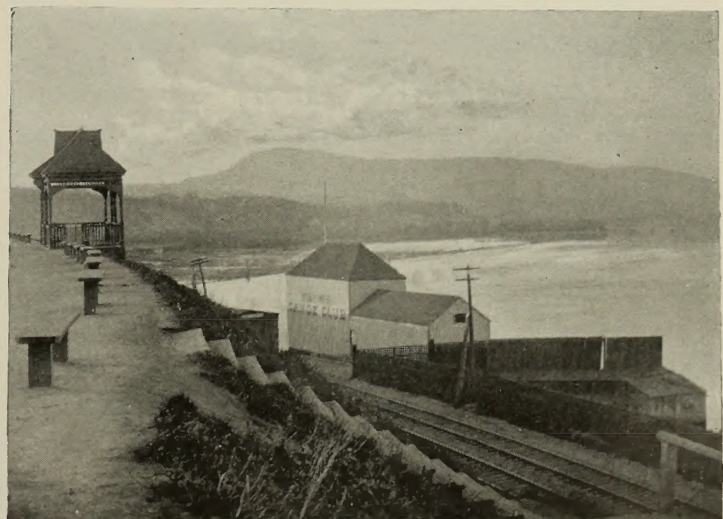


A BACK STREET ROADWAY.



AN AFTERNOON GROUP AT PROSPECT PARK.

opposite bank. And if curiosity impels to inquiry, he learns that these are canoe lodges. Close below the tracks, a little above the dam, as the train swings into Holyoke, is another building, with mammoth letters on its side proclaiming it to be the Holyoke Canoe House. If one gains admittance there, he would find inside stored along its walls, the half-hundred canoes belonging to the club members. On the opposite bank is the canoe house of the South Hadley Falls club, "Red Cliffe" by name, and on the bluff a half-mile above is the Sytoneha Lodge. This has its perch just at the foot of the rapids where the backwater from the dam ends. It belongs to the older members of the Holyoke club, who on pleasant summer afternoons resort thither, and after the voyage across the quiet waters in their little cockleshell canoes, find relaxation and en-

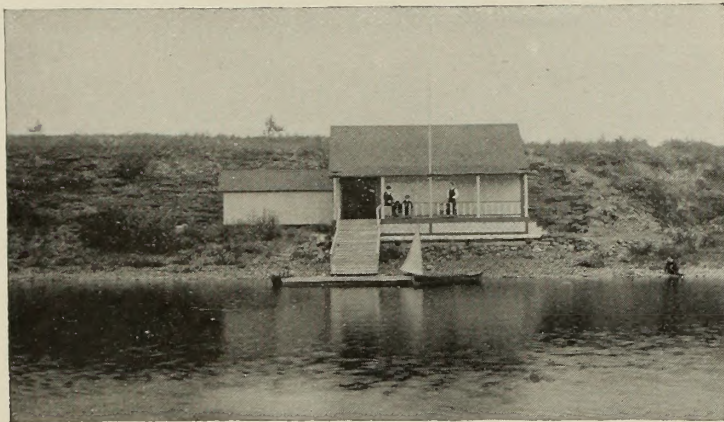


THE HOLYOKE CANOE HOUSE.

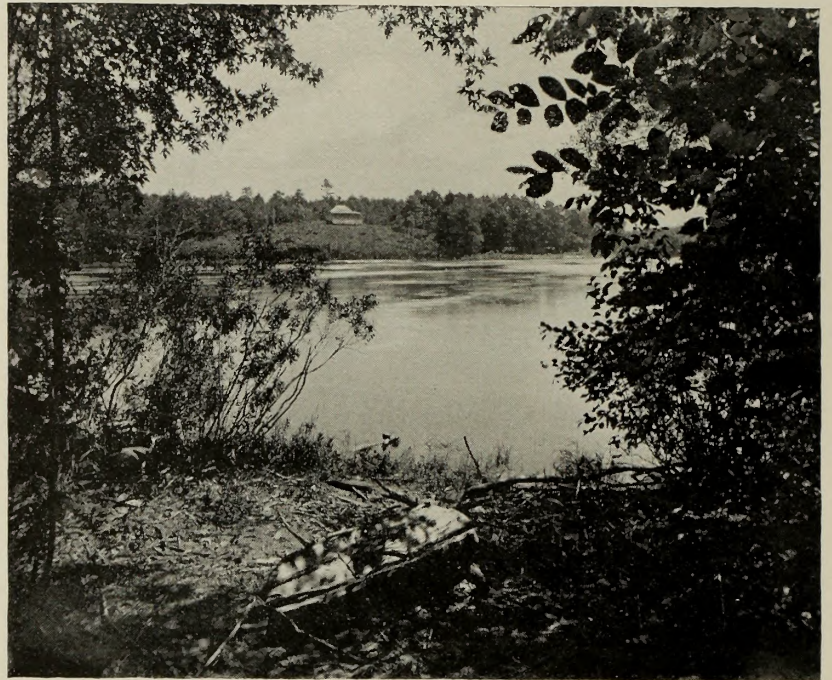
joyment in the easy chairs and hammocks on its broad piazza. Within is a room given up to the kitchen, whence comes, as the sun declines toward the western horizon and sends its searching rays farther and farther under the spreading piazza roof, a rattling of dishes and clink of pots which makes most delightful music to the ears of the waiting canoeists outside. For where



THE NEW SOUTH HADLEY FALLS CANOE LODGE.



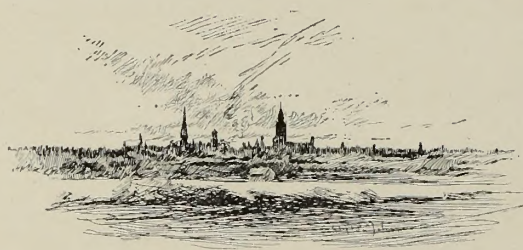
RED CLIFFE CANOE LODGE.



SYTONEHA LODGE, FROM THE WEST BANK.

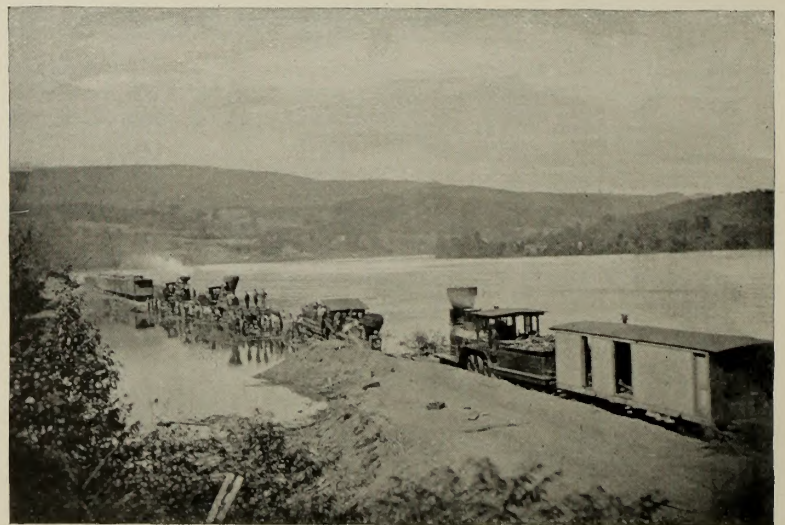
does food taste better than off on the edges of civilization, with a little gentle exercise for sauce thrown in beforehand? There are those who praise the charms of the wild woods, and mountain climbing, and rough adventure, and say that you do not half appreciate the beauty of a sound sleep till you are just worn out with all day's tramping or twelve or fifteen hours in a saddle; that you know nothing of the pleasures of eating till you've had a slight experience of starvation. Well, if there are those who choose to pursue pleasure in that barbarian fashion, let them, but the modern and civilized way is after the manner adopted by the Holyoke canoeists. The Sytoneha Lodge is the resort of ladies as well as men, and all the mariners are justly proud of their broad piazza and the lounging-room just behind it, which, when the wide, folding doors are thrown back, becomes at once a part of the already ample piazza.

On the same side of the river as the Sytoneha, and about two and one-half miles from the city, is the Sans Souci Lodge. It stands just at the head of the rapids and commands, from its situation on the bluff, a long, smooth sweep of the Connecticut, stretching away to the north. This belongs to the younger, and, I suppose, more frisky members of the canoe club, to whom a few miles' fight with the rapids, with perchance a spell of towing along the rocky shore where the water runs swiftest, is a matter of no moment. The canoeing season opens early in April, and thence

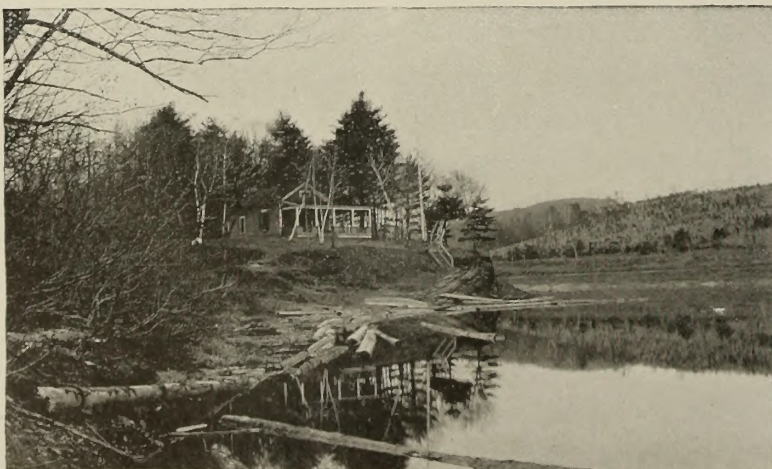


THE CITY FROM UP THE RIVER.

venturous. If there are logs drifting down the stream at the same time, this heightens the interest. Tip-overs are frequent, but the canoeists are all swimmers, and these duckings simply furnish laughing stock. As the night deepens, and the stars take on a growing luster, the canoeists drop down the current, slip through the narrow passage left open for them in the boom, and shortly are storing their boats in the Holyoke Club-house and are ready to wend their ways to their various homes. On Saturdays there is usually a little company which spends the night at the lodge, where ten or a dozen cots are kept stored, returning sometimes on



A RAILROAD WRECK AT JONES' GAP.



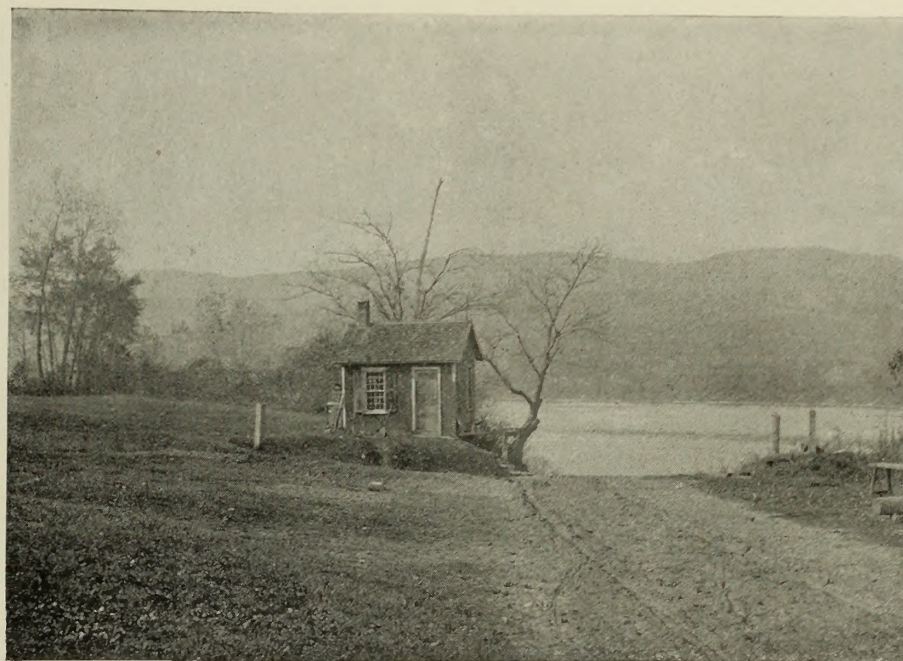
SANS SOUCI LODGE.

Sunday. Titan's Pier is a favorite resort, and many an evening lunch the canoeists eat there on that rugged wall of rock, with its commanding outlook up and down the river, before the summer is through. In the little cove here the canoes gather, and they make a picture truly charming if the sails are set, for then they resemble nothing so much as a company of great butterflies, grouping with lifted wings on the sand. Another famous resort is Mrs. Waters', at Smith's Ferry. In her interest in them, and care for them, Mrs. Waters is mother to all these canoe boys. She knows just how to set forth a supper to their taste, and it is certain that the summer



A DOUBLE CANOE.

races could never be quite complete without Mrs. Waters present to witness them. On the day of the races the river about Smith's Ferry is a lively place. It is a gala day at the lodge and the canoeist's hospitality is taxed to its utmost to care for their numerous friends who resort to the spot. It is to be supposed, too, that the ferryman, up above, reaps a golden harvest in carrying the crowds across from the railroad station to the South Hadley side, where a coach is ready to convey them down to the lodge. The races have their interest, but they are not so picturesque as some of the adventures on the river which have fewer witnesses. We pick out for record an instance or two of this sort. The canoeists have a liking for going by railroad to Greenfield, and there making a transfer of their canoes from the baggage car to the little Deerfield river, thence to paddle out on the broad Connecticut and spend a day going down the stream to Holyoke. On one such occasion four young men left Greenfield behind them, and with sails set went scudding along with the current before a brisk north wind. It was a cold spring morning, and before they had gone many miles the wind had become a perfect gale and the water was broken with whitecaps. The two canoes kept out of the heaviest of the storm by keeping in the



SMITH'S FERRY.



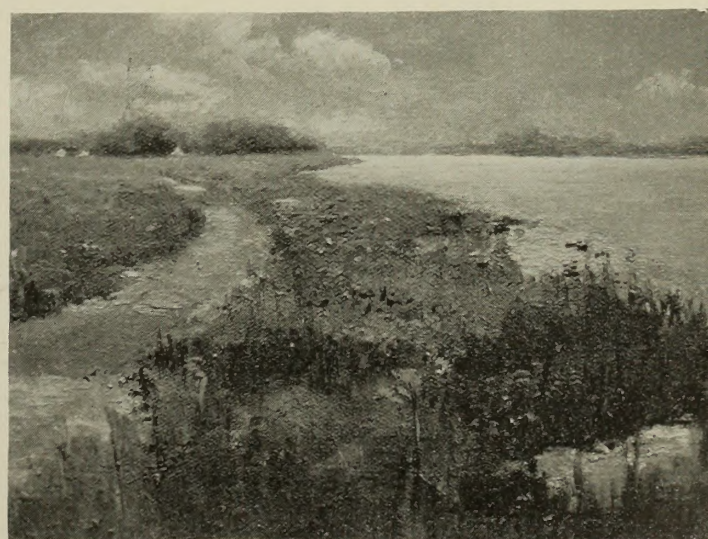
DOWN STREAM.

canoe in the rear, when it came from behind the island, out of comparative calm, was struck sharply by the full force of the gale and went over like a flash, and its occupants were plunged into the icy water. Their cries were heard by the first boat, which as hastily as could be took in sail and paddled to the rescue. A canoe is rather a ticklish craft for this sort of work, and a mud scow would be much preferable. You can't take on extra passengers, and a little excitement easily topples the boat over. One of the fellows in the water clambered on to the overturned canoe and his companion still in the water clung to its slippery bottom. The other boat circled around, with a care not to get capsized itself, till it got hold of the painter, when it started shoreward. It was no small task to tow that overturned canoe, with its clinging freight, and its sail set under water. After a little the man in the water said he was about worn out, and could



SYTONEHA LODGE.

lee of the shores, and as they approached Sunderland bridge, they slipped in behind a little island. One canoe was leading the other by several rods. The

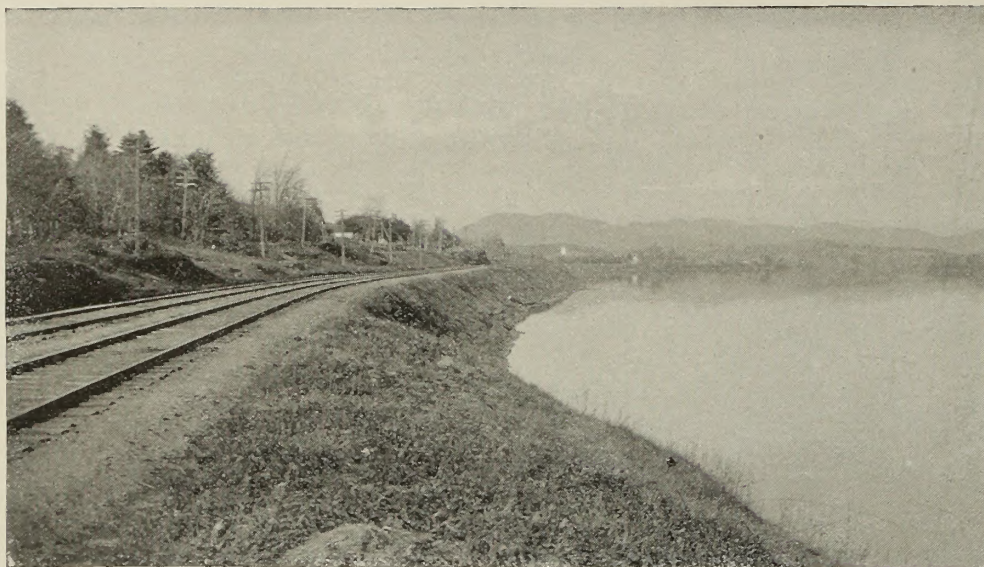


BY THE RIVERSIDE—FROM A PAINTING BY LOUISE CABLE.



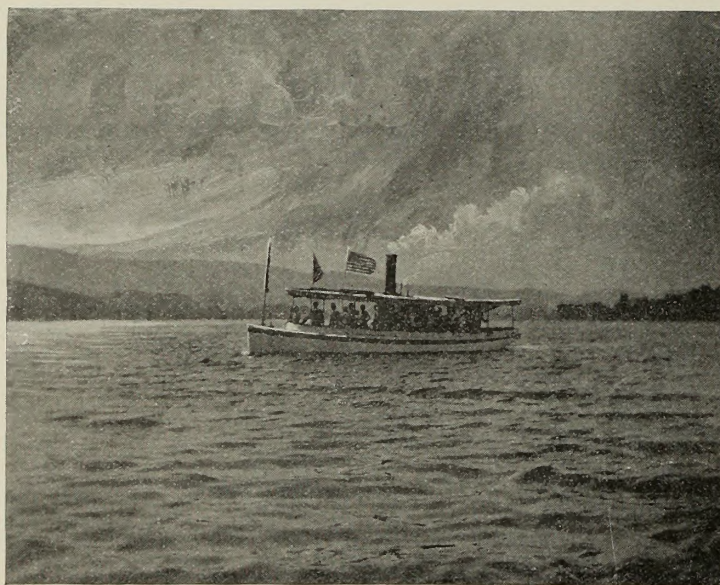
A SUNNY COVE.

hold on but little longer. Thereupon one of those in the first boat dropped his paddle, leaped into the river and went to his help. Things looked decidedly serious, but inch by inch the boats neared the bank, and at last they touched shore. All were pretty well exhausted, and it was a sorry looking company which waded from the choppy waves of the cold water and crawled up the bank. A friendly farmhouse was close by, and thither the canoeists wended their line of march. There they found an ancient farmer who welcomed them to a hospitable fire and regaled them on milk and doughnuts. He

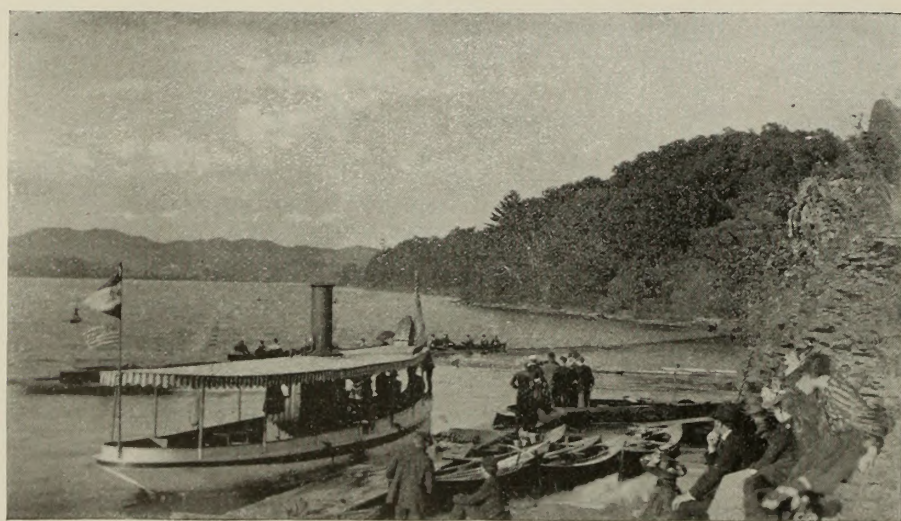


THE VIEW UP THE RIVER NEAR SMITH'S FERRY.

brought forth a variety of garments belonging to himself and his hired man, and the shipwrecked mariners got off their wet clothing. Now, being well housed, fed, and clothed they felt like changed men, and they looked it, too; for the farmer was portly and his hired man was slim and small; so, while one man could take several reefs in his clothing and still be kind of lost, the next would be well pinched, and there was quite a vacant space below, where his shoes and trousers' bottoms had parted company. However, happiness does not walk abroad habitually in fine clothing, and in spite of the picturesqueness of their appearance in these odd costumes and the big rubber boots and ample shoes fur-



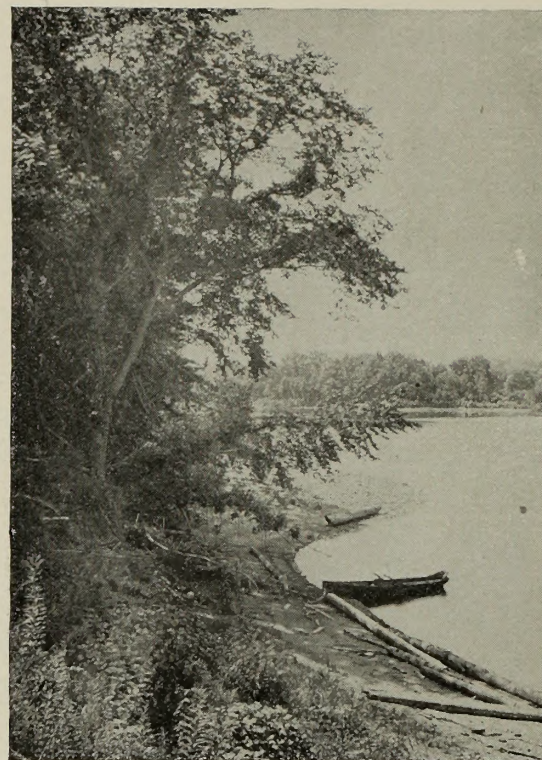
SUNSET—THE RETURN FROM THE RACES.



THE DAY OF THE RACES.

nished by their host, this company was exceedingly cheerful, and perhaps there is no more pleasing place to end this tale than right here.

Another odd happening had to do with a blockade of logs at Old Hadley. There were two men and two ladies in the party, drifting down the river in a pair of double canoes. Coming upon a half-mile waste of logs in the stream, there was nothing to do but travel around them on dry land. It was one of those quiet, red-hot days, right in the middle of summer, and the prospect of dragging those canoes over a half-mile of level meadow, shimmering in the baking heat, was not pleasant. But the canoes were hoisted up the bank, a paddle run through the

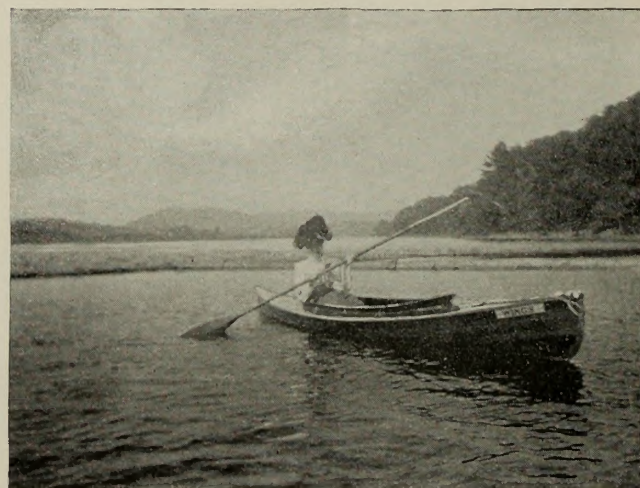


ALONG THE RIVER BANK.

painter of one, and the two men grasped it and started off. But the stubble shortly made their shoe soles so slippery that it brought them to a standstill. Then, afar off, they espied a haymaker on an iron-toothed arrangement which went combing along the earth scratching up the hay into windrows. At stated intervals this thing kicked up its heels, so to speak, and dropped the load it had gathered. Our party gave chase to this vehicle, machine, or whatever it was, and, when they overhauled it, held converse with its captain as to his willingness to desist his operations long enough to tow their boats around the boom. He expressed a willingness to do this—for a consideration—and he detached his horse from the scratcher and soon had hitched on to a canoe. The two ladies proceeded to man the craft, or woman it, if that is more correct, and one of the men, being fatigued with his labors, manned the horse, which the haymaker, however, led. So the caravan got under way, and, a little later, the canoes were again floating on the cool waters of the Connecticut.

BOATING DAYS AT SOUTH HADLEY FALLS.

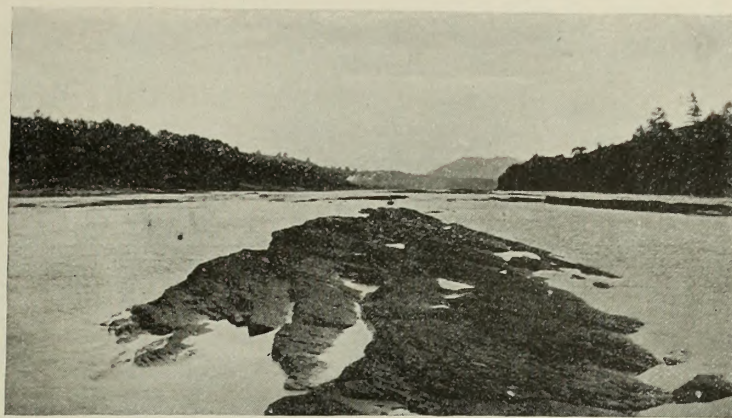
South Hadley Falls, or South Hadley Canal, as it was then known, was, before the railroad entered the region, a larger and brisker village



ONE OF THE CANOEISTS.

than Holyoke. A wing dam had been built out into the river, extending perhaps one third of the way across the stream, and here were two wooden paper mills and a low, black, stone gristmill. The stages running up and down the river changed horses at the old brick hotel which still stands at the head of the main street of the village. This is at present painted white and is used as a tenement. Then it was unpainted and was known as "The Falls House."

Supplies for several of the back country towns were landed at the village by the river boats, and there was an immense amount of business going through the canal from the time navigation opened in the spring to late in the year when the ice closed it again. Boats loaded with mer-

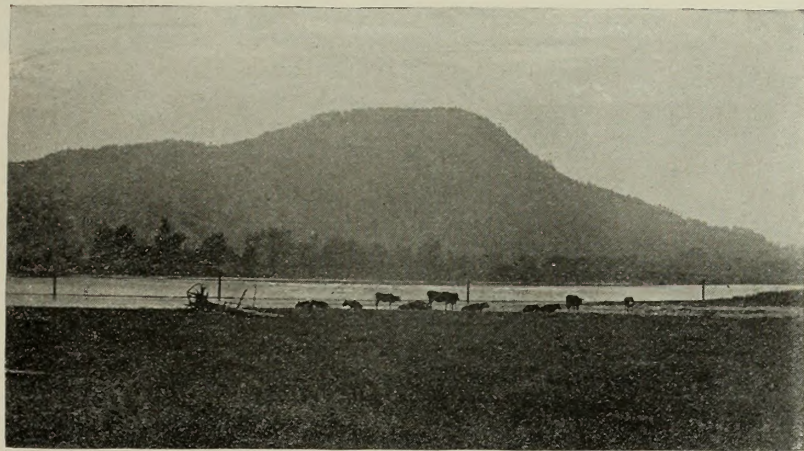


LOW WATER ABOVE THE DAM.

along shore up to the ferry landing. If a propitious gale was blowing, sail was then hoisted and the boat crossed the stream and drew up along side the Public Landing at South Hadley Falls. But if there was no wind to speak of, or such a wind as the mariners would speak ill of in their rough boatman fashion, nothing remained but a hard push with pole athwart the swift current, which brought them to land some rods, more or less, below the eastern ferry landing. There a pair or more of stout oxen would be attached to the craft and it would make its sluggish way up to the landing, which was built about where the bridge now is. Here the cargoes for the village and the several back country towns surrounding were landed.

If the boat was bound still farther up the river it was poled in at the mouth of the canal, which entered the river close above, then into the first lock and still poling into the second and so to the third, where, having risen higher and higher, the upper level was reached. This last lock was at about the spot now spanned by the extension of the Hampshire paper mill. Having poled on beyond the hill which lifted a steep rocky wall east of the canal here, Harvey Rice took the boat in tow with his horse, for the remaining mile to the upper end, where Day's tavern afforded the rivermen solace for dangers past, and strength for trials to come.

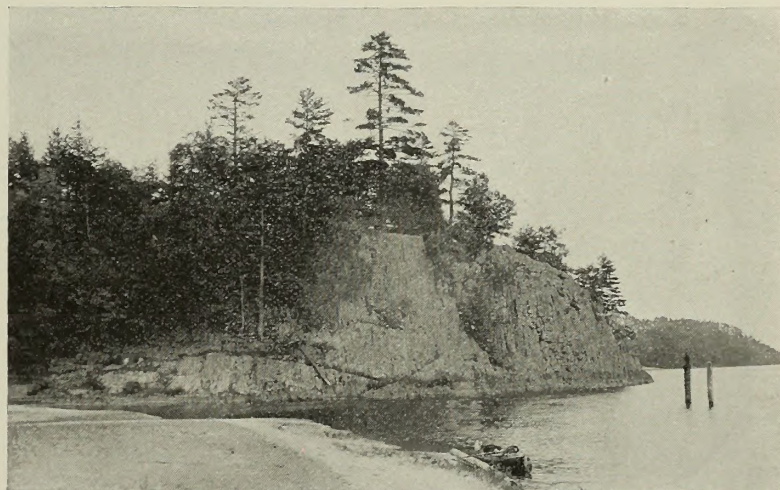
When unlocked from the placid canal, the boats again entered the headstrong current of the river. But up stream a hundred rods, where the smooth Connecticut first breaks over the long descent of rapids, stands Pulpit rock, and to this rock was fastened a rope whose down-stream end was wound around a huge



MT. NONOTUCK.

chandise were going through the locks most of the time, and large quantities of logs and lumber were floated through on their way down stream. These rafts were made up in "boxes" or divisions, each "box" being as long and wide as would go through the locks. Once again on the open stream these boxes were tackled together and the raft floated on to its destination. Most rafts were top loaded with shingles, staves, or hoop poles. The men who worked the raft usually lived on board and many of the rafts had little shanties on them with bunks inside where the men slept. A box of sand served as a fireplace for such cooking as they chose to do. As many as 5,000 tons have passed through the canal in a single year, paying tolls amounting to \$13,000.

When a boat coming up the river came opposite the Willimansett landing, in case the wind was unfavorable, it was drawn upstream by a long rope attached to a windlass some distance above on the Holyoke shore. From there it was towed, as the need was, by from one to four yoke of oxen hitched to a heavy pair of wheels,



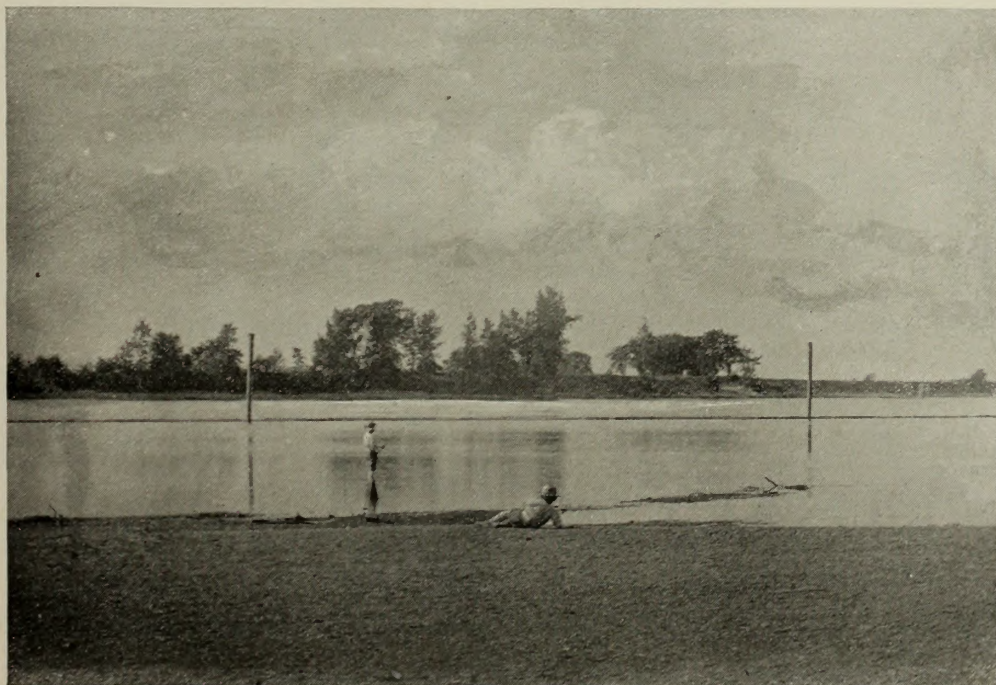
TITAN'S PIER.

drum on a large flatboat. At each end of the axle of this drum, projecting over the sides of the boat, was a paddle wheel which could be raised or lowered at will. When lowered the current caused the paddle wheels to revolve—the drum wound up the rope, and the craft with a boat or two in tow moved up stream.

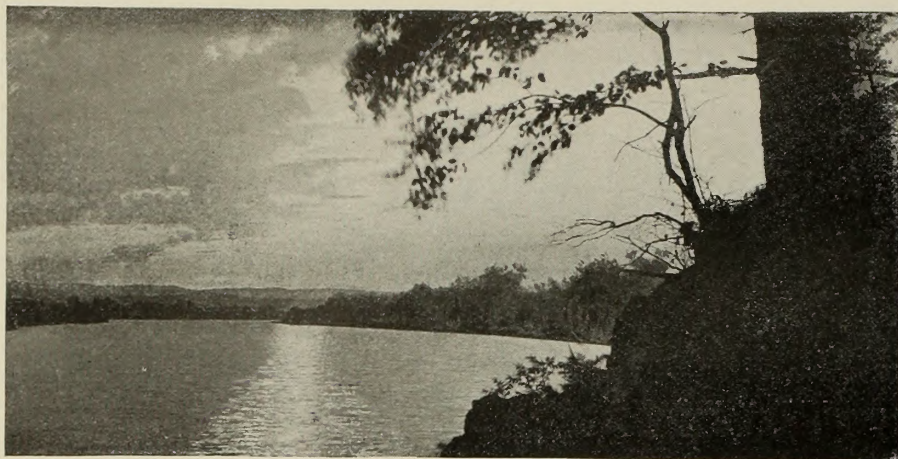
A raft coming down, when it reached this point and struck the swift current, was often an unwieldy thing to manage and get properly started in the canal. Once in a while a raft would get the better of the boatmen and go down over the falls. On one such occasion several men were drowned. They were afterwards buried on the Whiting Street farm opposite. A few years later a little steamboat, which was used for towing boats between the canal and Greenfield, blew up just as it was starting from the canal with two boats in tow. Four men were killed in this accident and three of them were buried across the river beside those who lost their lives in the previous accident.

At the upper end of the canal, a rough log dam had been built across the stream, but with a gap a hundred feet in width in the center, to allow the passing of shad, and the shooting of timber. The dam served to turn the water into the canal and kept it navigable. Through the gap in the dam logs were sent down, sometimes singly, sometimes in "coons." A coon was made up of a half-dozen logs fastened together with withes side by side.

Forty years ago a company known as "The Old Sluggard" dragged the waters of the Connecticut at South Hadley Falls for shad. Other parties fished from some little islands or



THE CONNECTICUT AT HOCKANUM FERRY.

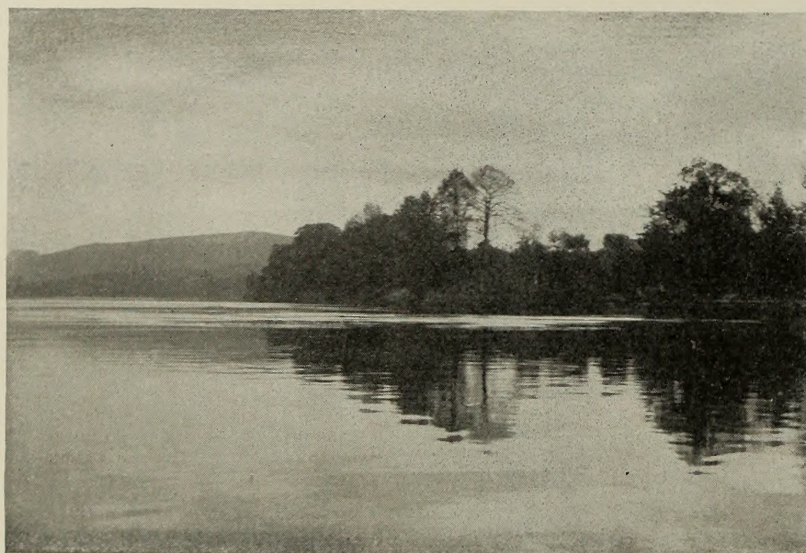


SUNSET, FROM TITAN'S PIER.

wharves in the stream built for the purpose; but the "Old Sluggard" had by far the best place. Here was a broad, gently sloping beach with a long, clean curve along the water's edge, forming an almost perfect ground to work upon. There were about forty men in the company, who lived not only at the Falls, but at South Hadley and Granby. It required twelve men to man the boat, and the members of the company took turns in working it. About one day in three was required of each man who owned shares during the fishing season, which began



AT THE WATER'S EDGE—TITAN'S PIER.



A QUIET AFTERNOON.

about the first of May and lasted nearly two months.

Shad were numerous in those days, and when the hauls were made the beach was a lively place. The shouting, the rattle of oars and splash of water, the group of on-lookers and the peddlers and others making purchases at the big bin into which the shad were thrown, made it a busy and interesting scene. The big, flat scow, with eight or ten men pulling at the oars, goes up along the



CANOEING ON DRY LAND.

shore to the upper end of the fishery. There one end of the broad net heaped in the stern of the boat is handed out to two men on shore, the bow is turned out into the current, and the boat shoots forward. The net slides into the water, fold by fold, the boat turns down stream, then shoreward, completes its long circle and touches land. The men instantly leap out and begin hauling in the net. When the inclosure of water narrows, the interest gets to white heat. There is a tumult of frightened fish breaking the surface into sudden waves, now and then there is a silvery flash as one leaps into the air. Then the net with its burden is landed, and there on the pebbly shore among the meshes are scores of shining victims. They are soon thrown into the broad, shallow box, where they toss and gasp and find their way to some peddler's cart or farmer's wagon.

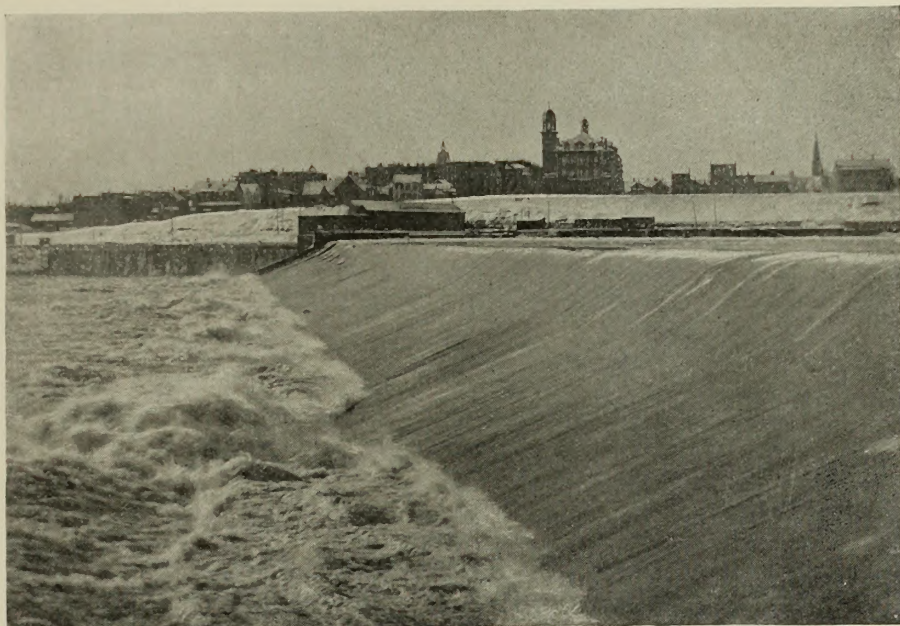


WRECKED CANOEISTS.



A CANOEIST'S SUPPER.

At the beginning of the century, salmon were taken here in considerable numbers, and shad were considered rather plebeian fish. The story goes that folks were thought to be pretty badly off if they had to eat shad, and to illustrate this point the following anecdote is told: A certain family, having prepared a shad breakfast, were just gathering about the table to partake of the humble dish, when a knock came at the door. The man of the house was ashamed to be seen eating shad, and he therefore slipped his fish into the



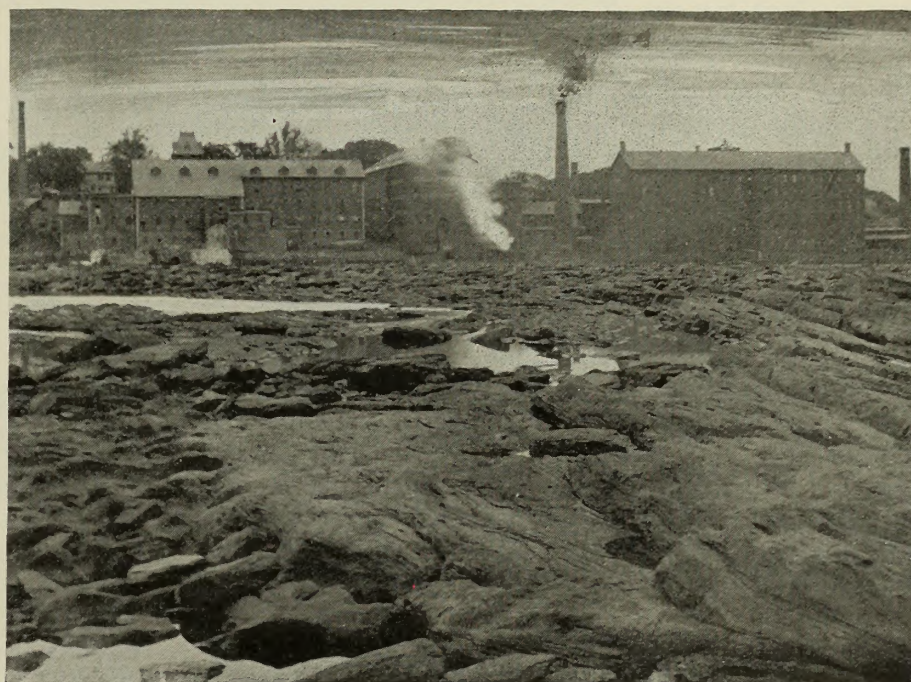
THE DAM, FROM THE SOUTH HADLEY FALLS SHORE.

table drawer before admitting the visitor. But salmon became scarce and shad grew in respectability. Back in the fifties the family in this neighborhood which did not have a barrel or two of shad laid away for summer use was not considered well provided for.

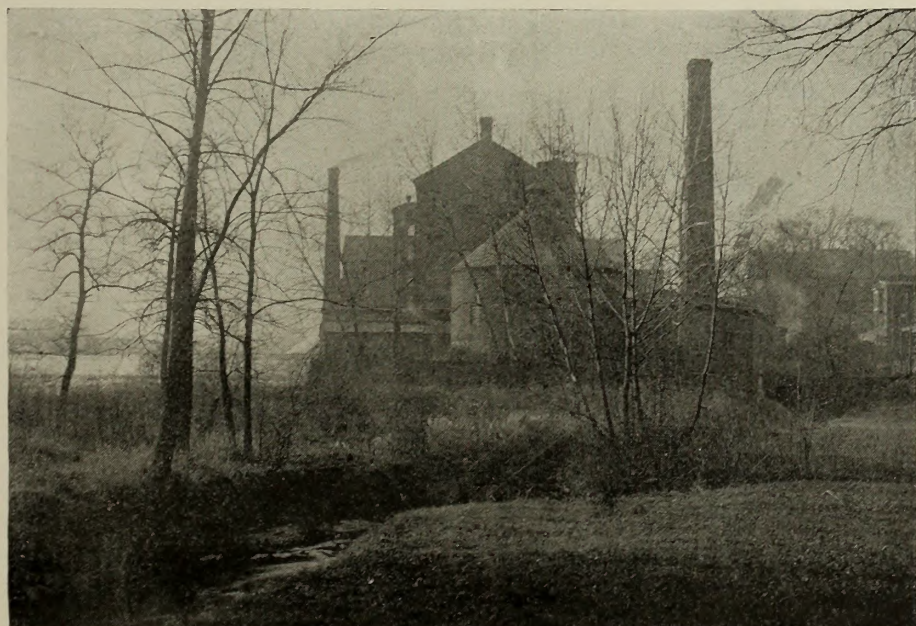
The land on which the "Old Sluggard" company fished was owned by a Mr. Lamb. This land was after a time bought up by certain parties and a new company formed, with Captain Corey Smith as leader, and styling itself "The Young Sluggard." After going through a lawsuit the old company was turned out and the twelve who formed the new company took possession. Fish rights were then very valuable, but now few shad get up as far as the Falls, and it hardly pays to get out the nets.

SOUTH HADLEY FALLS IN 1892.

South Hadley Falls has such close connections with Holyoke and Hampden county that it seemed meet to include it in this work, although, geographically, Hampshire has the larger claim on it. The village is in part included within the boundaries of Chicopee, and it is thus brought partly into Hampden, and the place is so connected by the big bridge and frequently-running electric cars and its business interests in general with Holyoke as to be in reality a suburb of that city. The two paper mills and the Glasgow gingham mill, by the riverside at the dam, are its chief source of life, but it as well shelters in its homes a great number who gain a livelihood in Holyoke's mills and shops. A variety of small stores cluster at the bridge entrance and dot the main street up to the



THE RIVER BED, BELOW THE DAM.



SOUTH HADLEY FALLS—A VIEW OF THE MILLS.

mills. At the end of the street is the famous old brick tavern of boating and stagecoach days, and close by are the Congregational and Methodist churches, and the engine house with its bell tower. A steep hill rises here northerly, and the streets mounting it, with the dwellings and outbuildings perched along them, have a peculiar quaintness and interest. Some of the structures are quite ancient, and one or two groups of old willows send up their straggling trunks to add to the old-world attraction of the place. The new is silent and noncommittal. Age gathers about itself mystery, and we know that every old building has the lives of many people interwoven with the gathering grayness of its years, and that it has many stories to tell. From the hilltop, which shows signs of an intermittent quarrying being carried on, one can look straight down on the village roof-tops, and only the church spires lift themselves above the horizon line. Close by here is a big, grim building of brick, known as the Glasgow block. Its tall, massive form, with its heavy chimneys and stepped gables, give it a strong individuality. From here it is easy to descend a long flight of stairs, from the Carew office on the hill, to the bridge crossing the canal below, and then following up the level a little, visit the dam. It is an interesting place on the heavy stone bulkhead. Above is a broad sweep of quiet river, with low hill ranges beyond, and, in the north, a glimpse of the mountains; close at hand is the east bank lined with bushes and trees; across the stream Holyoke's multitude of buildings with their chimneys and spires, and prominent among them the square-towered city hall; but the dam is chief feature of the surroundings. The water falls over its crest in a smooth curve

that, gaining in swiftiness as it slips down the long incline, roughens, and whitens, and at the end plunges into the mass of boiling foam below and is lost in fierce commotion. If the wind blows, the air is filled with driving spray, and you may catch tints of rainbows in the mists if the sun is right. The falling water fills the air with a solemn, low-toned roar, that is yet so loud one wonders what it was like in its thunder in the fabled days before the apron was added. Along the bank here, on a gradual slant from the level of the water above the dam to that below, is a curious network of timbers, through which a little stream keeps up a dodging, tortuous course, with much the same difficulty in finding its way that one has in working to the goal in one of the labyrinth puzzles you find in children's magazines. This is a fish-way, intended for such shad as have enterprising intentions of going up stream. One would naturally suppose the passage better fitted for eels than any other of the finny tribe, as these sudden turns and so many of them would be calculated to break the back of an ordinary fish before it had gone far. Retracing our steps along the swift, smooth-running canal, and climbing the stairs up the rocky face of the cliff, we follow High street, and at the end we come to the Catholic church on its terrace overlooking the neighborhood about, and then, continuing a little westerly, we find Lamb's grove. There was a time when this was a favorite picnic resort, and, in its way, there is still no prettier spot in the region. The wood is well grown, and the oaks and chestnuts, with their smooth-shafted trunks, are quite handsome. Here and there a hemlock, with its evergreen foliage, adds variety. The earth beneath is a grassy carpet, free from brush,

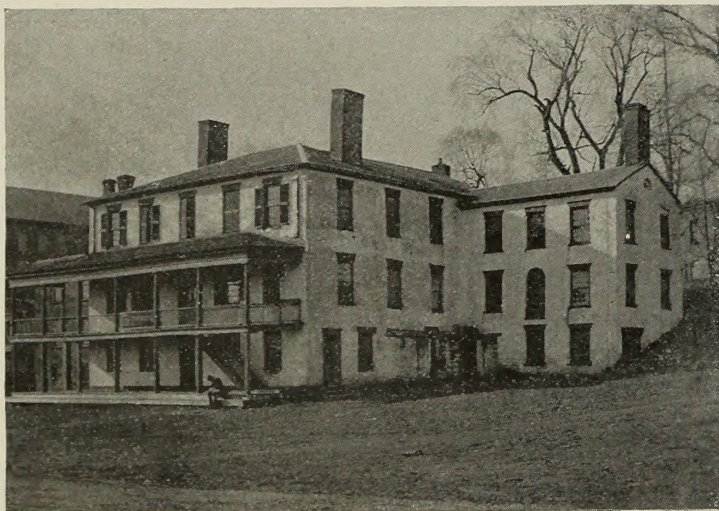
and a scattering of mossy hummocks furnishes first-rate seats. The land slopes gently away to the river whose shining strand divides the western landscape, and a little southerly you catch the smoke-dimmed outlines of Holyoke.

On the way back to the village we note the Carew house amidst the shrubs and trees of its low terrace. It is an ordinary, commodious, white-painted village-house, and its interest lies in the fact of its having been the home of Joseph Carew, a man whose generous public spirit and kindly helpfulness endeared him to the whole community. The street soon begins a steep descent to the wide valley below, which is well filled with the cottages of the villagers until you get over to the clay hills which for miles form its eastern boundary. These hills are gashed with diggings where

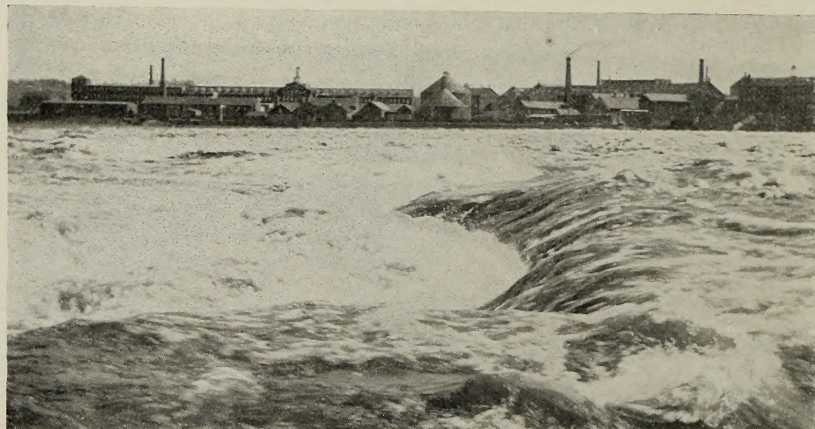


WINTER.

sparsely grassed opens. Narrow roadways, with lines of turf between the wheel tracks, criss-cross irregularly about, and every now and then you come upon a little house with a bit of garden at its door, and, close by, a patch of corn and a field of potatoes. In one place there is quite a village of these little homes, and in the midst a mite of a church. One of the features of the region is a real log house. But it is not one of the backwoods variety with a board roof and a rusty stovepipe reaching up through for a chimney, and walls rudely chinked with chips and plaster so that each passing zephyr finds entrance at unstopped cracks. No, it is quite neat and modern, has several L's and a wide veranda, while a fountain plays in the front yard, very much after the manner of those in the lawns of a city



SOUTH HADLEY FALLS—THE OLD TAVERN.



HIGH WATER.



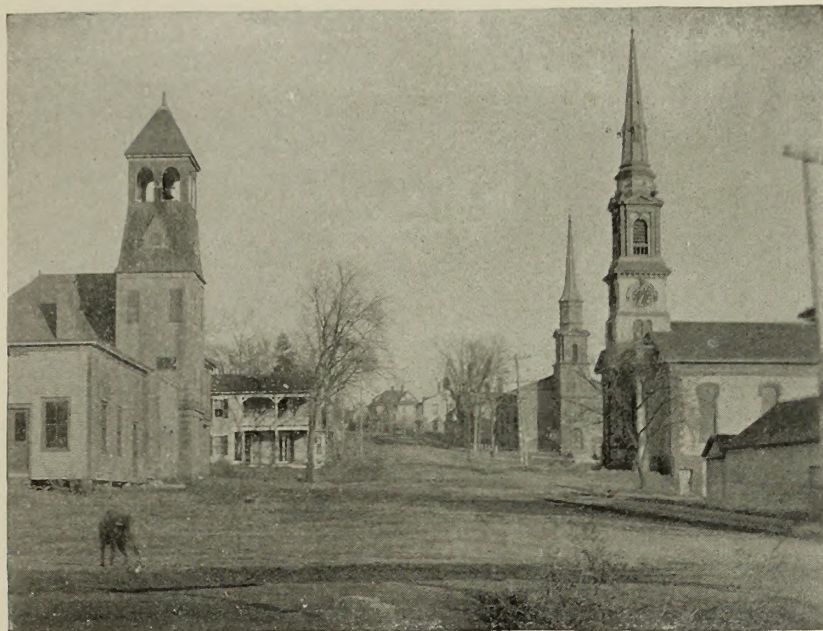
THE HIGH SCHOOL.



SWEEPING THE PORCH.

the various brickyards have located. Some of the yards are mammoth establishments, which in the summer are full of life and interest. Lines of carts are continually coming and going between the ragged hills which furnish clay and sand and the machines which grind this crude material and stamp it into bricks. Trucks are plying about the level acres of yard where the bricks are dried, and the oblong blocks of clay are everywhere. Within the great sheds a kiln is building, one is burning, and another of well-baked, red bricks is being torn down and carted off to the Holyoke market. These clay hills rise into a high plain spreading away to the east for many miles—a sandy, scrubbily wooded upland, intermitting with

villa. This log house is what you might call civilized, but any kind of log building is scarce enough in our region, so there is plenty of excuse for our turning aside to gaze upon it. Any of the several roads back to the Falls give one fine views of the valley when you come to the verge of the bluff, which, at the south end, almost overhangs the river; and of Holyoke, just across the stream, you get one of the most comprehensive views to be had. The city hall looms up prominently in the midst of the acres and acres of brick mills, and seems to rival Mt. Tom itself, whose massive headland is clearly outlined in the northwest, as guardian of the valley. The views are far reaching and interesting, whichever ravine of the bluff you go

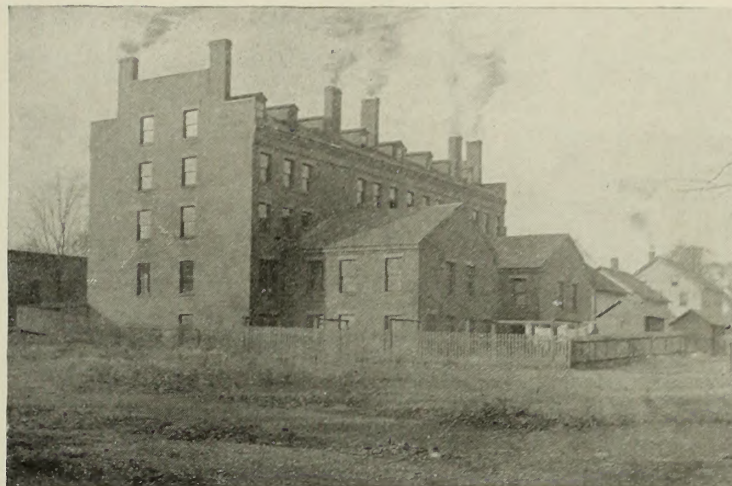


THE CHURCHES AND ENGINE HOUSE.

down. The "Soap-hill" road is the most direct to the village center. The chief street of the Falls makes a long swinging curve of a mile or so along the line of the river which its residences front, and over which they have a fine outlook, as there are no houses on the water side. A long, gently sloping beach grades down from the road to the water's edge, dotted here and there with a well-grown tree, and in places starting up to patches of bushes. This affords a good playground for the village children and is a resort in times of flood for those whose wood-piles need replenishing. Whatever can be snatched from the drifting rubbish of the stream is so much gained, and great is the rejoicing if a well-grown log is secured. Between the bridge and the mills above is an acre or two of lowland, where grows a fine grove of tall trees, with smooth, grassy meadow beneath. This is a very pretty place, and on days of mellow haze a look through the tree trunks at the big mills makes one think of the great, looming castles, thickset with gables and turrets, of the world across the Atlantic.

A PICTURE, AND A PROTEST.

The air quivered with the heat across the ploughed fields; a light wind, which blew so softly that it scarcely stirred the leaves of the near trees, carried with it the subtle odors of lush meadow grass from the "mowing-lot" beyond, and of the freshly-turned earth from where the cultivator was being dragged over the ground by a pair of horses driven



THE GLASGOW BLOCK.

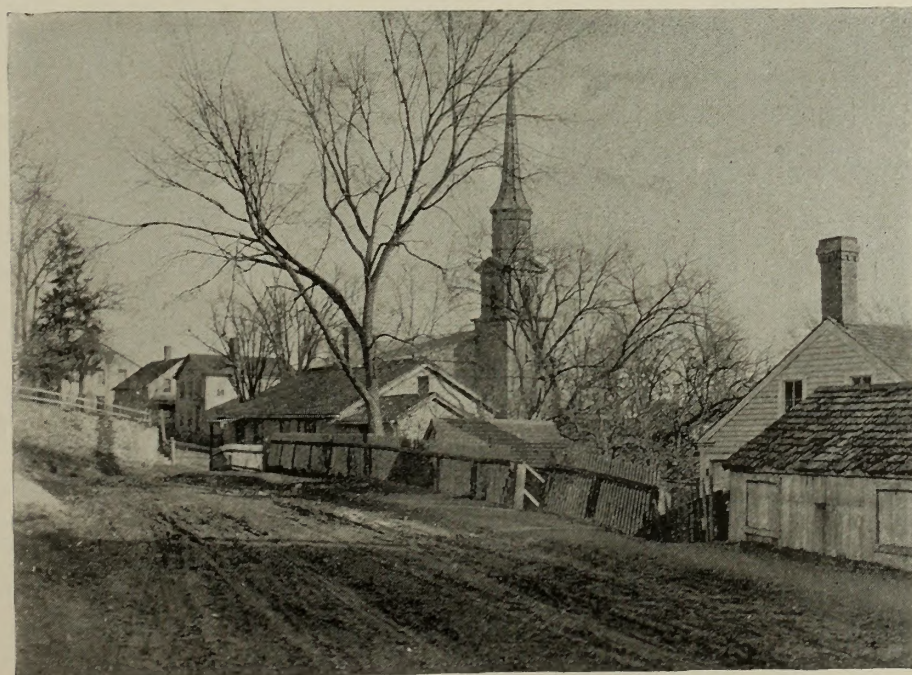
by a young farmer. His red shirt made a brilliant flick of color in the broad June sunlight that lay hot upon all things. He moved easily, and the horses obeyed his voice and rein, as though their intelligence, as well as his, was bent upon keeping the line straight between the rows of young plants; he did not



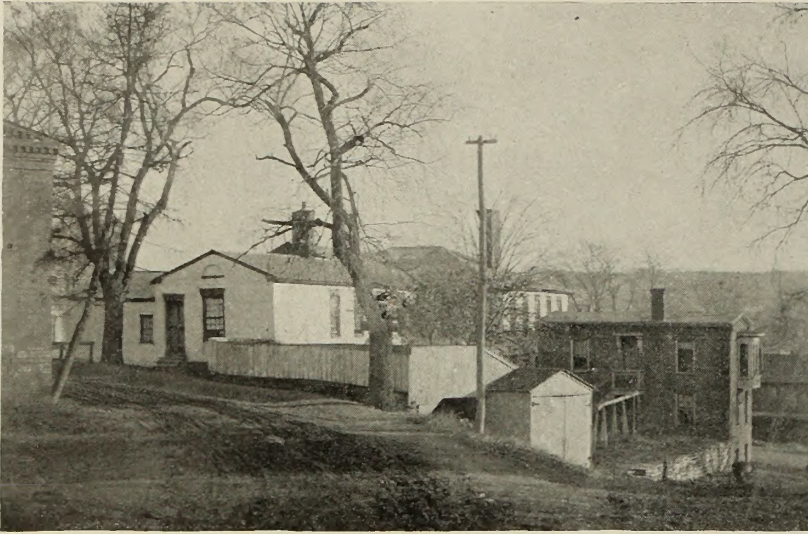
WINTER ON NORTH MAIN STREET.

need a whip, though, probably from force of habit, he carried one. Presently the even creak of the harness, the regular halt and start at the end of the field ceased, and these three working members of society, out there in the hot sun, were still. It was not yet noon, but the farmer had forgotten both task and time, for there in the shadow of a big maple sat a young girl; her broad hat lay in her lap, her fingers twisted the ribbons and she hung her curly head as the young man flung himself beside her. A bunch of daisies gave an excuse for the maid's presence, though now they drooped their neglected heads, and a little white-aproned sister, who discreetly came and went, added an appearance of chance to the encounter. The group was as charming to the eye as one could wish, and who would think of the cultivator standing idle, of the unstirred clods of sun-baked earth, or of the approaching dinner hour,—where youth and love are, are not time and space as nothing?

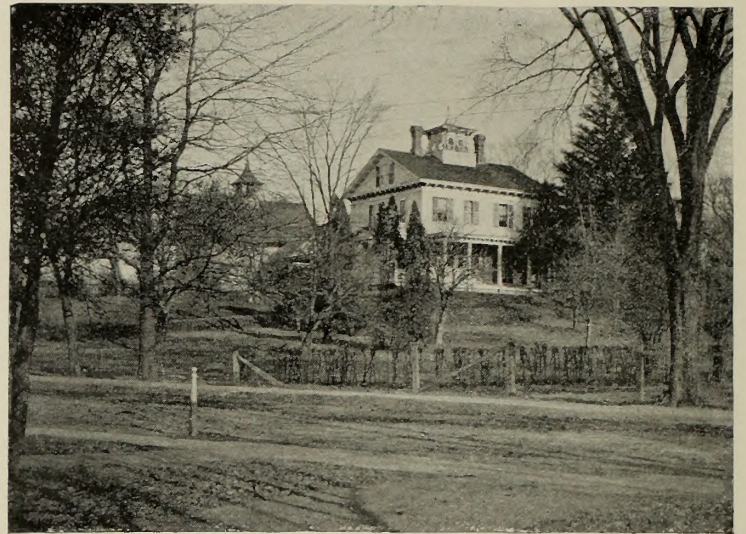
To man or maiden there came no thought of these, or of the patient fellow workers, who all the time were left to stand in the open fields where the sun's hottest rays fell full upon their unprotected heads—heads that held brains as sensitive to the effect of heat, as liable to sunstroke, as their masters'; there they stood, unoccupied within a few yards of shade and grass, left checked up with leathern straps so they had not even the freedom to lower their heads. The flies bit them: one horse had too short a tail to brush them away. They stood there in dumb submission, quiet in their tracks, never moving the machine from the spot where their driver had bade them halt; while he, cool, and stretched at his ease on the pleasant turf, forgot them entirely. If they had kicked over one of the traces with vexation, called aloud for relief, or



A VIEW ON "BRICKBAT AVENUE."



A CORNER NEAR THE MILLS.



THE CAREW HOUSE.

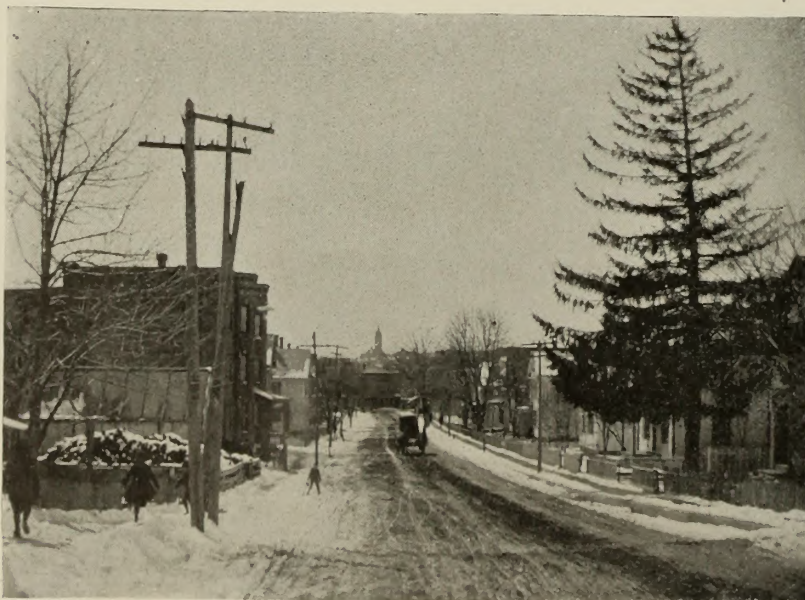
dared to drag aside the cultivator to the injury of the plants, their master would have remembered to chastise such unreasonable impatience. Were not they beasts, and his property? Of course he could easily have driven a few steps farther with these creatures who were to the man so great a help in saving time and strength (and money too, for it was tobacco he was cultivating, and tobacco is a valuable crop). It would have taken but a moment to lower their check-reins, and to let them share the shade he enjoyed,—but why should he take thought for a horse? The horse is intelligent enough to do man's work, to learn obedience, patience, gentleness under ill-usage, and to exert himself to the utmost to serve his master, but he is not intelligent enough to scream or to groan, to revenge himself upon the owner that abuses him; and, above all, he cannot appeal to the law for protection. Although he suffers, he is dumb. Like the slave, he is man's property; and man respects the rights of others only when the law obliges him.

We human beings so seldom take the trouble to justify our dealings with animals,



GLASGOW BLOCK DOORWAYS.

that most of us would be shocked and perhaps we would all resent the word that describes the real reason we are so thoughtless, so careless, and oftentimes so cruel to the horse, the dog, the dumb creatures in our possession. And yet, at bottom we must know it is due to cowardice. If the animals replied to ill-treatment with fangs or claws like the snake or bear, a man might slay, but he would hardly abuse or underfeed so dangerous a creature. It is only when man feels safe from harm he ceases to control his passions. While he knows his horse will not trample underfoot, his dog will not tear him limb from limb; in short, so long as man is not personally afraid, he feels free to treat his animals according to his disposition and degree of enlightenment. If he regards his horse as a machine that he has bought and owns, he will waste no thought on the comfort of the beast, he will check his head so high that the beau-



BRIDGE STREET.



SOUTH HADLEY FALLS—OLD FISH TAVERNS.

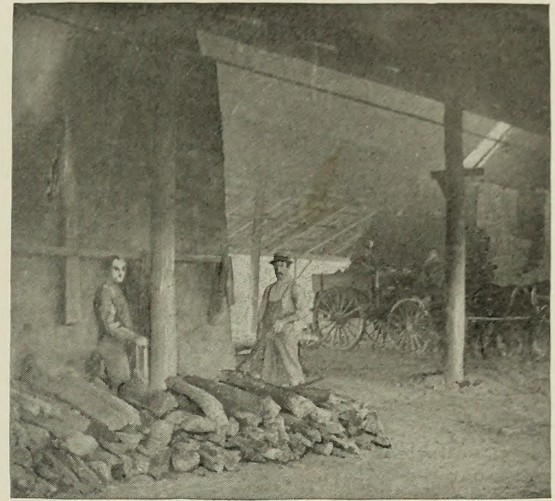
tiful, natural arch of the neck is stretched to an ugly straight line, till the nose sticks out like a pointer dog's (when there is no game to point at, except his master, who prudently sits behind him!); he will not bother to water him, "because it is too much trouble" to get out and lower that same foolish strap; he will forget to corn him in winter; he will fasten him on a windy corner in cold weather, or a sunny one in warm, to save himself the exertion of looking

ART IN HOLYOKE.

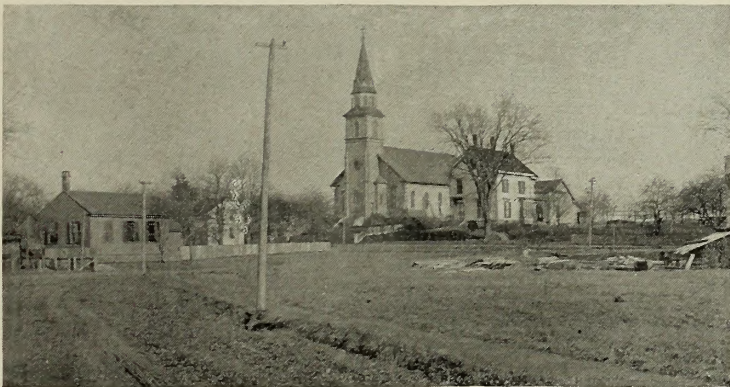
A person living in Holyoke without a love for the beautiful must be blind indeed, seeing as he does from almost every street the mountains or the picturesque valley of the Connecticut. But "Art in Holyoke" has a strange sound to many who think of the city as a great



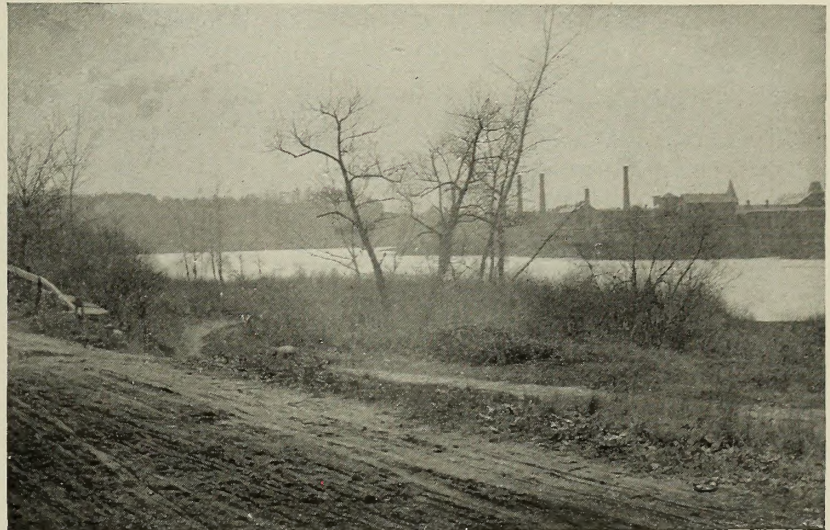
LAMB'S GROVE.



BURNING A KILN OF BRICK.



SOUTH HADLEY FALLS — CATHOLIC CHURCH.



THE RIVER FROM NEAR THE OLD FERRY LANDING.

out for a suitable place, as he would for a fellow mortal; he will jerk him and saw his mouth viciously when the horse is frightened (frequently by a noise, whose cause he cannot see, because his master has put black shutters over half his eyes); he will overload, and overdrive; and while forgetting to praise his horse for well-doing, will always remember to punish him for stupidity or laziness (his master being a pattern of quickness and industry).

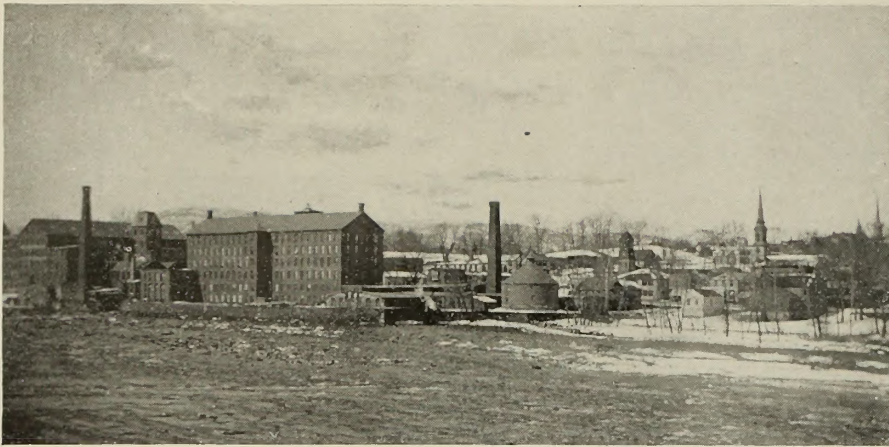
All this he will do from a mixture of petty cowardice and thoughtlessness. The bully can only be taught through public opinion, and this is too seldom expressed; for the same small fear of consequences closes the mouths of many men and women who regret wrongs done, but lack the courage to protest against them. As to the habit of thoughtlessness, the excuse, "I didn't think," is nothing but an ironic self-accusation; only the underwitted are incapable of taking thought. So long as man is able to realize his own sensations of cold, heat, hunger, fatigue, pain, and grief, he is equally able to understand the fact that all living creatures, in greater or less degree, suffer in like manner. There is no excuse for thoughtlessness, nor for cowardice.

MARGARET C. WHITING.



AT THE OLD FISHING PLACE.

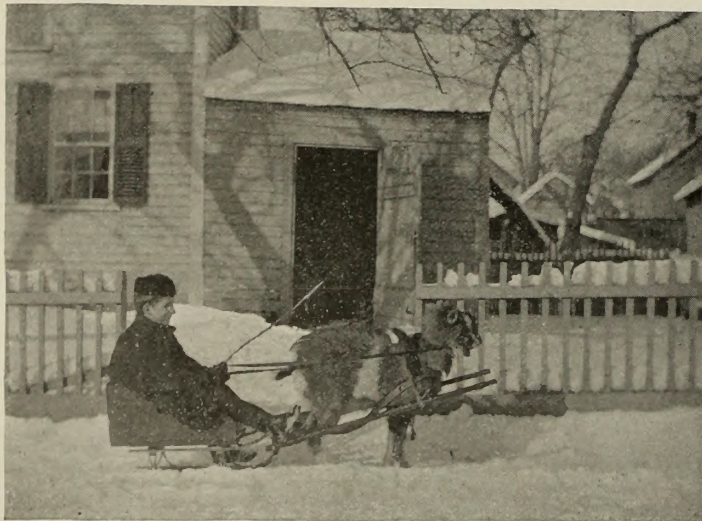
manufacturing center. For a number of years, a quiet but growing interest in the Fine Arts was shown by the valuable paintings and pieces of statuary that were steadily added to the different collections in the city, and a need was felt for some permanent organization that would increase this interest and, if possible, lead to the development of local talent. To meet this want there was organized in February, 1891, the "Holyoke Society of Fine Arts." The constitution of the society was drawn up on a conservative basis, but one broad enough for a city of any size, and it seems destined to extend and enlarge the scope of its work with the development of the city. Its objects are: The encouragement of the love for the Fine Arts, the preservation and permanent exhibition of works of art, the making and exhibiting of temporary collections of such works, and the affording of



SOUTH HADLEY FALLS—A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE.

instruction in the Fine Arts to such an extent as the trustees may decide feasible and desirable. In addition to this, it is proposed to start an Art Library, and arrange courses of lectures on Art, to be given from time to time. The great aim of the society is the building of an Art Museum, and although this is yet in the future, many of the members are confident that it will become a reality, and when we consider the liberality and public spirit which have been so often shown in Holyoke, it does not seem visionary to expect it. The society is in a flourishing condition, its membership includes all who are interested in its objects, which are so plainly deserving that it readily wins the sympathy and hearty support of the community.

In the fall of 1891, preparations were made for an Art exhibition. The owners of paintings generously offered to loan them, and as a result the first Loan Exhibition was held at Unity Chapel, the following January. This marks a most important step in Holyoke Art, and the fine collection brought together here was a source of surprise and pleasure, for in a quiet way many of Holyoke's citizens have come into the possession of paintings unsurpassed in merit by any in the Connecticut valley. Owing to the lack of room, but eighty-four pictures were shown, chosen by a competent committee from the best in the city; a large number of fine water colors could have been secured, but it was decided from the first that the collection should consist of oils only. Among the sixty-three artists represented were such well-known names as Ridgeway Knight, Lerolle, Hart, Moran, Parton, Satterlee,

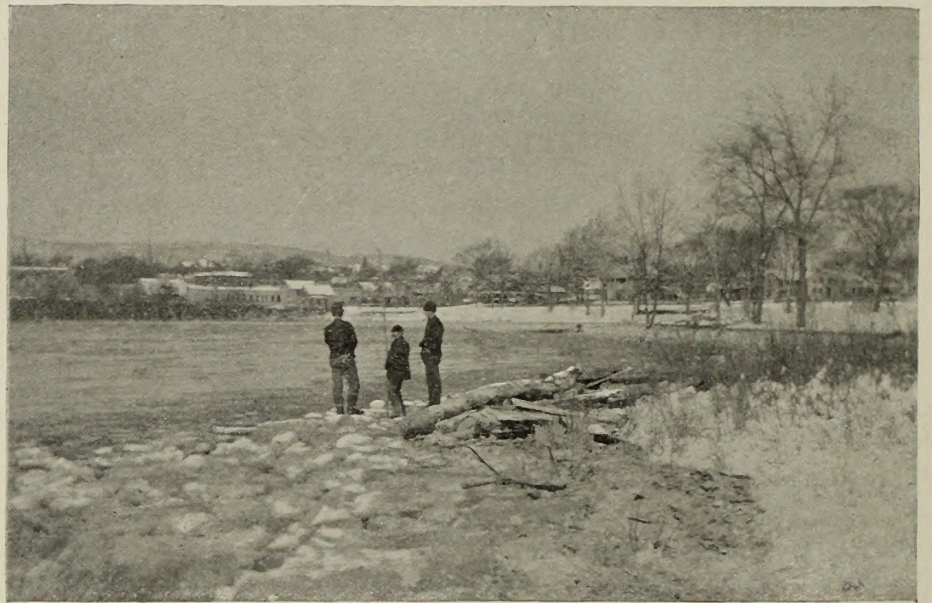


A SPRING STREET TEAM.

Schreyer, DeHaas and J. G. Brown. As an Art Exhibition, it was a decided success, and one in which a much larger and older city could take great pride. Many visitors were attracted from the surrounding cities and towns, and its effect was seen in the number of pictures purchased by Holyokers since the exhibition. In fact, so many fine ones have since been bought by different members of the society, that an equally good exhibition of entirely new pictures might soon be given. This project of affording the people an opportunity of viewing works of art is to be highly commended, and it is hoped that these exhibitions, which are of such a practical value, will

become a permanent feature in the life of the city. While Holyoke has an organization to foster a love of Art, it has also places where practical instruction is given and artistic taste developed. At the annual exhibition of drawing given at the High School this year, work was shown by the scholars of the different schools, that attracted much attention, visitors even coming from other states, and the drawing, in some of its branches, was pronounced to be the finest of its kind in Massachusetts. In all the public schools, instruction is given in drawing to a large number of scholars, and those who desire it may continue their study after graduation. Under the efficient leadership of Mrs. I. E. Ferry the standard is being constantly raised, and better work is done each year by the pupils.

There is also a very flourishing studio art class which has been in existence for two years under the care of Miss Adelaide Moffatt. Painting, both in oils and water colors, is taught, as well as charcoal drawing and wood carving. The number of students has steadily increased and much interest is shown by the different classes. A most successful and enthusiastic class has also been formed of employes in some of our mills. Each year Miss Moffatt has had a Christmas sale, at which the work of the fall is shown, and this year it was supple-

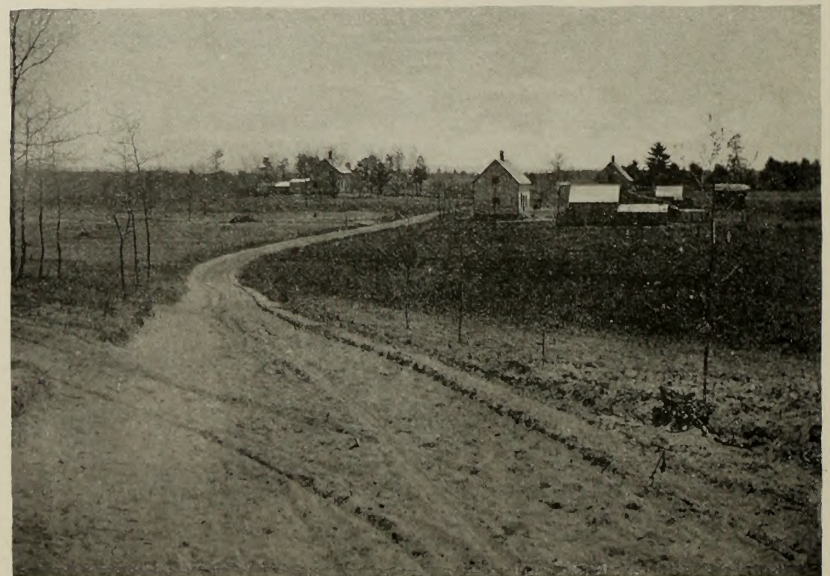


WATCHING FOR FLOOD-TRASH.

mented by a summer exhibit, showing that very creditable work was being done in all the different branches of instruction.

In passing the mills, the attention is often arrested by the green vines which in some cases have nearly covered the walls, making the buildings "things of beauty." So Holyoke Art, adorning the city, will exert a growing influence as time goes on and make itself felt far beyond the city limits.

EDWARD B. REED.



A PLAINVILLE LANDSCAPE.

A YANKEE IN TOWN.

The following incident occurred on the banks of the river one afternoon not long ago. A lot of idlers were standing, seeing which could throw stones the farthest into the stream. A tall, raw-boned, slab-sided Yankee, and no mistake, came up and looked on. For a while he said nothing till the leader of the party, a conceited fellow in a green jacket, began to try his wit on Jonathan.

"You can't come that," said he, and he hurled a stone away out into the river.

"Maybe not," said Jonathan, "but up in our country we've a purty big river, considerin', and tother day I hove a man clear across it, and he came down fair and square on the other side."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled his auditors.

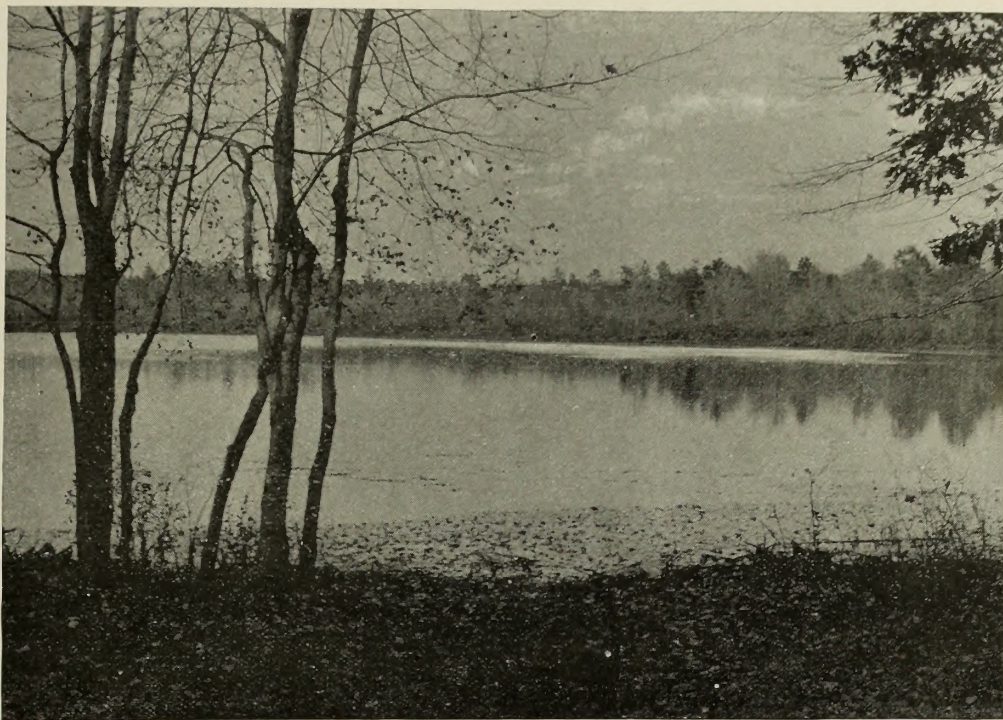
"Wal, now, yew may laff, but I can do it agin."

"Do what?" said the green jacket quickly.

"I can take and heave you across that river yonder, just like open and shet."

"Bet you ten dollars on it."

"Done," said the Yankee, and drawing forth an X he covered the bragger's shin-plaster.



SMOOTH POND.

Across the distance, where the trees
Seem fain to shield it from the breeze,
A lakelet lies;
So smooth and still its waters seem,
Perchance they silent sleep, to dream
Of Paradise.

The close shut gentians backward shrink,
And open not their lips to drink
Along the strand;
The tall reeds never bend to see
Their forms in that transparency,
But silent stand.

And though without, on either hand
There stretch the wastes of scorching sand
With tropic heat—
Within that sylvan circle's round
The air steals through the hush profound,
All cool and sweet.

The drifting clouds come down and float
In shallows, where the lily's boat
At anchor rides;
And here, through ev'ry year's extent,
The summer solstice of content
Fore'er abides.

LAURA SANDERSON.

advancing rapidly to the stakeholder. "You took us for greenhorns, eh? We'u show you how we do things down here in the city," and the fellow claimed the twenty dollars.

"Wal, I reck'n yeou won't take no ten spots jis' yit, captin."

"Why? you've lost the bet."

"Not exactly. I didn't calkilate on dewin' it the first time; but I tell you I kin dew it," and in spite of the loafer's utmost efforts to escape him, he seized him by the back of the neck and the seat of his overalls, and pitched him three yards further into the river than on the first trial.

Again the bully returned amidst the shouts of his mates who enjoyed the sport immensely.

"Third time never fails," said the Yankee, stripping off his coat. "I kin dew it, I tellye."

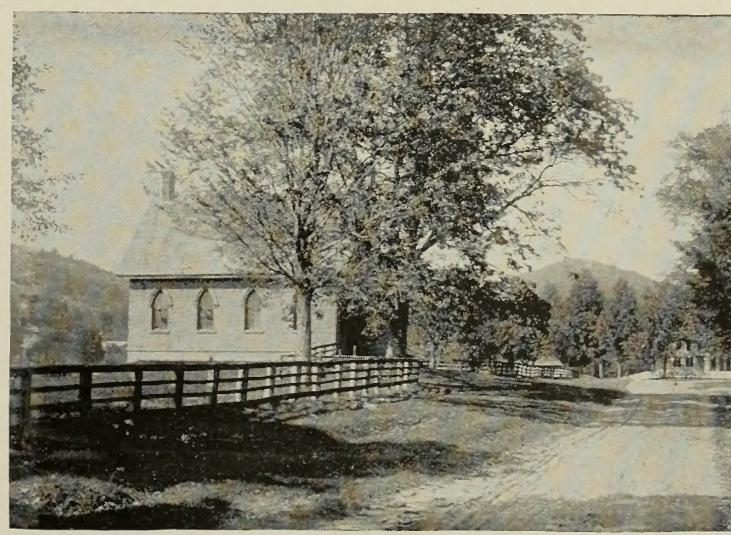
"Hold on!" said the almost petrified victim.

"And I will dew if I try till to-morrow mornin'."

"I give it up!" shouted the sufferer between his teeth which now chattered like a mad badger's; "take the money."



SOUTH HADLEY FALLS—LOOKING DOWN THE SOAP HILL ROAD.



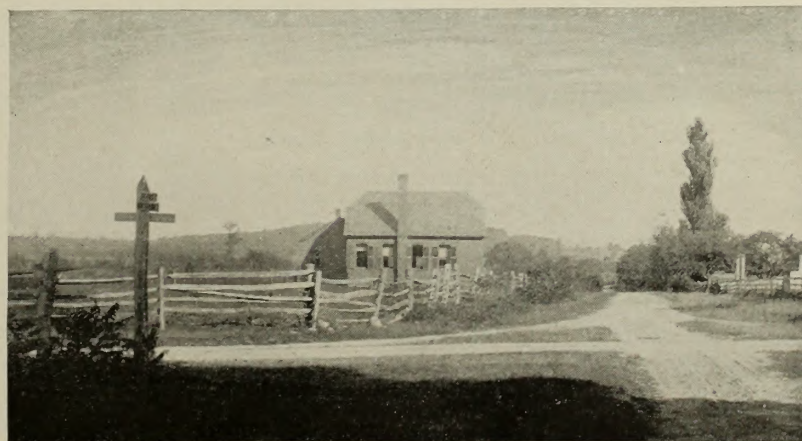
WEST FARMS—WESTFIELD.

"Kin you swim, feller?"

"Like a duck," said green jacket: and without further parley the Yankee seized his knowing opponent stoutly by the nape of the neck and the basement of his pants, jerked him from his foothold, and with an almost superhuman effort dashed the bully heels over head from the bank, some ten yards into the stream.

A terrible shout ran through the crowd as he floundered into the water, and amidst the jeers and screams of his companions the ducked bully put back to the shore and scrambled up the bank, half frozen by this sudden and involuntary cold bath.

"I'll take that ten spot, if you please," said the shivering loafer,



EAST FARMS.

The Yankee very coolly pocketed the cash, and as he turned away remarked:

"We ain't much acquainted with your smart folks daoun here in the city, but we sometimes take the starch out of 'em up our way; and p'rhaps yeou wunt try it ontu strangers agin: I reck'n yeou wunt," he continued, and putting on a broad grin of good-humor, he left the company to their reflections.

SURE OF A PREMIUM.—An illiterate farmer, wishing to enter some animals at an agricultural exhibition, wrote to the secretary as follows: "Also enter me for the best jackass; I am sure of taking the premium."



THE NEW NORMAL SCHOOL BUILDING.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, WESTFIELD, MASS.

The State Normal School, now occupying its new and beautiful building in Westfield, was founded in 1839, in accordance with a vote passed by the Board of Education of Massachusetts, in December, 1838, establishing the first normal school in the state and in America.

This school was opened at Barre, September 4, 1839, but was transferred to Westfield in 1844. During its first sixteen years, diplomas were not conferred. The records of the school will soon contain the names of fifteen hundred, who have, since 1855, received diplomas. It is believed that no other normal school in the United States has exerted a wider or more beneficial influence in improving the public schools, by means of enthusiastic and well-trained teachers professionally prepared for their work.

This school seems to have been the first in the United States to fully develop and apply the method of teaching once termed the natural method, afterwards the objective method, and now known as the analytic objective method. This method had been outlined and partially applied by Pestalozzi, Froebel and others in primary teaching. Other normal schools had made use of it in exercises illustrative of the work of primary schools. In the Westfield Normal School the philosophy of teaching has been studied, its principles formulated, and in every department of study and teaching, the analytic objective method has been applied. This method is now widely used in other normal schools, the principles upon which it rests are acknowledged, and, to its skilful use by teachers trained in our normal schools, the evident improvement in public instruction during recent years is largely due.

The new school building, completed in 1892, is located on one of the finest streets of the town. In finish and attractiveness, in adaptation to the work of a normal school, it is said to be



THE BOARDING HOUSE.

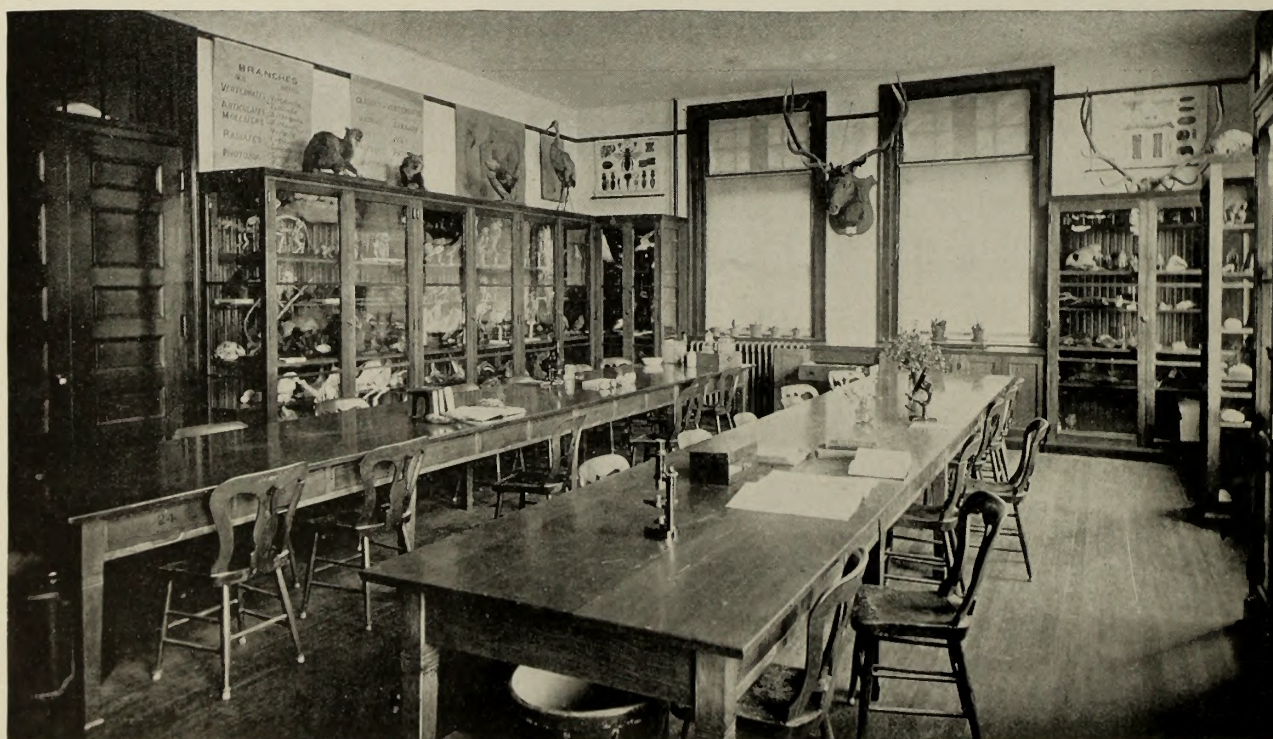


THE OLD STATE NORMAL BUILDING.

unsurpassed by any normal school building in our whole land. In the school as now organized one can fit himself by the two-years' course to teach in the grammar schools of the state, and by the four-years' course teach in the high schools. Those who graduate from the school have little difficulty in obtaining those positions for which their talents and their training in the normal school have fitted them. Among the alumni are found teachers holding very prominent positions in our own and other states. It may be questioned whether there is a city or town in the commonwealth in which a former student of the Westfield Normal School has not taught.

Young men and young women, at a very moderate outlay can, in the normal school, fit themselves for a very useful and honorable work, and they may be reasonably sure of finding employment in it.

The school year is divided into two terms of twenty weeks each. There is a recess of a few days near



AN INTERIOR—THE BIOLOGY ROOM.

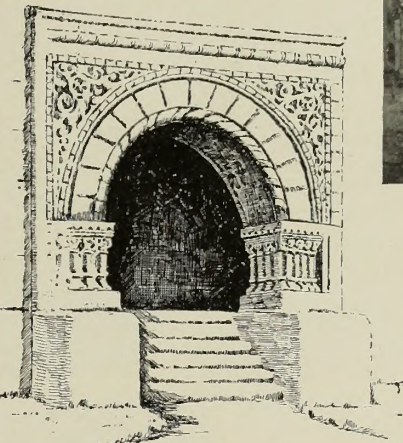


WESTFIELD—SOLDIER'S MONUMENT.

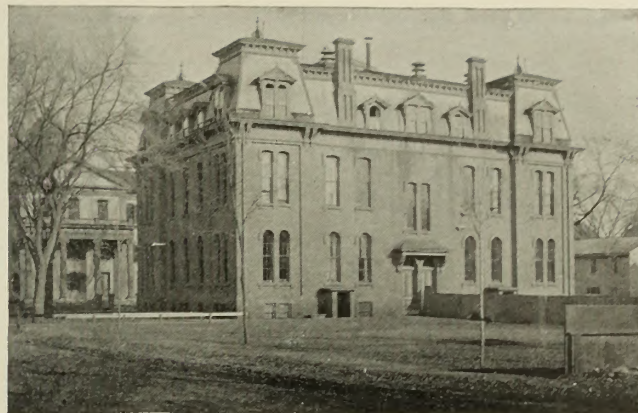
the middle of each term. The fall term begins on Tuesday, the second week in September. The second term begins about the first of February.

The first principal of the school was Samuel P. Newman, professor of rhetoric in Bowdoin College, and for several years its acting president. Emerson Davis, D. D., was principal for two years; David S. Rowe for

changes have been made in the course of study, the standard of scholarship has been raised, a Kindergarten and a Training School of several grades have been added, and a new school building costing, including the site, \$150,000 has been erected. Hon. M. B. Whitney, A. P. Stone, LL. D., and



AN ENTRANCE TO THE NEW NORMAL BUILDING.

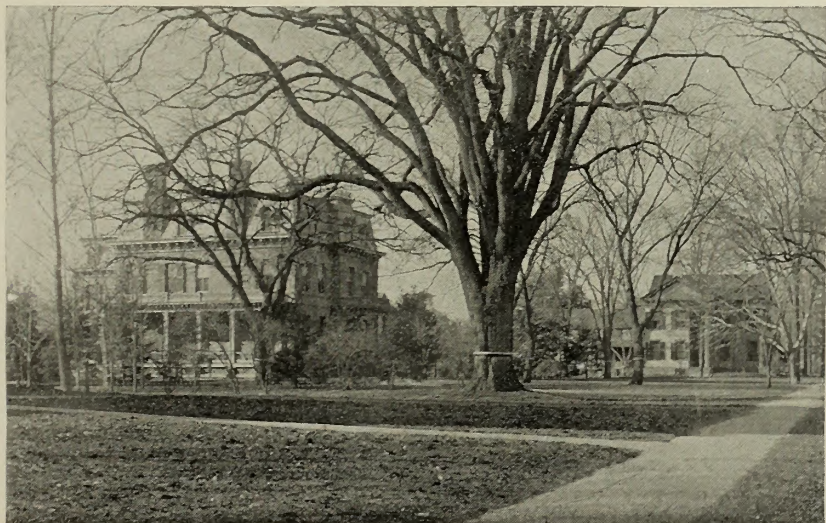


THE OBSERVATION SCHOOL.

Hon. J. W. Dickinson, secretary of the Board of Education, constitute the visiting committee on the part of the State Board of Education. Under their direction as building committee, the improvements in the Boarding Hall have been made and the New Normal School building has been erected.

WESTFIELD SKETCHES.

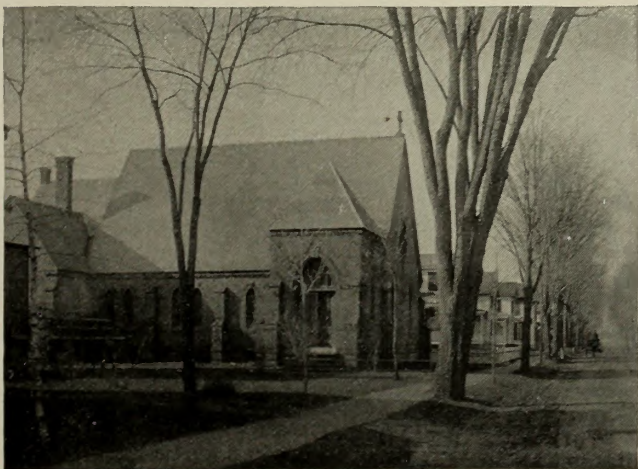
Westfield, cradled between the hills of the Green Mountain range, gem of the Woronoco valley, is one of the most charm-



THE HOLLAND HOUSE.



METHODIST CHURCH.



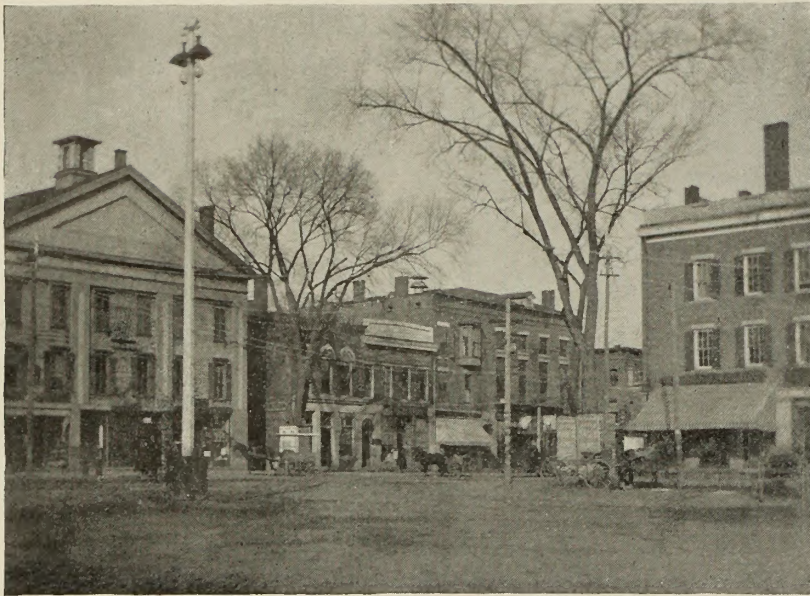
EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

nearly eight years; William H. Wells for two years; J. W. Dickinson, now secretary of the State Board of Education, twenty-one years, and J. G. Scott nearly ten years.

James C. Greenough, first assistant in the school for fourteen years and afterwards principal of the Rhode Island Normal School at Providence, entered upon his duties as principal of the Westfield school early in 1887. During his administration the commodious Boarding Hall has been much improved, important



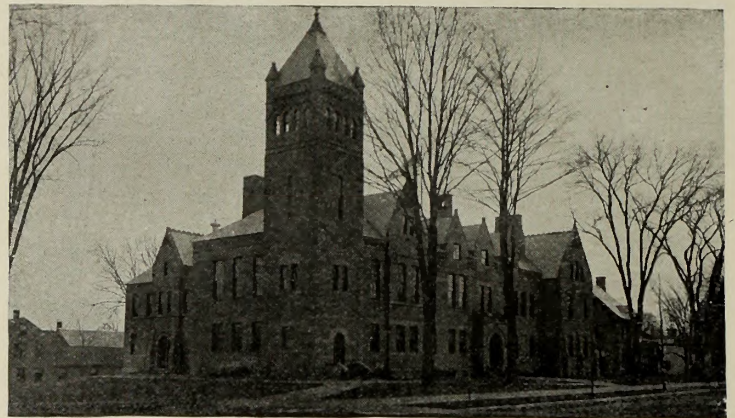
COURT STREET HOMES.



CORNER OF ELM AND MAIN STREETS.

abounding with beaver and its forests with game. Once it was the bed of a magnificent lake, and to-day, were a dam forty feet high built at the narrow outlet of the combined rivers between the mountains on the east, the entire valley would be inundated.

Not willingly did the aborigines yield the territory to the invading whites, and for nearly one hundred years following the earliest settlement most of



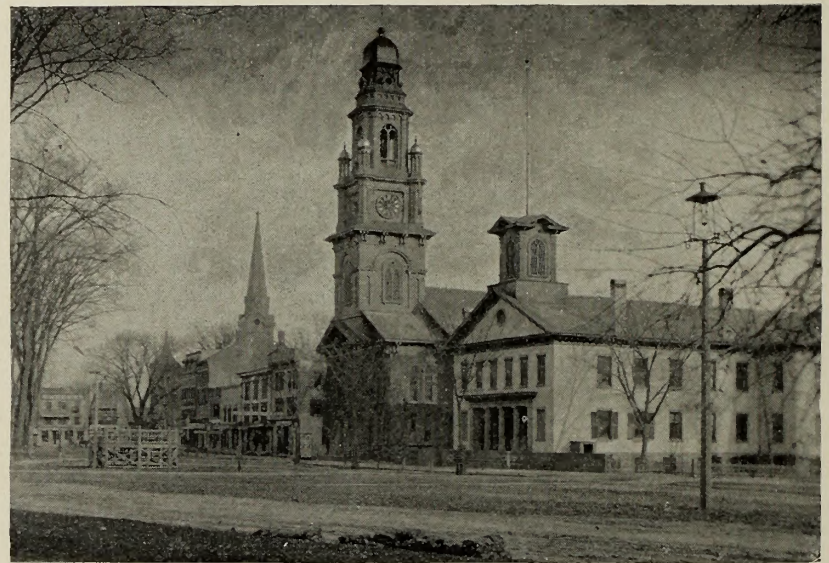
THE HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.



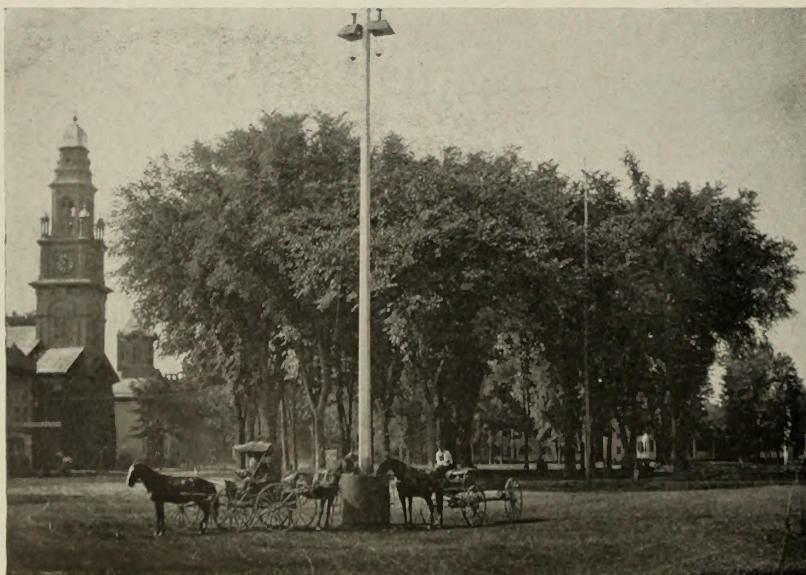
SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

give it the euphonious title of Woronoco, presumably after the name of one of the tribes of Indians frequenting its rivers and forests. This name, however, was changed to Westfield* when it was set off from Springfield, and given a separate corporate existence, it being the westernmost settlement in the Massachusetts colony.

Woronoco was a favorite hunting and fishing ground for the Indians, its streams



FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AND TOWN HALL.



PARK SQUARE IN SUMMER.



A WINTER VIEW OF COURT STREET.

the houses were built for defense against savage attack, and for a long period a palisade two miles in circumference was maintained with a central fort to which all would fly in case of alarm. This fort was located on the bluff of the river near what is now known as the Iron bridge, and traces of the old wells dug to supply the beleaguered inhabitants with water were to be found but a few years ago.

Southwick, Russell and Montgomery were once included in Westfield territory, but at various times have since been set off as separate townships. 1666 was the birth-year of the first child born in town, and he proved, as



AMONG THE PARK SQUARE ELMS.

have hundreds of those following him, the healthfulness of the place, living to the age of eighty-eight.

It was in 1667 the first meeting house was erected, and for nearly a century the call to Sunday service was by the beat of a drum.



WINTER AT PARK SQUARE.



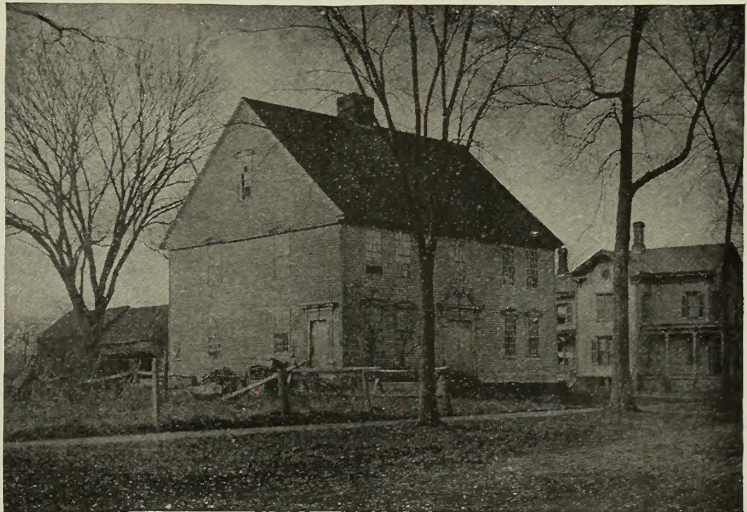
COURT STREET IN SUMMER.

During King Philip's sanguinary war, in 1675, the settlement suffered not a little from Indian attacks, several of its members being killed and others carried into captivity. It was counseled by the government at Boston, that by reason of its isolated situation and inability to send soldiers to defend it, the settlement be abandoned, but to this the inhabitants would not listen. Old Chief Gray Lock was their most

persistent enemy, but fortunately he craved captives more than scalps. Many lives he thus spared when opportunity was afforded him for killing but not capturing alive.

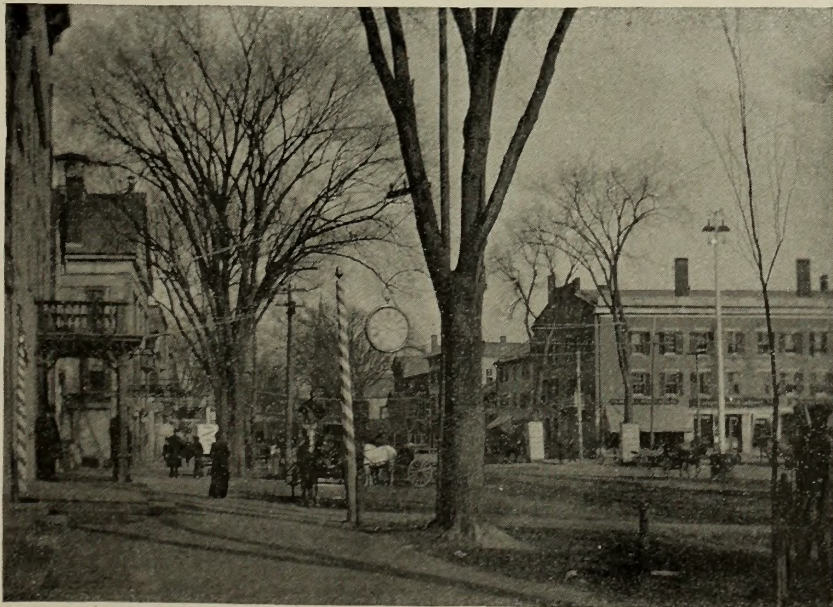
Alquot and Wallamunt were good Indians and sachems of "Waranoke" and "Pochasuck." They sold land to the settlers and traded with them. The names of their tribes are preserved in the present Woronoco and Pochassic, the latter a hamlet under the shadow of Mount Tekoa.

Ample is the folk-lore verbally preserved to-day in old families of Indian customs, and savagery, and subtlety. The Indians in a few generations degenerated



THE AZARIAH MOSELY PLACE—SILVER STREET.

ated into dissolute vagabonds, a burden to the community. But they were capable of often outwitting the whites in sharp practices. On a bitter cold winter day old Wahposucum appeared at the chief trading post with a lot of baskets to exchange for "fire water." In jest the trader offered him for the lot



ELM STREET AT PARK SQUARE.



BROAD STREET.



AUTUMN AT PARK SQUARE.

as much rum as he could carry away in one of the baskets. With a grunt of satisfaction the guileless child of the forest strode to the near-by river and with his hatchet cut a big hole in the ice; then he repeatedly dipped a basket in the stream and exposed it to the zero atmosphere until inside and outside was thickly coated with ice, making it capable of holding liquids. Stalking back to the

trading house he presented the ice-covered basket and demanded fulfillment of the agreement. It was kept to the financial loss of the trader and joy of Wahposucum, who carried off a gallon or two of rum instead of the expected pint. But the luck was too much for him, and before spring he was numbered among the certainly good Indians who had gone to the



EZRA CLAPP HOTEL—BUILT BEFORE 1752.

happy hunting grounds.

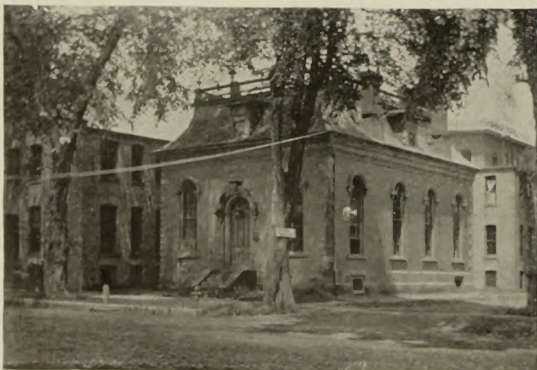
Another red-skin, whose wigwam was in the district known almost to this day as "Madagascar," had acquired among the whites the reputation of being a notorious liar. One day an ancestor of Selectman



THE ORIGINAL WHIP FACTORY, BURNED 1853.

Thayer's remonstrated with him on his propensity to falsify and said he should at least tell two truths to one lie. Not long after the Indian went to his mentor with a tale of having killed a fat buck near Mount Tekoa, which being unable to carry he had slung into the fork of a white birch sapling. To reach the spot one should take the western trail for three miles to a blasted oak, then turn northward until a big chestnut tree stood in the

way. A little to the east of this the white birch sapling and deer would be found. So minute was the description that his listener fully credited the story and gave the Indian a fair price for the venison, the purchaser to take a horse and bring in the buck. No deer was found at the place described and on the first opportunity the Indian was taxed with his untruthfulness. In exoneration of his action he said he had complied with the injunction to tell two truths to one lie. He had done even better, for the blasted oak was there, also the big chestnut tree and white birch sapling,



THE ATHENAEUM.

and though the deer part of the story was untrue, he had told three truths to one lie.

Except for a gristmill or two, Westfield had little or no manufacturing until, well into the present century, whip making was then begun in a small way and in time became the town's leading industry and made it known all over the country. More whips are made here than in all other factories in America, and its drum-



THE WORONOCO HOUSE.

mers penetrate to nearly every hamlet in the land. Within thirty years cigar manufacturing has assumed prominence; also the manufacturing of steam heaters, these lines employing several hundred men. Whip thread, church organs, casket hardware, leaf tobacco packing and paper making are other important industries, and its several insurance companies prove no small factor in adding wealth to the community every year.

Justly proud are Westfieldians over their educational advantages. The new State Normal School building, dedicated this year, is a model of beauty and convenience. It cost \$150,000 and replaces for service the mosque-like old building in use for nearly half a century. The high school is second to the state school only in cost, and

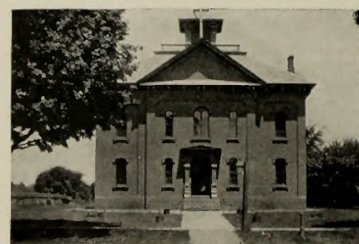


THE OLD ACADEMY.

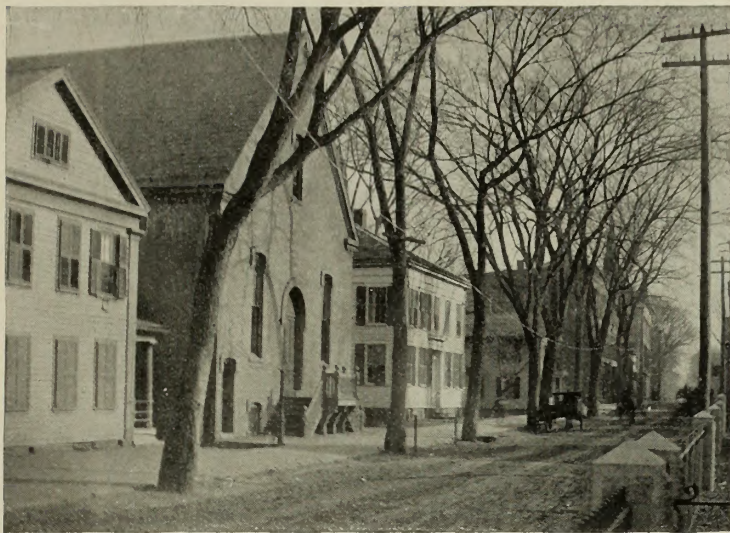


AFTER THE BIG FLOOD OF 1879.

with its corps of well-paid teachers is likely to maintain its present high standard. Nothing remains of the old Westfield Academy, instituted in 1800 and for many decades known and honored throughout Massachusetts, save a memory and the picture herewith reproduced. It was a wooden structure, and used as an annex after serving over fifty years for all the requirements of the institution. Since the property passed into the hands of the town and the buildings, enlarged and



FRANKLIN STREET SCHOOL.



THE ADVENT CHURCH.



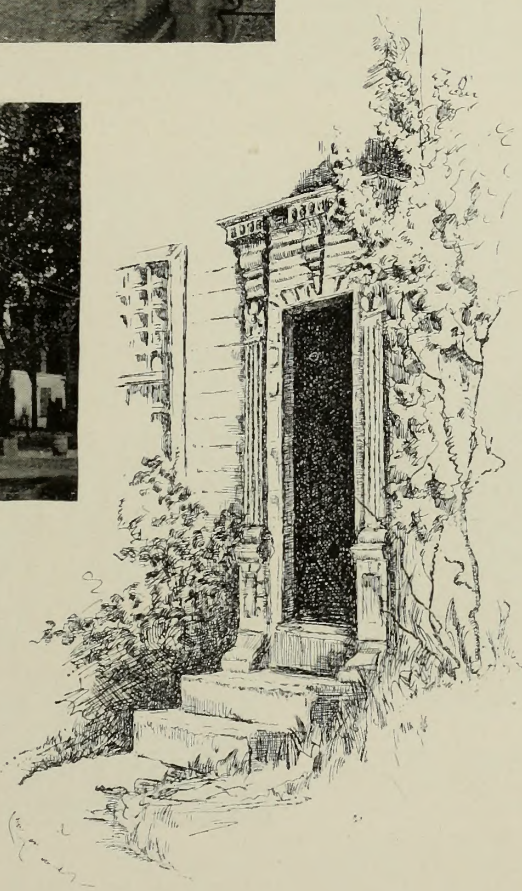
THE MEADOW BETWEEN FRANKLIN STREET AND GREAT RIVER.



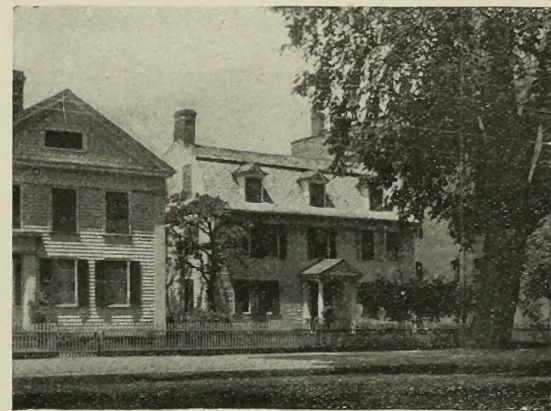
BAPTIST CHURCH.

transmagnified, became the high school, the wooden annex was burned and the old bell, which for nearly ninety years had rung the school hours, was broken with the fall of the tower.

An earthquake just one hundred years ago frightened people not a little, and, though doing no serious damage, was considered of sufficient moment to be recorded on the town records, as were also floods which inundated the valley in 1819 and 1826. The flood of October, 1869, was very damaging to buildings, land and crops, but not to be compared to that of 1879, when the river dike gave way and allowed the stream to sweep its wild course almost through the center of the town, crushing houses and factory buildings like eggshells, and causing a loss of not less than a quarter million dollars. As a result of this disaster, the town widened the dam under Elm street bridge, to give a freer passage for the water in case of the sudden rising of the river, cleared away the standing timber on the banks of the stream at the gorge between the mountains at the eastern outlet and raised and strengthened the dike, so that all possibility of floods in future is reduced to a minimum. A new bridge across the river was built at a cost of \$40,000, and Elm street widened and straightened.

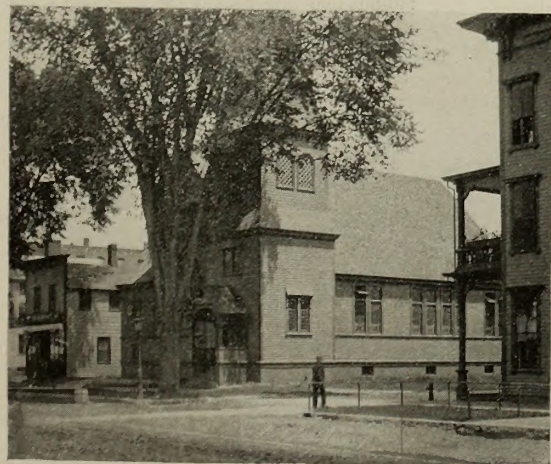


AN OLD DOORWAY.

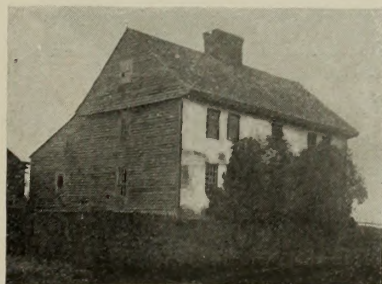


THE JOHN ATWATER HOUSE.

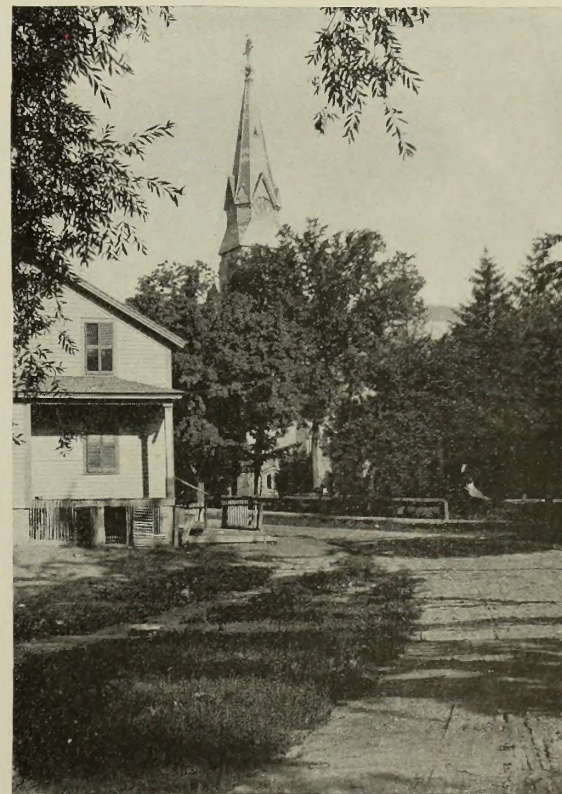
Chief among its military heroes the town boasts General William Shepard, whose determined and prompt action promptly squelched the famous Shays' rebellion in 1787, and saved the United States Arsenal at Springfield from capture by the insurgents. In 1754, at the age of seventeen, he enlisted and fought the French and Indians for six years, returning home a captain. With the breaking out of the Revolution, he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel in the Continental army, serving close to General Washington. Six



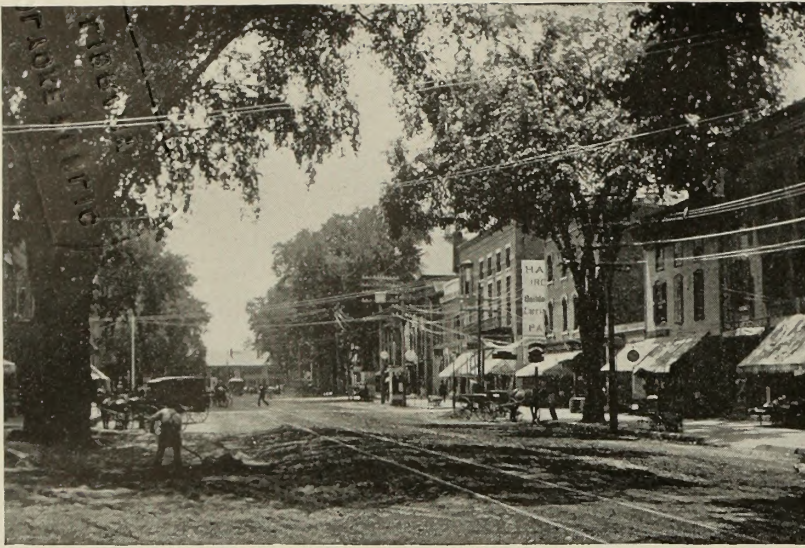
UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.



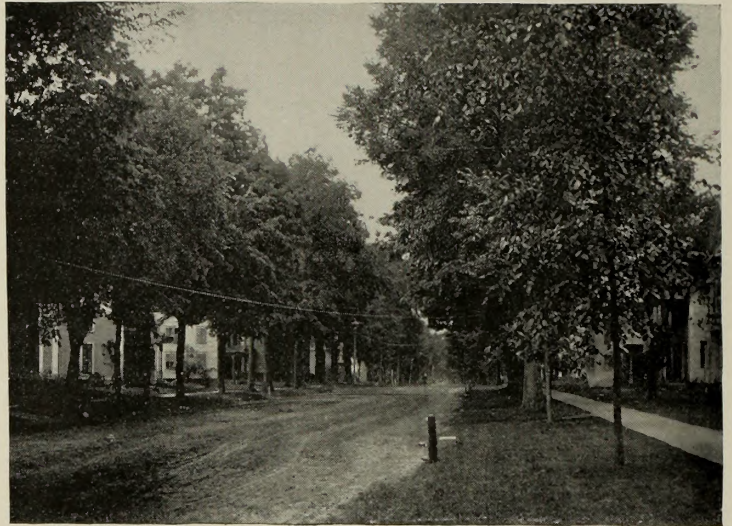
ELDER AMBROSE DAY HOUSE.



CATHOLIC CHURCH.



ELM STREET.

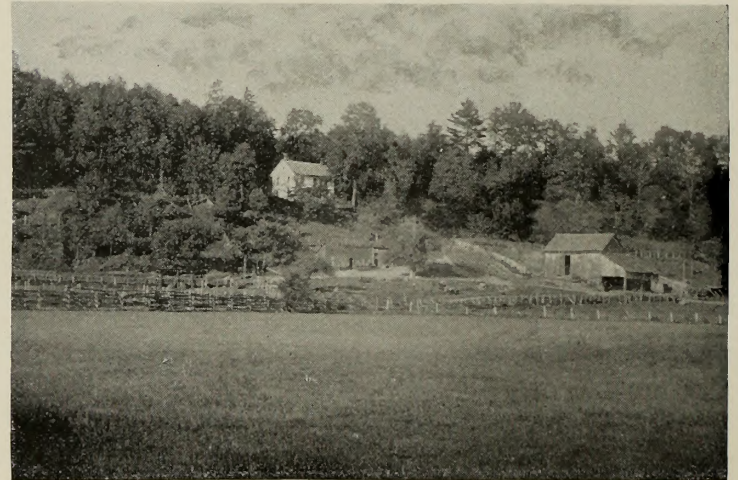


FRANKLIN STREET.

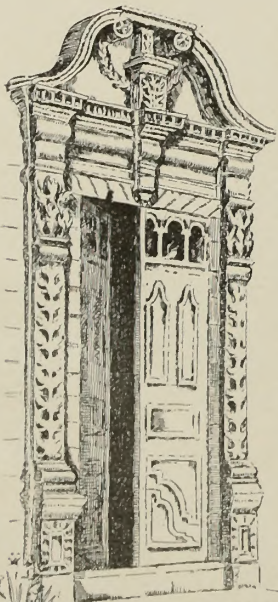


ON EAST MAIN STREET.

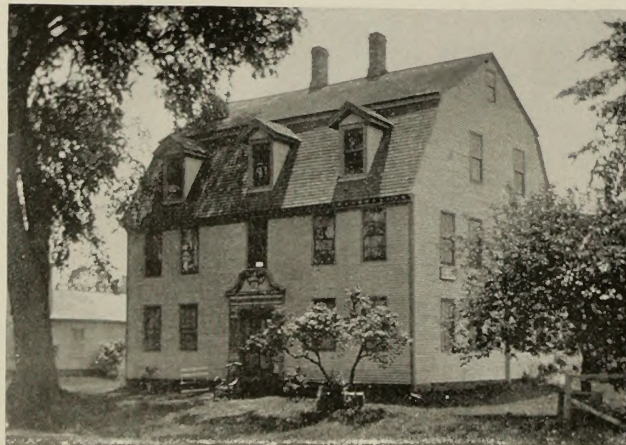
years later he was a general under Lafayette, and fought in twenty-two battles. Afterward he was a member of the State Senate and of Congress, and major-general of the State militia.



A HILLSIDE NEAR SPRINGDALE.



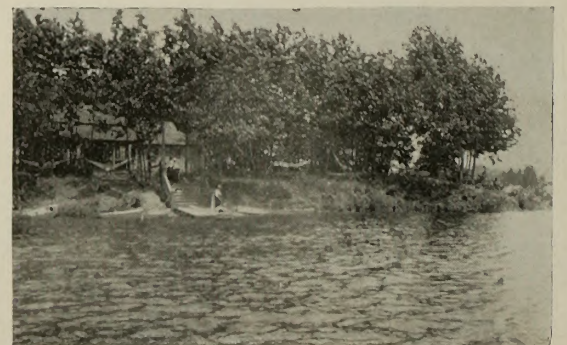
AN OLD-FASHIONED ENTRANCE.



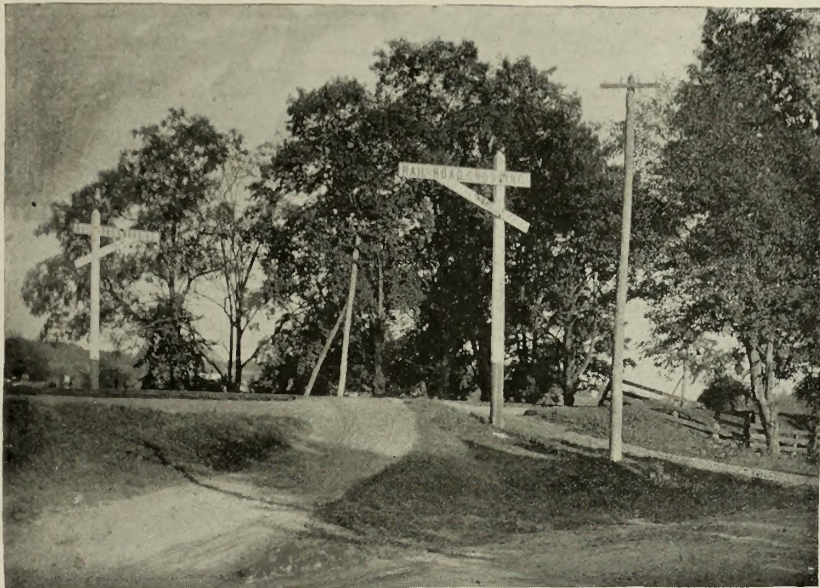
THE LANDLORD FOWLER HOTEL.

The first church of the place was organized in 1679, but a meeting house was erected at least four or five years before this. Where it once stood is now the bed of Little river. A second house was built in 1720, and burned in 1803. It was replaced with a larger one in 1805, which, after being unused and dismantled for over a quarter of a century, was burned in 1888.

its sister colony as to jurisdiction over the settlement, both claiming the territory. It was agreed by the two colonies to refer the question to representatives to survey the land and establish the boundary line. The Nutmeg representatives failed to appear and the Massachusetts men, having everything their own way, not only laid out the line so as to include within their borders Westfield and what is now Southwick, but nipped a chunk about two miles deep and one mile wide right out of Connecticut, so as to secure control of the handsome chain of pretty lakes, of late years a favorite summer excursion resort. This is how it happens on the maps that Massachusetts is seen to send a little spur into Connecticut.



HAMPDEN PONDS.



A BOSTON AND ALBANY CROSSING NEAR COUNTY BRIDGE.

The old cemetery on Mechanic street is an interesting spot. It dates back to almost the earliest settlement, and the oldest gravestone records 1683. Quite a number bear dates between 1687 and 1700. Good care is taken of the place, a permanent fund having been established for the purpose.

The Day house at Day district is probably the oldest building now standing in the town; but this distinction belonged, until its burning a few years ago, to the Ingersoll homestead at Little River, where the ancestors of famous Colonel "Bob" Ingersoll lived. It was a stockade and the house a fort during the time of Indian depredations.

In closing, it may be noted that for several interesting old-time pictures shown on these pages, the book is indebted to Mr. Henry Holland. For several modern pictures about town credit is due Mr. W. J. Smith.

J. D. CADLE.



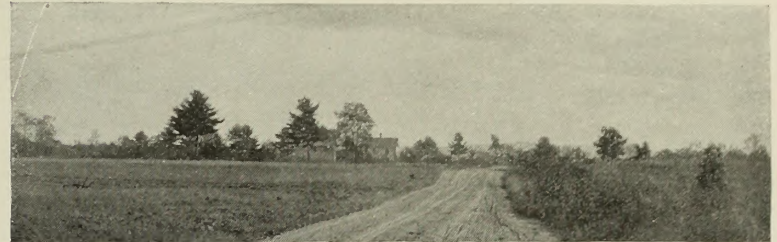
BAPTIST CHAPEL, UNION STREET.

THE OLD-FASHIONED COUNTRY HOUSE.

Standing alone in quiet dignity and looking up to the everlasting hills of gray rock, brown pasture and verdant forest, or across fertile meadows and fragrant, sunny orchards, the old New England country house is one of the most charming and characteristic types of human habitation. In its simplicity and breadth there is a suggestion of Dutch ancestry, and the self-respect and straightforward purpose that belonged by inheritance to the Anglo-Saxon race are never lacking. It displays withal a certain stubbornness of aspect, declaring most unmistakably, whether large or small, that its right to be is beyond all question. The grim old castles of the Rhine were not more in harmony with their rugged surroundings; not more distinctly a

product of the time and place in which they were built. But there the resemblance ceases, for beyond and above all else these blessed old rural homesteads exhale an air of peace and tranquility, not always, alas! of plenty. The benediction that was pronounced when their foundations were laid in domestic happiness, mutual helpfulness, industry and individual freedom, seems to linger still in spite of decay, hard times, and modern innovations; in spite of mortgages, unsanitary conditions, and other ills that are of the earth, earthy.

Of course the world moves, and it moves in the right direction. To dispute this is to declare life not worth living and the universe a failure. But we are not always going up hill even when climbing mountains. There are valleys of humiliation to pass through, swamps and rough ravines to cross, and it is at least an open question whether in the matter of domestic



THE PLAINS NORTH OF THE TOWN.



A NEW ENGLAND MEADOW—AFTER A PAINTING BY J. J. LA VALLEY.

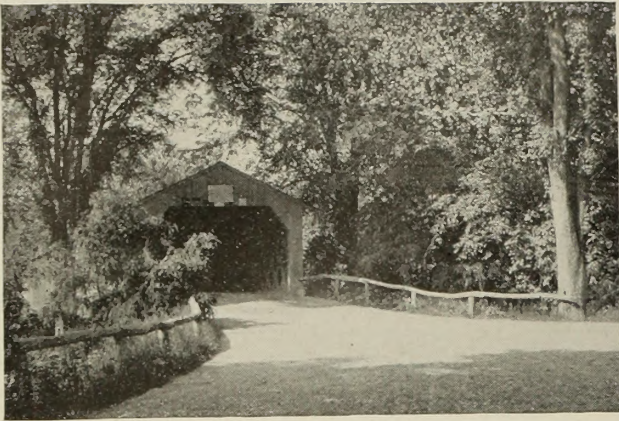
architecture we have not lost more than we have gained since these houses were built that were so typical of the home life which they both sheltered and revealed. Undoubtedly all human dwellings ought to express, and usually do express, the characteristic traits of their builders. A frivolous man, or a man devoted to a frivolous wife, which is much the same thing, ought to live in a tawdry house; a selfish man belongs in a narrow one, with contracted windows and a small chimney; for him of broad sympathies and hospitable instincts should be provided a dwelling whose external aspect suggests these aimable qualities.

Undoubtedly the home life of the native inhabitants of New England, than whom a race of nobler capacities or broader influence never lived, was far more serious, simple and dignified two or three generations ago than it is at present. Its current moved with

a more serene and even flow. Its boundaries were not so wide, but its course was more direct. It had fewer mysteries, fewer whirlpools, fewer sudden turns and ebullitions. Hence the greater simplicity, grace and dignity of the dwellings of the people, qualities that abide even under a complete change of environment. There is nothing that more clearly reveals innate strength or weakness in men or in houses than the manner in which they meet a change of fortune. To bear reverses cheerfully, whether from good to bad, or from bad to good, is a supreme test of



THE HIGHLANDS ON THE HOLYOKE ROAD.



OLD BRIDGE NEAR CRANE'S MILL.

merit. And how nobly those old houses rise superior to their changed estate! Whether abandoned of men, given over to the owls and the bats, torn as to their roofs and shattered as to their windows; whether confronted from across the street by the ostentatious airs and supercilious glances of Queen Anne villas with all the modern conveniences; or, as sometimes happens,



CRANE'S POND.



A GROUP ON CRANE'S STOCK FARM.

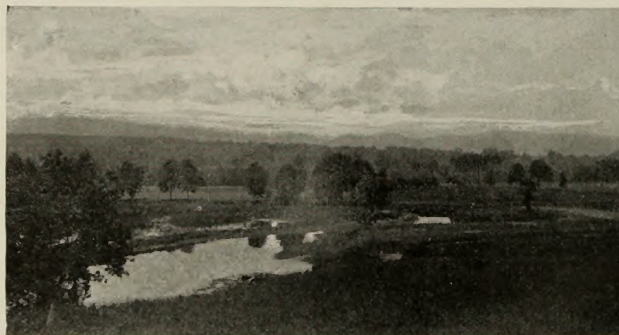
generations. There are in these old-time dwellings certain essential and enduring qualities, without which there can be no really good architecture; qualities which it would not be far from the truth to say are usually wanting in our capricious, ostentatious and often unaccountable modern architectural productions.

For abundant examples of this depraved architecture we have only to look around us. We can find them by the score on every village street and in every city suburb. They have their reward



RESIDENCE OF J. A. LARIN.

overwhelmed by the swelling tide of commercial prosperity, till high brick walls look contemptuously down into their broad chimneys and electric cars, blue, green, red and yellow, buzz before their patient portals, whose old-time frets and fine mouldings are weather worn and wrinkled like the palsied features of an old man, — whether deserted, despised or swallowed up, through all these vicissitudes, the same air of quiet self-respect and honest purpose remains with them, compelling our admiration and sympathy. And this impression which they make upon us is not a matter of romantic fancy, of real or imaginary associations that cast a halo around the social and domestic life of former



WOLFPIE MEADOWS.

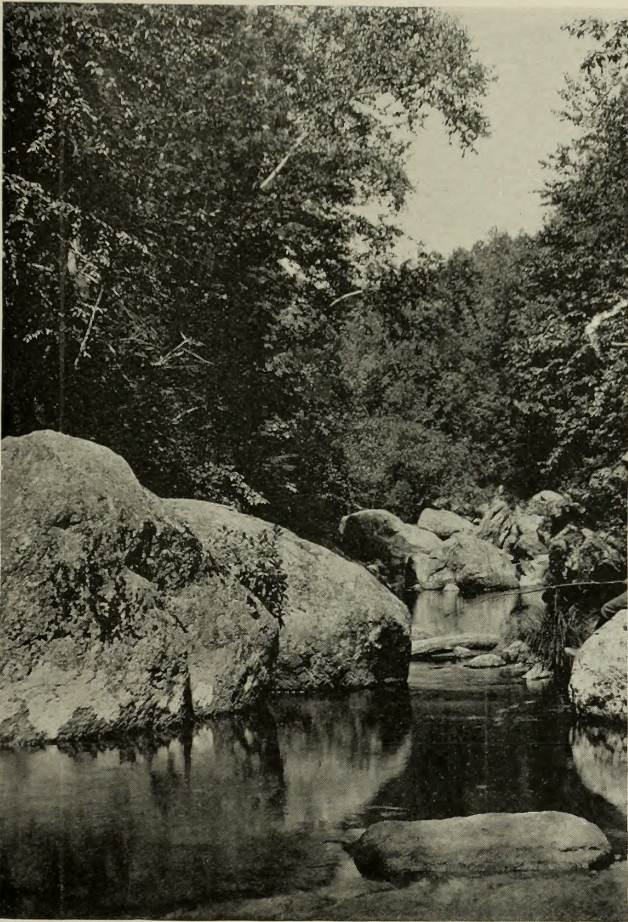
and their glory. They are built to be seen of men, to provoke wonder, envy and amazement; also, what goes without saying in this mercenary age, always for sale. For the other kind, for the houses that were built for homes, for the household hearths whereon the sacred fires are never quenched, we must turn backward to the time when architects drew their inspiration from a clear and noble purpose, and builders were content with skilled work and simple materials. It is a mistake to suppose that individual character can only be distinctly manifested by extraordinary conduct and features. There is no company of people so much alike as a crowd of lunatics; the fantastic freaks our fancies play in



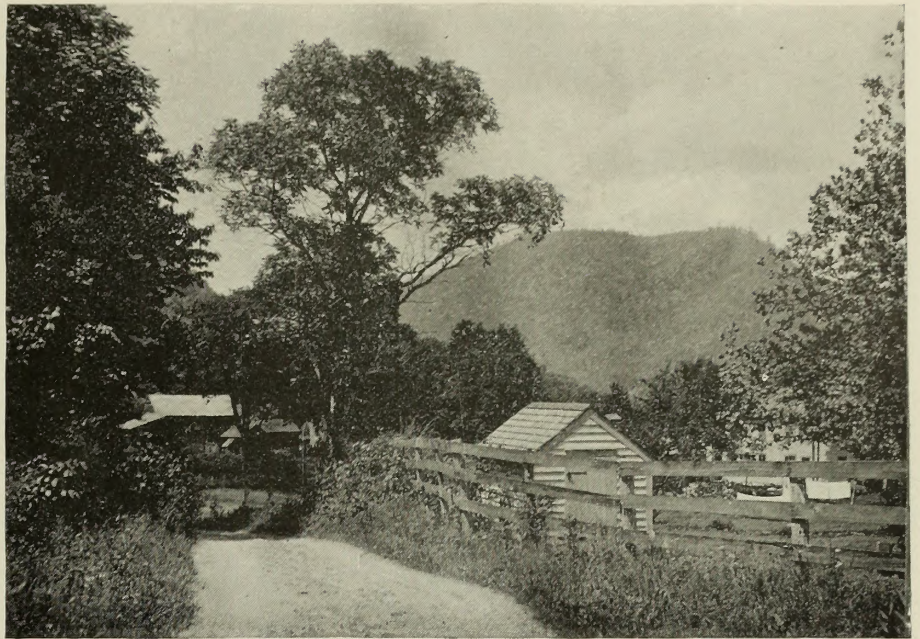
RESIDENCE OF J. A. CRANE.



IN THE PINE HILL CEMETERY.

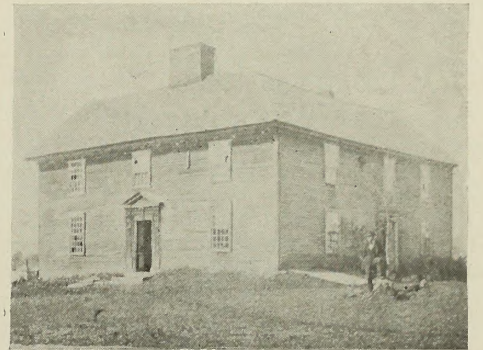


THE STREAM—MUNN'S VALLEY.



MADAGASCAR.

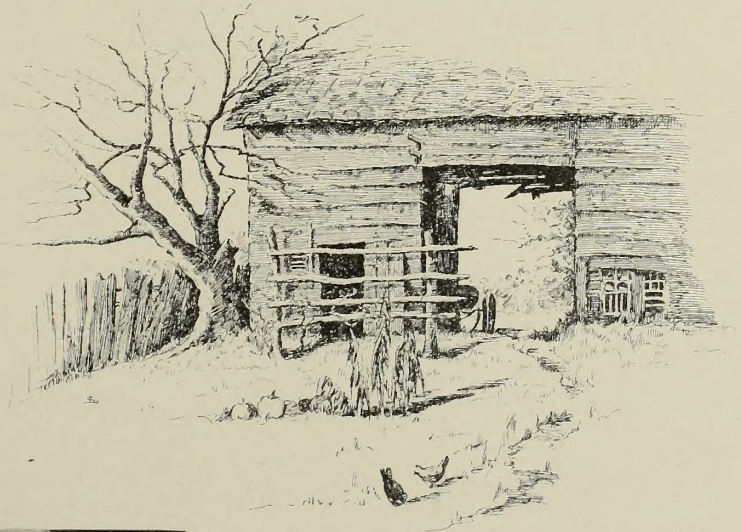
dreams have more real monotony than our most cleverly trained waking thoughts, and there is far more varied expression, far more individuality in the simplest of these old habitations than in the complex and over-burdened compositions of the present time. They wear no masks and have neither holiday attire nor company manners, and yet they reveal with utmost frankness the characteristic traits of



OLD INGERSOLL HOUSE—LITTLE RIVER.

THE BROOK.

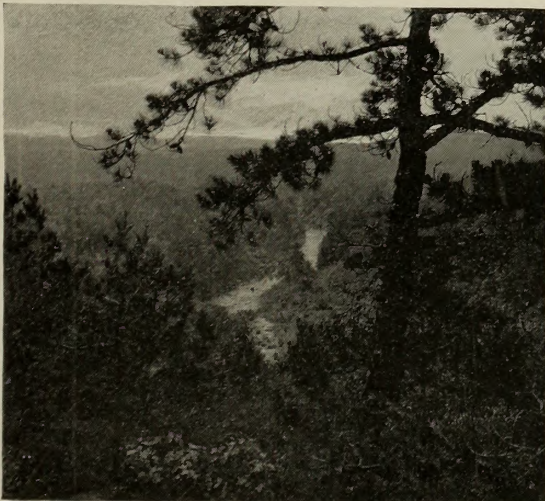
In the sunshine,
In the shadow,
In the wood and in the meadow,
Never knowing
Where 'tis going,
Babble, bubble,
Slip and tumble,
Blink and 'bide,
Seek and hide,
Through the seedtime,
Through the mowing,
Flowing, flowing,
Sometimes drawing,
Sometimes falling,
Ever to the thirsty calling,
Ever glad,
Never sad,
By the sweet fern,
Mid the rushes,
It with sudden impulse gushes.
Liquid laughter—
Faster! faster!



A BACK SHED.

those who build them, and even seem to wear on Sabbath days an added calmness and serenity.

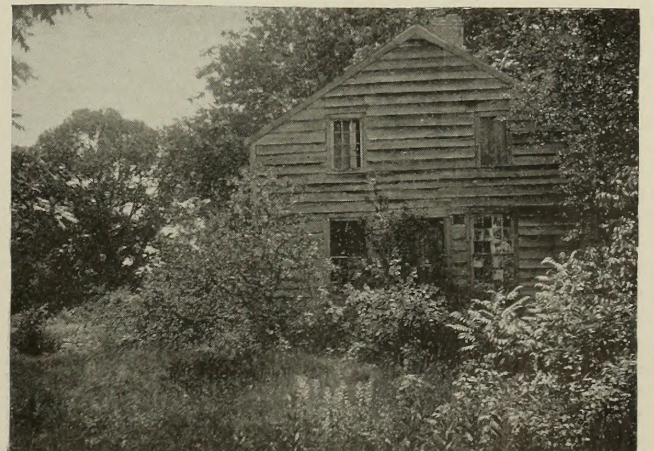
Shall we, then, take these old houses for our models in domestic architecture? Yes, and no. Their uncompromising severity of form does not always suit our varied wants, or permit the exercise of that instinctive desire to make the most of the situation in which we find ourselves, and their indifference to minor comforts as well as to essential sanitary needs is not, to our practical common sense, commendable; but it is certain that we shall have no more good domestic architecture until we, too, work with all honesty of purpose, preferring simplicity and dignity to their opposites, regardless of passing fashions and strange, fantastical inventions; until we are able to make it perfectly clear that the goal of our



THE VALLEY AT DRY BRIDGE.

What has gone before comes after.
By the pine trees and the maples,
By the hemlocks and the chestnuts,
In and out among the sumachs,
Mid the twitter and the singing
Of the bobolink and catbird,
Of the bluejay and the robin,
From morn till evening, from eve till
morning,
Bringing beauty to the wild rose,
Bringing fragrance to the lily.
Over ridges,
Under bridges,
Fretting 'gainst the roots and ledges,
Lingering mid the bosky sedges,
By the sawmill,
Through the village
To the meadow—
In the sunshine,
In the shadow.

ARTHUR MITCHELL.



DESERTED HOUSE, NEAR THE FOUR MILE HOUSE.



THE WASHINGTON TAVERN.

race is not a rare and wonderful house, but a peaceful, happy home, whose external beauty shall be the natural result and outgrowth of the highest utility and of the sweetness and light within.

E. C. GARDNER.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

Turnips should never be pulled, it injures them. It is much better to send a boy up and let him shake the tree.

The Guano is a fine bird, but great care is necessary in rearing it. It should not be imported earlier than June or later than September. In the winter it should be kept in a warm place where it can hatch out its young.

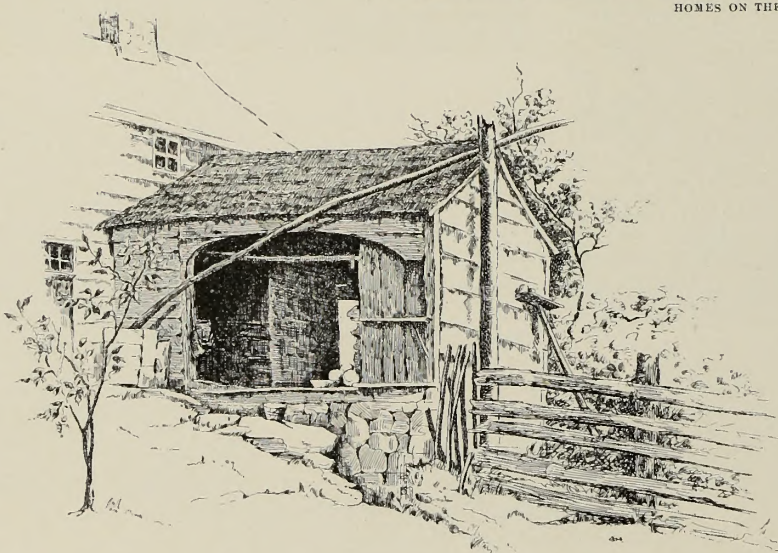
It is evident that we are to have a backward season for grain. Therefore it will be well for the farmer to begin setting out his cornstalks and planting his buckwheat cakes in July instead of in August.

Concerning the pumpkin.—This berry is a favorite with the natives of the interior of New England, who prefer it to the gooseberry for the making of fruit cake, and who likewise give it the preference over the raspberry for feeding to cows, as being more filling and fully as satisfying. The pumpkin is the only esculent of the orange family that will thrive in the north, except the gourd and one or two varieties of the squash. But the custom of planting it in the front yard with the shrubbery is fast going out of vogue, for it is now generally conceded that the pumpkin as a shade tree is a failure.

MARK TWAIN.



HOMES ON THE BOULEVARD.



AT THE BACK DOOR—WASHINGTON TAVERN.



A QUIET DAY ON THE WESTFIELD.

A POEM OF YE OLDEN TIME.

The following ballad was recited by a venerable woman who died past eighty, nearly a score of years ago, and who heard it in her girlhood sung by old folks who knew the facts. The sad tale was set to a simple tune, the third line rising in a high wail, but all the other lines a melancholy moan. The tragedy had for its scene the wilds of Westfield. The closing stanza apparently lacks two lines, though it is possible that the two given were joined to the preceding stanza, with a repetition of the tune, making it doubly impressive.

ONE ISAAC ORCUTT.

One Isaac Orcutt was his name,
Who lately into Westfield came,
To cut some timbers for his sled,—
The snow was deep, he had to wade,

Nigh forty rod to an ash tree,
The top was dry, as you may see;
He cut the tree off from the stump,—
The top was dry — threw back a chunk,

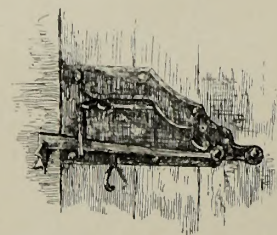
Which flew and hit him on the head,
And stunned him, though he was not dead;
There the poor senseless creature lay
All the remainder of that day.

No search was made by any one
Until the setting of the sun,
When Mr. Donly and his son,
Alarmed, set off upon a run,

They soon behold him where he lies
And gaze on him with steadfast eyes;
The blood had issued from the wound
And thawed a passage to the ground.

They took him up and bore him home,
Put him to bed in a warm room.
They rubbed his limbs and dressed his wound
And strove to force some med'cine down.

All useful remedies was tried,
But in the e-even-in' he died.



AN OLD DOOR LATCH.

THE RIDE ABOUT THE COUNTY.

WESTFIELD, FAIRFIELD, RUSSELL.

One bright June day I left Holyoke, and, taking the way over the hills southwest of the city, jogged along toward Westfield. The road leads for miles along the irregular Ashley ponds. Marshy meadows and low pasture slopes and patches of woodland border them and give the landscape a pleasing variety and continual change. The morning was cool and quiet, with just enough wind stirring to dimple the shining expanses of the ponds. Houses are few and far between along the road, which, as I proceeded, became a narrow path with rank grasses and tangled growths of bushes growing close up to the wheel tracks. But that civilization with all its modern improvements was close at hand was soon evidenced by my meeting a little company of men with a four-horse scraper working on the road. It had been very comfortable traveling before, but the newly mended road was soft and lumpy, and, when the horse attempted to trot, the carriage was converted into a sort of rattle-box, of a character very disagreeably shaky. It is a case, I suppose, where present evil must be philosophically endured for the sake of future good, though it is to be hoped that modern inventiveness will discover some way of mending country roads that will produce results more directly agreeable.

In time, I crossed a level, open expanse of upland with a charming view across the fields of the blue hills in the far west, and at its further borders, where grew a thick skirting of trees, dipped down into the valley of the Westfield. The valley here widens out into a vast expanse of fertile meadows, and in the midst is Westfield town. You get an attractive view of it from the hill here. Its age and the richness of its soil is witnessed by the thick-growing elms which so envelop it that you can glimpse hardly more than the spires of the churches and an occasional roof-top.

As you drive through Elm street, which is the chief business thoroughfare of the town, one is impressed that while the place appears to be a thriving manufacturing center, its energies seem concentrated in a single industry—that of whip making. Indeed, the casual visitor carries away the impression that about every other building in the business portion of the town is a whip shop.

The two railroads which pass through the place give it uncommonly good connections with the world outside, and the little



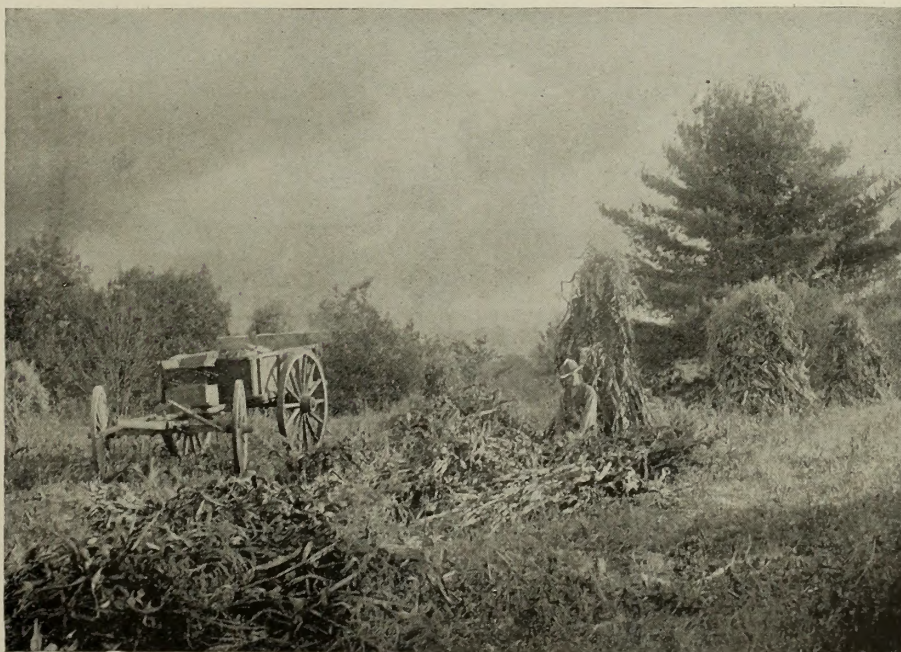
FLOWING AT SUNRISE.

ON THE HILL.

Over the crest of the hill in the gray light of the dawning,
Over the crest of the hill, the old man and young man go,
Lo, all the Kingdoms of earth, and all the glory of them
Glitter and shine before them in the misty vale below !
The heart of the young man leaps as he stops on the hard-won height,
While city, and town, and river, burst on his longing sight :—
“ Oh, were I there, among men, I would struggle nor ever tire
Till I plucked the flower, Success, full-blown from the bud, Desire
I would succeed, I know it, and here I must work like a slave
Till old, and labor-worn, I drop into my grave ! ”

The old man smiles, “ In youth such thoughts perhaps were mine ;
There is crime and want and woe beneath that glitter and shine ;
If you win success, (and one will succeed where hundreds fail),
Bitter the struggle and long, many the foes that assail.
It is better to have your own home, and that on your own bit of land
Serving only Earth, our mother, who pays with liberal hand ;
And gaining comfort and plenty for yourself and for your own,
You ought not on your farm to envy a king on his throne.
Nay, the farmer on his farm is the peer of all the kings !
He holds the world’s true sceptre, he touches the hidden springs ! ”

JULIA TAFT BAYNE.



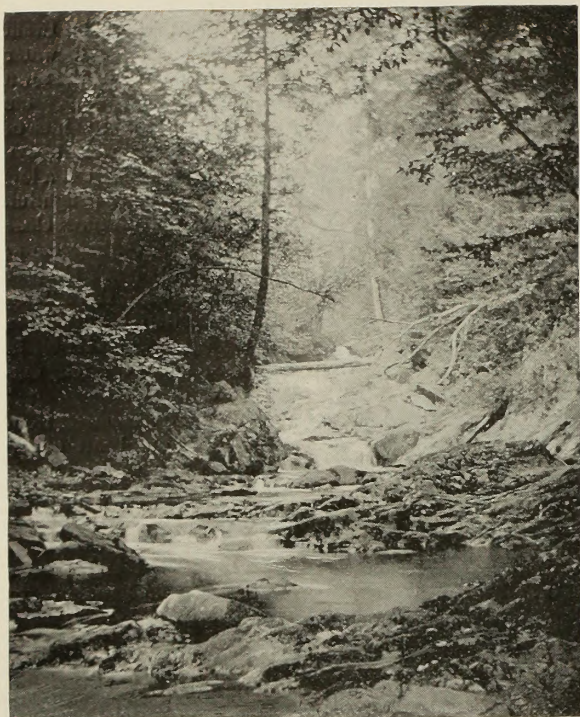
CORN HUSKING TIME.

river which cuts it in twain furnishes a considerable water power for the mills in the town or on the outskirts. Along the stream are many pretty bits of scenery. A short walk above the bridge at the center is a low meadow that is quite delightful. It is cut up into pastures close cropped by the grazing cows; two or three lily ponds sleep in the hollows, and there is a pleasant scattering of trees about the fields, while far off in the west are the gracefully outlined hills.

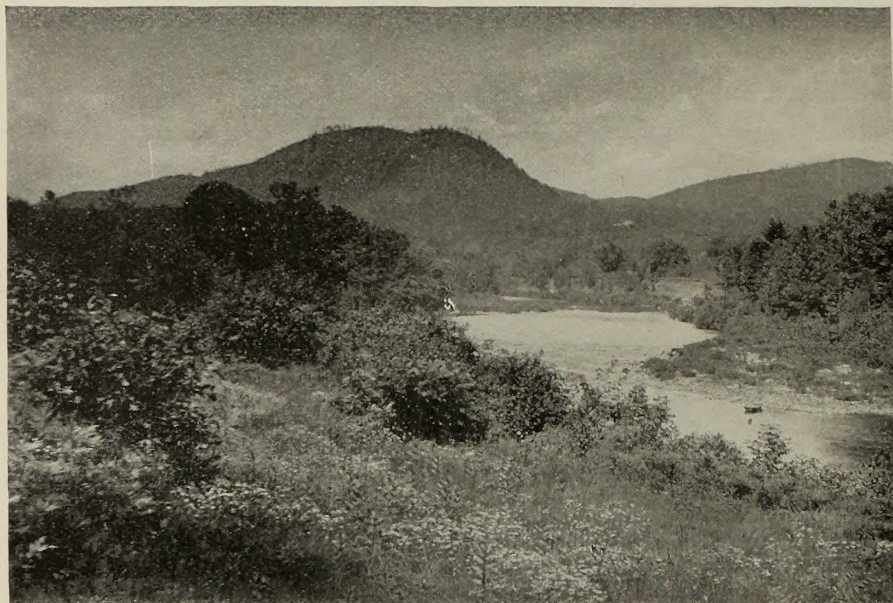
Follow down Elm street from the depot to the heart of the town and you come to a handsome park of thick-planted elms which throw into deep shadow a large fountain in their midst. The trees are tall and slender columned and expand above in an almost solid mass of foliage. Within the shadows it is pleasant to sit on the settees or the convenient curbing of the fountain and doze or meditate and look out upon the sun-lighted buildings of the town which wall in the square.

Westfield has an unusual number of handsome streets lined with well-grown elms. Four of these I would mention particularly — Broad street, Court street, Franklin street, and Main street. These shadowed aisles, which the great elms overarch, are particularly grateful during the hot days of summer. The old elms bespeak Westfield as one of the pioneer towns of Western Massachusetts, and the place holds many old-time residences which further corroborate this inference. Perhaps the most interesting of these is the old tavern on the outskirts of the village where Main street approaches the open fields to the east. Here the British General Burgoyne stopped over night in the time of the Revolution. It is a handsome, high-shouldered building shadowed by one or two big elms. Its front entrance is an interesting specimen of the elaborate woodwork early architects were fond of lavishing on the front doors, and there is besides a decorative cornice beneath the eaves.

The town’s best streets are lined with numerous comfortable homes. They are well built, attractive and commodious, but they rarely lay claim to much architectural pretension. On Broad street is the new normal school building, immense in size, yet of massive and handsome architecture that gives it a monumental character very much in keeping with its educational purpose. South of here, just beyond the confines of the thickly settled town streets, is as fine a village mansion as is to be found in the

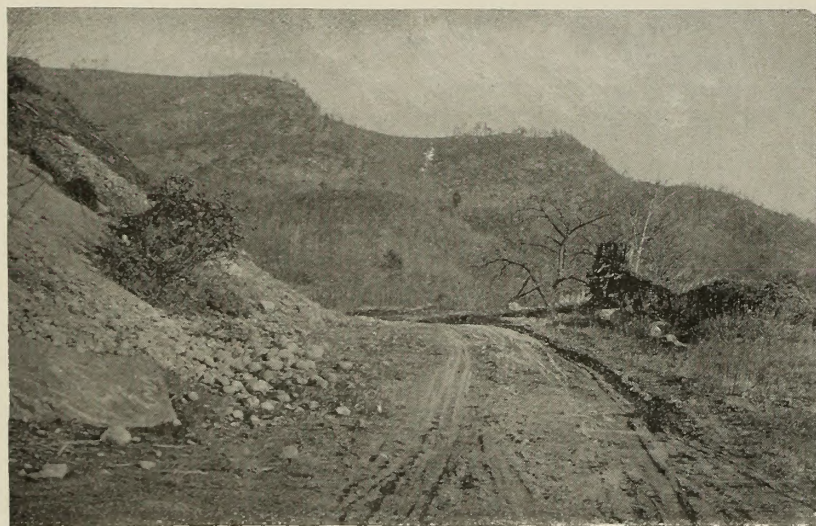


A MOUNTAIN BROOK.

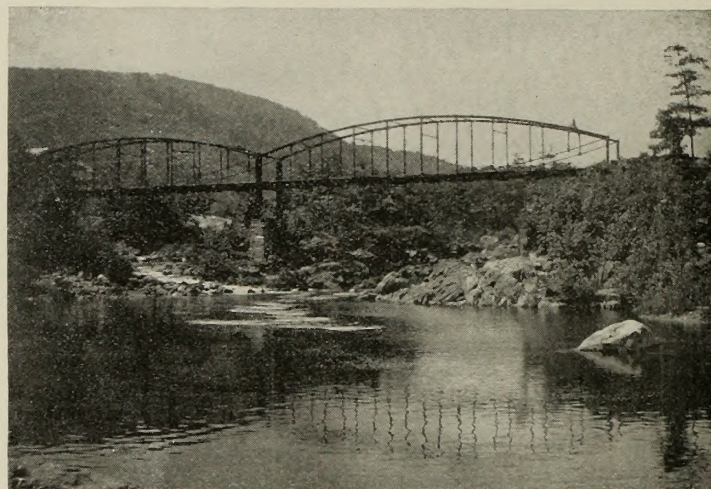


ALONG THE WESTFIELD.

water after flowing over the dam went on in a wild series of plunges over an immense mass of water-worn rocks that choke up the wide ravine. This point in the stream has the name of Salmon Falls, though its right to the title is not of the present, but dates back to the fabled fishing days of yore. An iron bridge spans the stream where the chasm narrows and the foaming waters make their final plunge into a quiet pool below. The bridge is at a dizzy height in the air, not to be matched by any



MOUNT TEKOA.



HIGH BRIDGE—FAIRFIELD.

county. It is the residence of J. A. Crane, the paper maker, a large, brownstone dwelling of varied yet harmonious design, in the midst of a broad expanse of well-kept lawn.

On the June day of my visit, after wandering about the town for some time, I took the road up the Westfield river. Nature became more rugged as I proceeded, the road grew more hilly, the granite mountain masses began to lift themselves into prominence, and the stream in the hollow lost its quiet and sent up rippling murmurs from its stony bed. At Fairfield the region became very striking in its picturesqueness. In a little basin of the valley here, hemmed in by the giant mountain ridges, is a big paper mill, and about it a small village on the irregular hillsides. Above was a wide-spreading pond, and the



A FAIRFIELD ROADWAY.

like structure in the county.

North of the stream is an old house which repays a visit. It was built in the days when Massachusetts was a colony of Great Britain. It is a low-roofed dwelling with a great stone chimney, and within is an open fireplace which has never been blocked up with bricks and mortar as is apt to be the case in these old houses which retain their big chimneys.

The next place which the winding road up through the woods and fields of the valley brought me to was Russell. The village was almost hidden by the heavy leafage of its maples. The valley widens here into a low level of perhaps a half-mile circumference, bounded, except where the stream cleaves its way, by wooded hills and rough mountain slopes, and here stand the village houses,



OLD HOUSE—FAIRFIELD.

and on the banks of the stream a single big mill. Another short drive west along the stream brings the traveler to a hamlet of mill houses clustered about a big paper mill at the place known as Crescent Mills. Here I turned back. Evening was approaching and the sun, hanging low over the western hills, had lost its midday heat, and in the woods the cool damps of the night were already gathering.

About sunset I drew up before the long piazza of the "Four Mile House," on the borders of the township of Westfield, its distance from the town center being indicated by its name. The landlady sat in the doorway looking over an evening newspaper. The landlord was visiting at a neighbor's, but one or two calls brought him across the street, and the horse and I presently had supper. That disposed of, I betook myself to the piazza, where a group of three or four were discussing politics. The leading spirit of this group, by which I mean the one who had the surest manner and the most vigorous tones, held discourse between puffs at his pipe, to the effect that there was no earthly doubt but that Harrison would be elected. He said that talk about civil service reform was humbug. He believed that "to the victors belong the spoils." For mugwumps

he said he had no kind of respect—they were just disgruntled republicans turned democrats because they wanted office. He confessed that in town affairs, where he knew the man, he voted for the one he thought best, independent of party lines. He did the same in state affairs, though less often, because it was more difficult to get definite knowledge. That seemed to lay him open to the charge of mugwumpism, but he declared that in national matters he stuck to his party through thick and thin, so I suppose he will be saved at last.

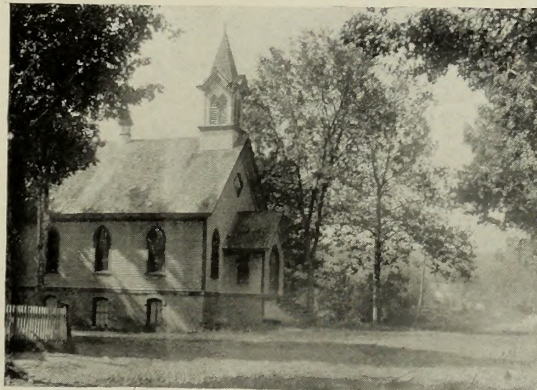
"That's a first-rate good fellow," said one of our company, when this chief



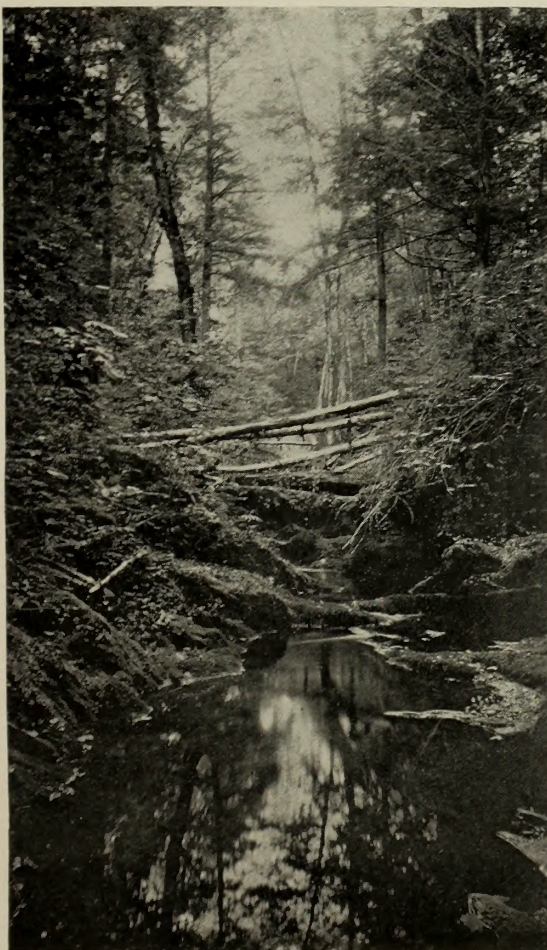
THEIR OWN DOGGIE.

of the arena left, "but he's pretty red hot on politics."

Next morning just at daylight we had a little shower, but though the day continued clouded there were signs of clearing and I concluded I might continue my picture quest after breakfast. While my host was attending to his stock at the barn, I took a walk about the place. Two or three houses besides the tavern are all there is to the village, which number seems not even to warrant the dignity of a name, unless it is designated by the doubtful title of "Madagascar," a christening it received in times past from certain drunken stage drivers who used to carouse here. What significance that particular title has it would be hard to say. The village has a delightful situation high up on the hill-slope above



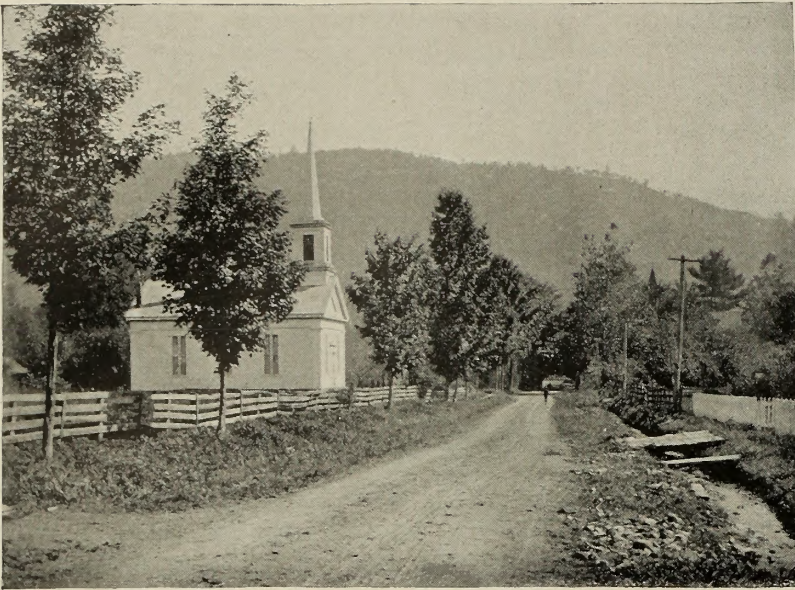
METHODIST CHURCH—RUSSELL.



A STREAM IN THE WOODS.

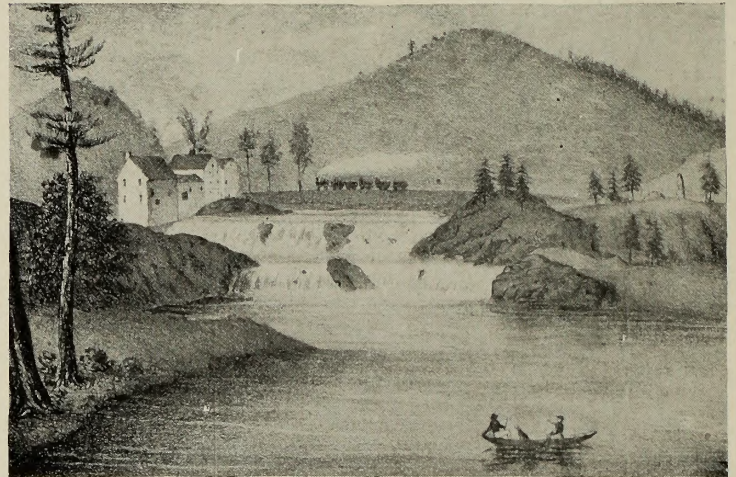


THE FALLS AT THE CRESCENT MILLS.



RUSSELL — BAPTIST CHURCH.

taverns" a mile up the road. Hampden county is a famous place for these Washington taverns, for the father of his country seems to have been a leisurely traveler, and every place where he stopped over night has taken his name. Westfield, Springfield and North Wilbraham have each one of these taverns, and though all are grey and weatherworn with their century's battle with the elements, all are in a fair state of repair and still have families living in them. This one in Westfield I found particularly interesting. It is one of the square, high, old-fashioned buildings fronting an open yard, with a variety of quaint sheds and barns just above. An ox team stood in the yard, and a second ox team was in the open doorway of the barn, attached to a cart that was being loaded with hay. The house, within doors, retained much of the form and flavor of its olden-time newness. There was the great chimney filling up as much space as a small-sized room, odd closets, quaint hinges and latches on the doors, paneled woodwork in nearly every room, and up stairs open fireplaces and walls of hard-finished plaster elaborately decorated in



AN OLD PICTURE OF THE CRESCENT MILLS.

The following advertisement appeared in connection with this picture as a circular about 1840 :

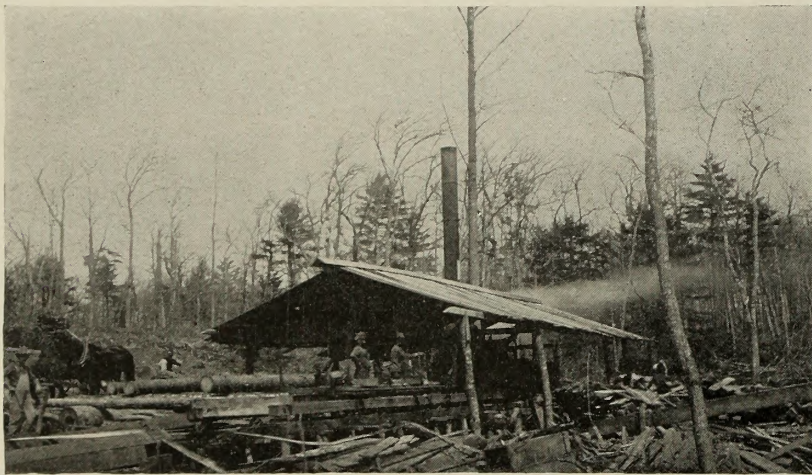
The above is a view of the Great Falls on Westfield River, in the town of Russell, Massachusetts, twenty miles west of Springfield, and within four hours' travel of Albany, six of Boston, and nine of New York. The Western Railroad runs within a few rods of the Falls.

The water power at this place is very great, there being a fall of from thirty or forty feet, and all of the water sufficient for three largest class Cotton Mills, can be used for manufacturing purposes.

The bed and banks of the river here are composed of white coarse-grained granite and slate rock, and large mills could be built on solid rock foundation.

The whole of the water power including a Grist Mill, Dwelling House, and about 180 acres of land for sale on favorable terms, by

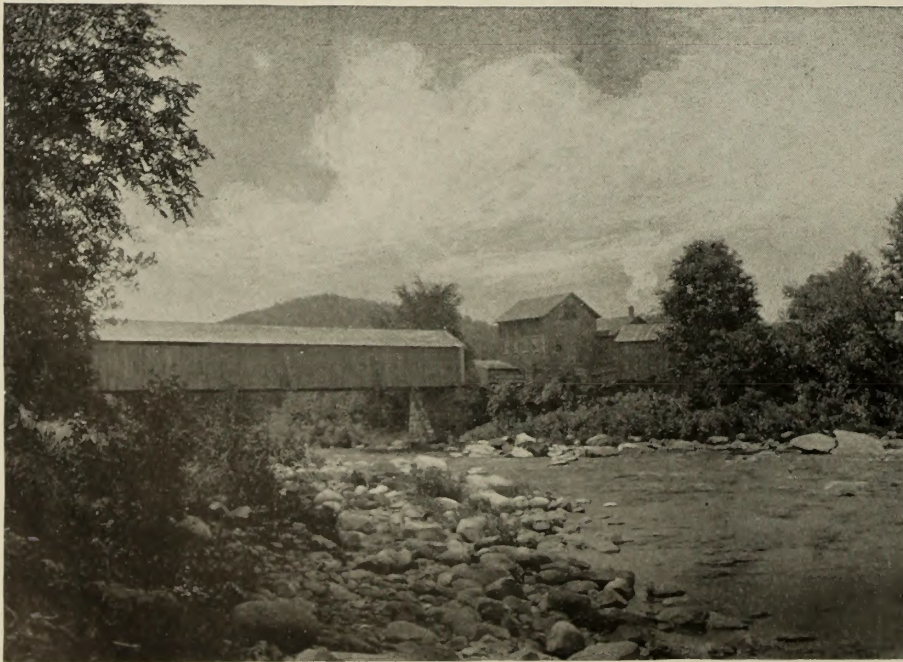
CYRUS W. FIELD,
No. 9 BURLING SLIP, NEW YORK.



A STATIONARY SAWMILL.

the river, and across the valley rises the high, handsome spur of Mount Tekoa. This morning the mists were trailing about its summit, but at times lifted while a mellow patch of sunlight drifted over the landscape.

At eight o'clock I took the steep road to the south. I planned to see one of the "Washington



UP THE WESTFIELD RIVER.



ON THE EDGE OF THE WOODS.



AGAWAM—THIRSTY SCHOOL CHILDREN.



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

colors. I visited the simple corner room which Washington occupied so long ago, and climbed the stairs to the great garret under the angle of the roof. Here were treasures in the way of decrepit furniture, spinning wheels, old crockery, etc., and my attention was called to the fact that the roof of the house had formerly beneath the shingles a lining of birch bark, shreds of which still remained here and there. The bricks of the big chimney were laid in clay instead of mortar, and its sides were streaked with muddy ooze loosened and carried down by the coursing of the rain-drops. Lastly, I was shown the big cavern of the cellar and saw the massive foundation of great stones on which the chimney was reared, and found out where the choice liquors of the place in its tavern days were stored, and where were kept the hogs-heads of cider rolled in at the wide hatchway. At the

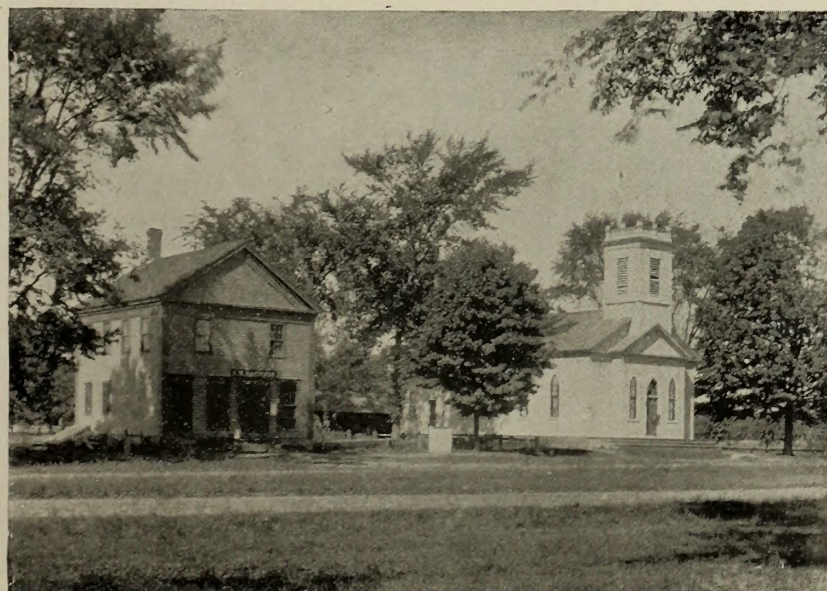


THE AGAWAM RIVER.

back door, the old-time flavor of the place was kept intact by a great well-sweep. It seemed to me that water drawn from the depths by such a poetic institution must taste quite superior to that we get from our prosaic pumps, and I asked the privilege of a draught from the "old oaken bucket which stood by the well." But the water proved limy, and one or two swallows were sufficient to quench my thirst and dissolve the poetry of the situation. The man of the house said you had to get used to it before you liked it—that for his part he much preferred it to the ordinary "hard" spring water.

A short drive up the road, I was told there was "a wonderful dry bridge," immensely high over a great ravine. Before this was built people had to go over the mountain by climbing up a rude path over the rocks that, in one place, had been chiseled out into steps. I was told that General Burgoyne came over

this mountain path and rode down these steps on horseback. I determined to visit so romantic a spot without delay. The road had taken a steep upward incline, skirting a high hillside, where, below in the deep-wooded valley, were shining reaches of a mountain brook. I continued to climb the hill for



BAPTIST CHURCH.

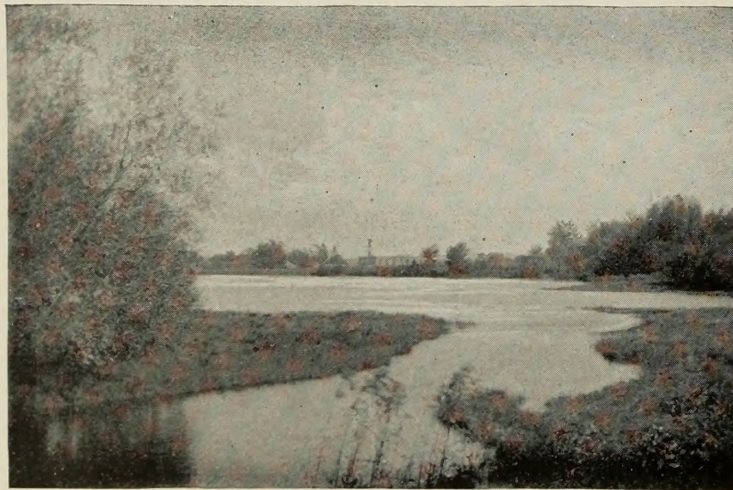


A BROAD BROOK BRIDGE.

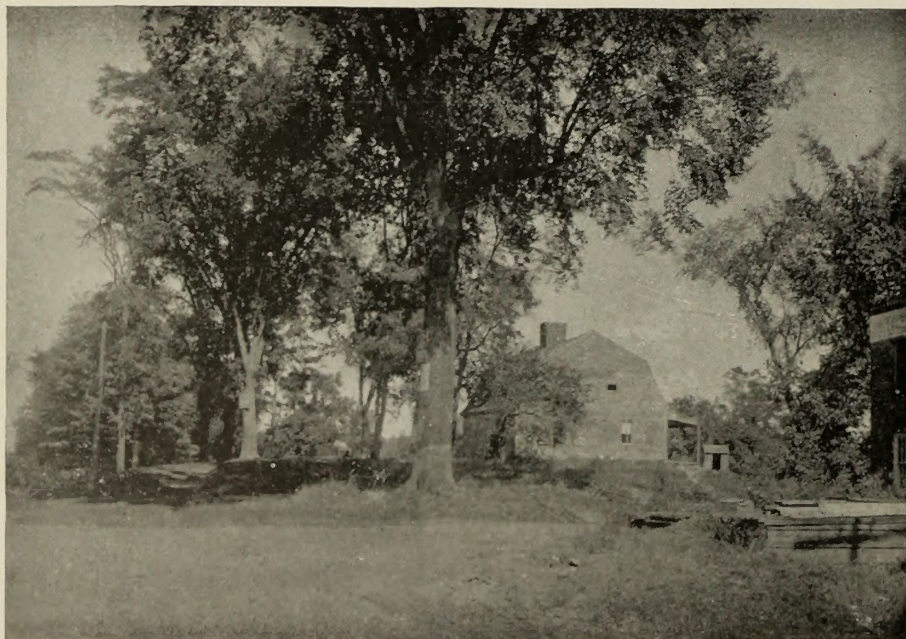


AGAWAM SCHOOL BUILDINGS.

some distance, but saw nothing of the bridge I sought, and which I was all the time expecting to see reach away in a high span across some cavernous ravine. The road left the open hillside and went on in steep ascent through the green woods. It now began to rain, and things looked discouraging. Presently I concluded I must have taken the wrong road, and turned back. I took the only side road I had seen, and that brought me to a pair of bars. The dry bridge was, I knew, on a traveled highway that would not be blocked by pasture bars,



A POND ON THE ROAD TO FEEDING HILLS.

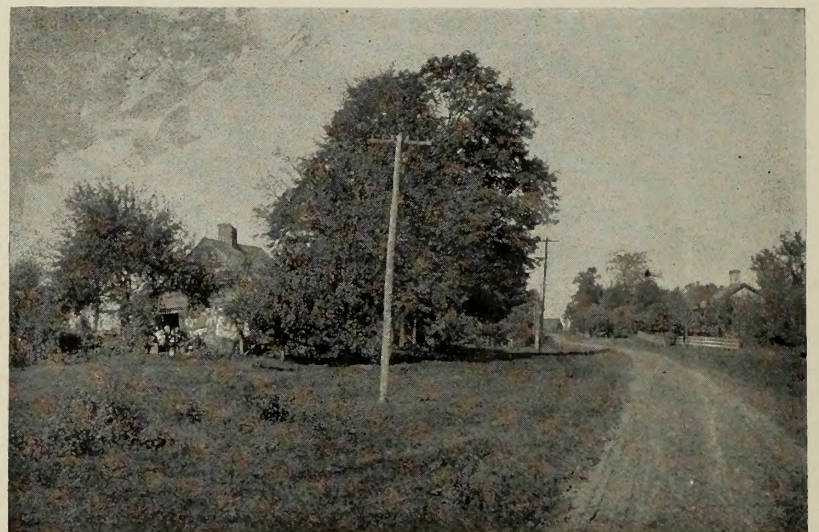


OLD HOUSE—SOUTH AGAWAM.

and I with difficulty turned about in the narrow path and took the uphill road once more. I saw no sign far or near of the dry bridge I had in mind, but luckily I had not toiled far up the road in the woods when I met a team. The driver informed me the bridge was back the road a piece. I made haste to turn about and follow him. After a little he looked around and said, "There's your dry bridge!" I cast my eye about the landscape, and, discerning nothing in the nature of a bridge, asked, "Where?" Thus it came about that I learned that the dry bridge was simply an earthy rampart built along the high hillside, with a rock wall on one side and a straggling, single-railed fence on the other to prevent the unwary from rolling down the

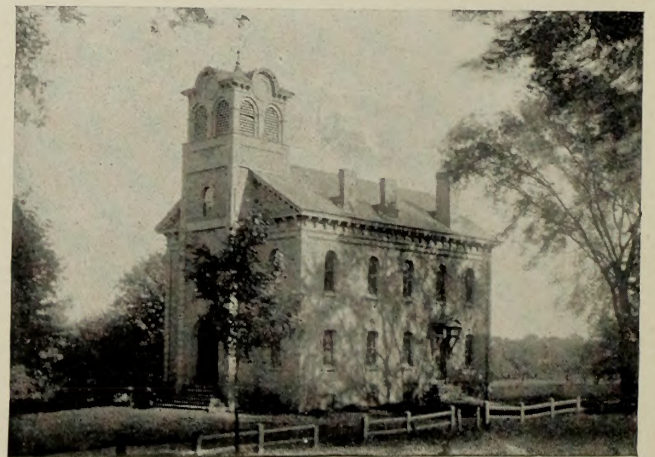


A PASTURE CORNER NEAR THE PORTER PLACE.

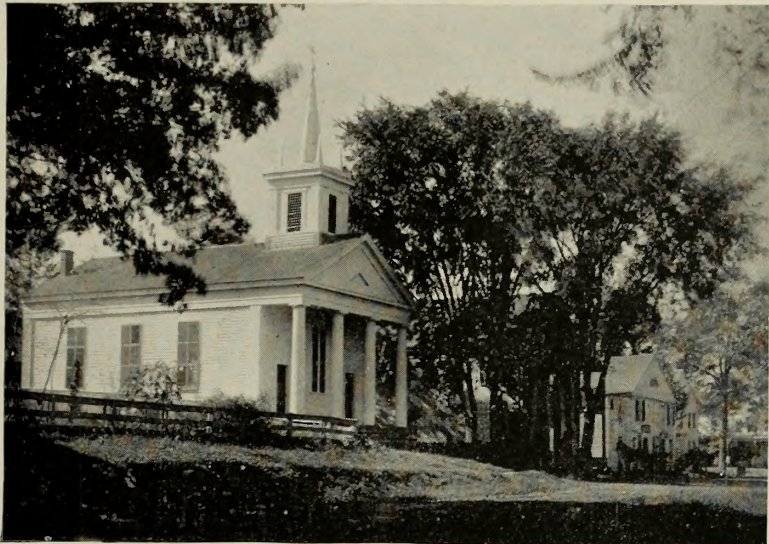


A ROADWAY VIEW BELOW THE VILLAGE.

declivity. The man said if I wanted to make a picture of it I had better get it from down in the ravine. I looked down the long, ragged slope below and declined the privilege. The shower was now over and I made a view of the outlook into the valley. Then I made search for Burgoyne's steps, but those were as hard to find as the dry bridge, and I gave it up and betook myself to Westfield by way of the "Boulevard."



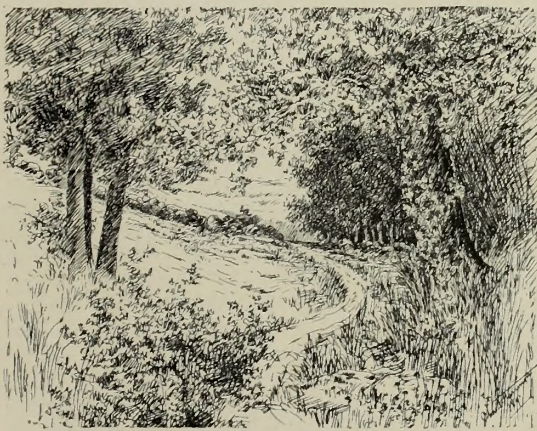
SCHOOL BUILDING—FEEDING HILLS.



METHODIST CHURCH—FEEDING HILLS.

AGAWAM, FEEDING HILLS, SOUTHWICK, GRANVILLE AND TOLLAND.

On a brisk, sunlit day near the end of September, I started out from Springfield, armed with camera and sketchbook, with intent to travel through western Hampden and search out its picturesque possibilities and study its characteristics. I had a short, yellow-painted buck-board for a vehicle and a stout horse for motive power, and as I carried the camera on the seat beside me and various other paraphernalia were in sight, it was apparent to all observers that some sort of a serious undertaking was on hand. Whether I was a peddler, agent or a traveling showman seemed to be uncertain. I was many times asked what I had to sell. In the neighborhood of the cities, the nature of the camera was more readily understood, and all the children of the district I happened to be in would follow me with requests



SUMMER.

like those of all the older country towns right through New England. Lines of well-kept farmhouses and two white churches are half lost among the trees, and centrally situated were one or two stores and a two-story brick school building. It was recess time and the yard was full of children running about. Next to the highway under the second line of elms, was a big watering trough which was visited by numerous delegations of the pupils, who found the water not only useful for drinking purposes but very good to play with. Which was the prime object I cannot say. Perhaps it was thirst. Any one who has taught knows that our public school children are about the most thirsty creatures made. "Please may I get a drink?" is the familiar and oft-recurring refrain. It may be the dryness of the studies that causes this unnatural thirst, or simply uneasy human nature, which,

with most of us, is alive in an imaginary need to be chewing, eating or having something running down one's throat a good share of the time. I suppose that the habit of chewing and smoking tobacco, and the drinking of liquors is a good share of it due, especially to begin with, to this physical uneasiness, which craves some sort of mild and, in waking hours, almost unceasing occupation. At any rate, grown people's motives are not so very different from children's, and if you find the source of one you have found it of the other.



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Two or three miles down the road, after leaving the long street of the chief village, is South Agawam. It lies in a prettily broken hollow where runs a little stream. Two or three of its old houses with gambrel roofs and big chimneys, lying low under the tall trees which shadow them, are quite interesting; but its most striking feature, both to eye and nose, is an old distillery. Beyond the stream on the rise of the hill is a little church.

I returned to Agawam and drove across the attractive looking farming country to Feeding Hills. From the name I would expect a very scattered community of farmhouses, each in



IN THE FIELDS.

to have their pictures taken. In the farming regions the machine was apt to suggest surveying. But the oddest notion was that I was selling accordions. This arose from the sight of the bellows arrangement on the camera for its extension. Several requests came from small village boys for a tune, which, of necessity, had to be disappointed.

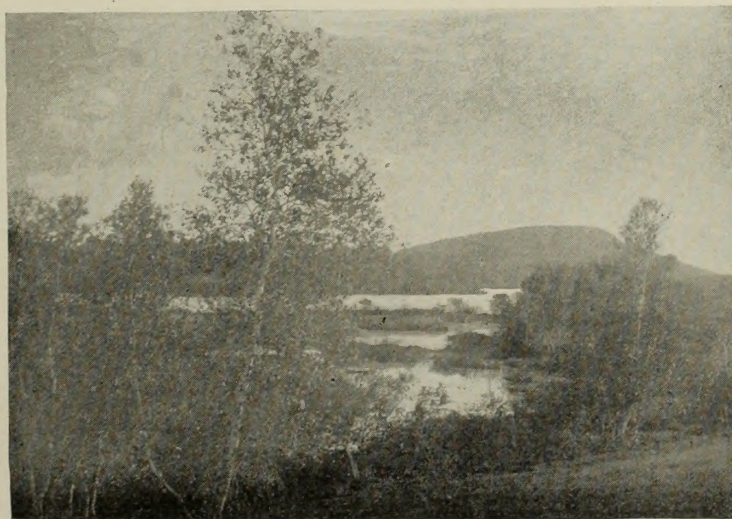
A short drive across the low levels of West Springfield brought me to an old wooden bridge which crossed a little river to Agawam. Soon I entered the wide, elm-lined village street, which, in its main features, was very



WINTER.

the midst of its own fields and wide-spreading pastures. But the title claims quite a village, with two churches, some stores, and a good-sized brick school building in its midst. There are varied trees growing thickly along the pleasant, rolling street, and the place gave the impression of holding a good deal of quiet comfort.

From here I went across the plains, and through the various patches of woodland that closed in the winding roads to Congamond ponds. The largest pond is quite a lake, with irregular, wooded shores, and in the season is enlivened by many pleasure seekers who make this a resort for picnics. But the hot days which set humanity panting for shady woods and the cool expanse of water were now past. The pond was deserted; its blue waves dashed with a lonely ripple about the low wharf where the little steamer makes its



A GLIMPSE OF THE CONGAMOND LAKES.



CONGAMOND LAKES.

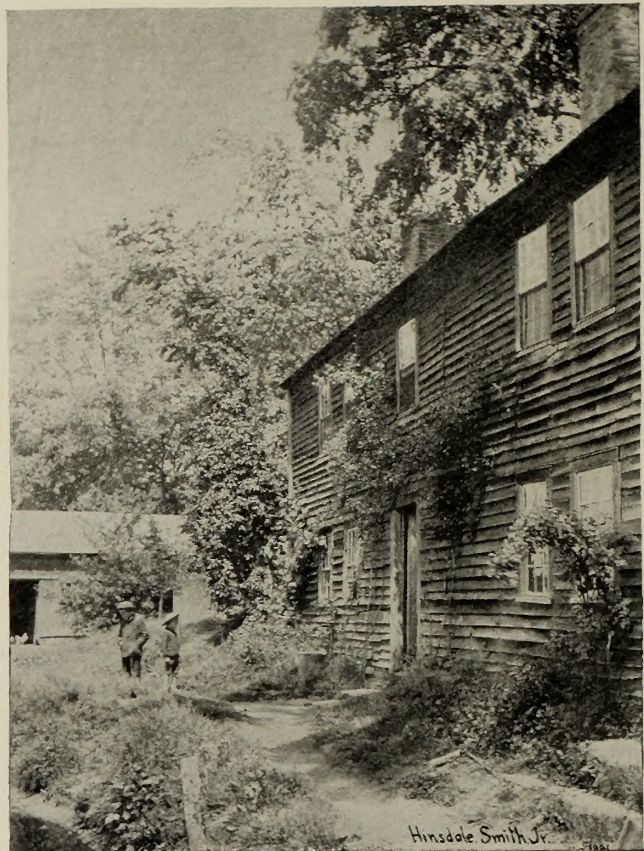


AT THE FORD.

landing; a few rowboats were fastened to the trees growing close to the shore, and rocked idly on the tossing waters. In the grove above, the windows of the buildings were boarded up and it was plain that the bottled soda and small beer had ceased their flow for that season.

I took the road which led along the edge of the water, and, like a low causeway, passes between two of the ponds, and then ascended the little hills beyond. Southward could be seen several sheets of water linking away into the distance where, far off, a handsome mountain overlooked them. I passed through the little village of Congamond, just as evening approached. The sun was at the horizon. Its light glowed softly on the broad, white front of the church, which stood lonely on a low ridge, with no protecting trees to shelter it. On farther was a small farmhouse, also brightened by the soft sunset light, from which a wreath of smoke was stealing up into the quiet air. In the cool autumn sky were a few scattered cloudlets, whose edges were beginning to catch the rainbow tints of sunset. I pushed on to Southwick and there spent the night.

Morning came, bright and cool, and the sun rose and set all the little lances of the frost on the grasses to sparkling and made the earth quite radiant. Southwick has a winding street with many handsome elms shadowing its homes that make it a very pretty village. I soon left for Granville. The country became more steeply rolling as I proceeded, and



A DOORYARD.

when I reached Granville Corners, the hill rising west of the village seemed quite mountainous in size and steepness. A tiny roadway could be glimpsed at intervals climbing its steep height, and on its summit were diminutive houses, trees and a church in delicate outline against the sky. The Corners is a numerous village, lying in an irregular basin low among the hills. A toy manufactory, known as "The Drum Shop," is its chief center of industry. I climbed the western hill and was quite delighted with the little village at its summit. A narrow plateau crowns the slope and gives comfortable room for the group of houses and the little church. Once "Granville Hill" was the chief center of life and prosperity in the town, and its church, each Sunday, gathered in the farmers for miles about; but the currents of life for the last half century in New England have tended to flow away from the old-time settlements on the hill-tops, and to concentrate in the valleys, where the busy manufactories lift their many-windowed walls along the streams. So Granville Hill has declined in number of homes and inhabitants, and has lost something of the prestige of earlier



AN AUTUMN SUNSET — CONGAMOND CHURCH.



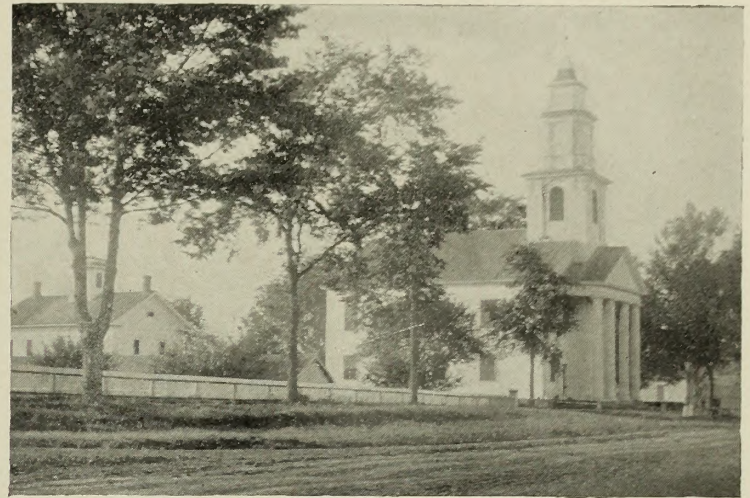
A WATER LANE—SOUTHWICK PONDS.

times, but the great, quiet hill-top, so high lifted above the rest of the world into the pure air of the skies, it has still, unchanged.

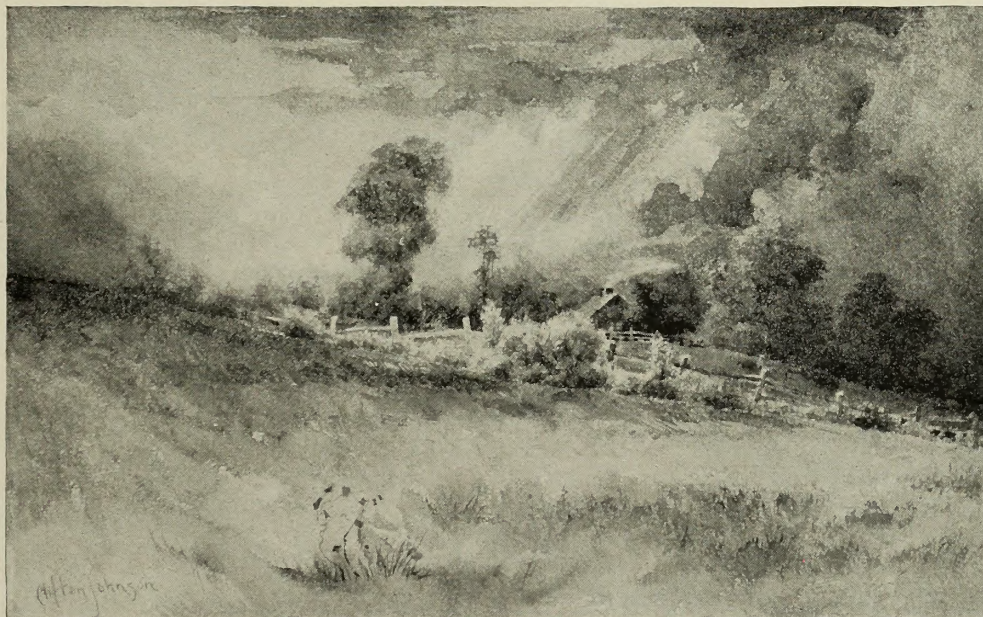
The road to the west at once dipped steeply into a little valley. Beyond lay another great hill. About this time it became necessary to change my plates. My holders held twelve plates. When I had caught that number of pictures, by exposing each in turn, I was obliged to find some place where I could change them in absolute darkness. On such occasions I would stop at some farmhouse by the way and explain the situation and ask the privilege of using some closet for a few minutes, or the cellar, if that was light-proof.

Usually this request was cheerfully complied with, though they commonly thought their closets would be *too* dark, and invariably apologized because they were so crowded and "mussed up." But I could change my plates by the sense of touch, and the denser the darkness, the better I was pleased; and as to closets being crowded and somewhat disordered, thus they are the world over, and one is never disturbed or critical with the spectacle, unless it is one's own closet which is to be put on exhibition. People are, as a rule, very helpfully inclined toward travelers, but when it comes to letting a stranger with a big box into one's closet and leaving him there with the door closed behind him on some plausible pretense of a need to change his camera plates (whatever those

are) why, one may hesitate! The stranger might be some desperado, and there's no knowing but that he would walk off with half the contents of the closet stuffed into that square box of his. Then, too, he might have one of those infernal machines we read about in the newspapers, in his box, or dynamite. Horrors! It would be hard to say just what the feeling inspired by the request and the sight of that box was;



SOUTHWICK—CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.



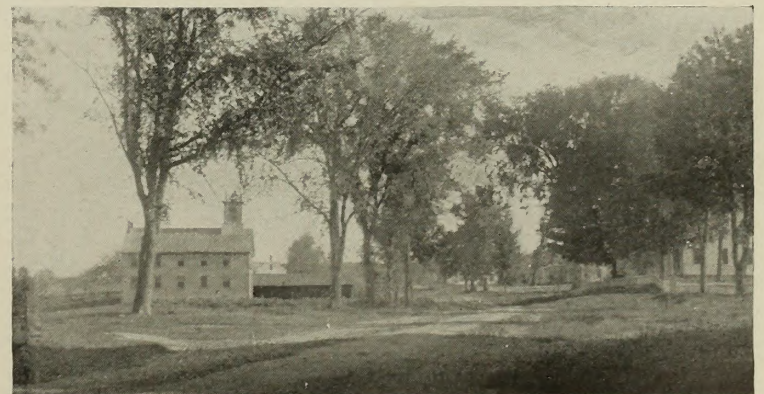
A SUMMER STORM.

but certain it is that this afternoon, my explanations and requests at the farmhouses along the way met only suspicious glances and refusals. "I don't think we've got any closet that would do," were the words. After a little, however, I found two fellows sorting potatoes in a cellar, who acknowledged to having a dark closet in the house, though they said the folks were away, and when they thought the matter over seemed to have the feeling that to allow me to use this closet would be an act of doubtful wisdom. But I urged matters and one of them came up and watched outside the closet door, and the process of changing plates was safely accomplished.

I will mention here a bit of experience of the same



THE OLD TANNERY.



BAPTIST CHURCH.

sort I met with in another town. I had stopped to eat my noon lunch at a roadside watering trough. There were high, wooded slopes all about. In a little clearing, a short walk above the road, was a small house, and a man presently came down the steep path with a yoke on his shoulders from which was suspended a pail on either side. He said the spring up above had run dry and he had to come down here for all his water. He took pains to find out what I was about, and

then I asked if he had a suitable closet for me to change my plates in. He said he guessed so, and when he had filled his pails I accompanied him to the house. As we entered he said, "This man wants to use one of our closets for a few minutes to change his plates in," and he went right on to show me the closet. But he was arrested by a woman's voice from the next



ON SOUTHWICK STREET.

room. "George," she said, "you know the man is a stranger to us. We don't know anything about him."

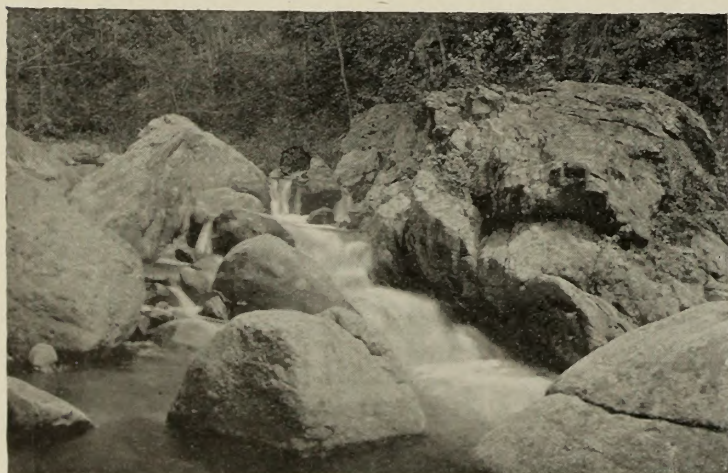
The tones were dense with suspicion and premonitions of evil.

"Oh! I guess that's all right," said George, and he led the way up stairs. But having noted the sort of regard I had inspired down stairs, I was relieved to find the upper story unfinished and that the closets had no tops, which left them so open to the daylight that they were useless for my purposes. When I went away I determined to invest in a larger number of plate-holders, as this sort of thing seemed to create too much disturbance.

From the summit of the high ridge I had been mounting, I looked far over the western hills and valley. Near by a road ran southward—a long way, almost straight, bordered by stone-walled

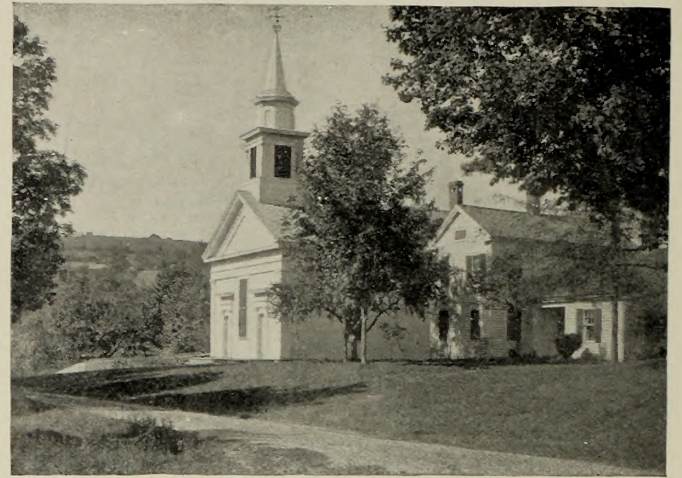


A PASTURE LANE IN MAY.



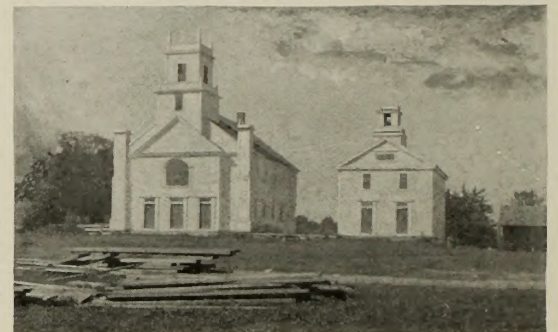
THE GORGE—MUNN'S BROOK.

company. Westward along the road dipping down the long hill and undulating on beyond, were the scattered houses of West Granville. Close by were two gray, quaintly gabled old houses with great stone chimneys. They seemed so ancient and weather-worn it gave a strange aspect to the wide-spreading landscape about, and made the scene suggestive of some of the old countries across the ocean. On the farthest hill-top I could discern a white church, with a little group of houses about it. This was Tolland. Beyond Granville Hill the big trees, which are apt to be characteristic of our New England villages and home surroundings, had largely



GRANVILLE CORNERS—UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

disappeared. The houses were many of them entirely bare and unshadowed, and a maple or elm of any size was a rarity. The fields, too, gave the same impression of bareness. They were in the main rocky and brushy, with no large trees to relieve this aspect. Tolland village I found a little group of dwellings gathering with the church about a small, open square, where a few young maples had been started. It was so very quiet it seemed almost deserted. But the day itself was very still—just a little wind stirring, the air flooded with warm sunlight and the sky very clear, with a few little clouds sleeping along the horizon. Nature itself seemed to be resting. I turned northward and went over the hills and rough roads to Noye's pond, a beautiful sheet of water lying low in the woods, that this afternoon spread away in mirror-like placidity ruffled by scarce a ripple. At the boulder-strewn shore were moored two boats, which some slight movement of the air now and then swung to this side and that, and yet without in the least ruffling the water surface.



THE CHURCH ON GRANVILLE HILL.

pastures. In the far distance, at the horizon, stood a school-house, the only building in sight in that direction, and looking quite lonely, with nought but the skies and the deserted fields for



A CHAT IN THE GARDEN.

"MY GARDEN."

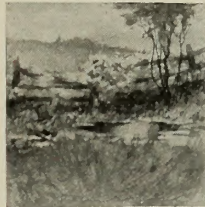


Ah, such a garden gay is mine, with never fence nor hedges,
Where brooks go singing all day long, or dance o'er rocky ledges.
No prim, quaint paths, but grassy tracks lead into shady places
Where hosts of woodland things uplift their radiant, starry faces.

Ere yet the snows of March have ceased their fluttering and sifting,
I find o'er all the barren fields a shower of bluets drifting,
And then on hillsides bleak and high, where naked briars trail dusty,
The sweet arbutus hides away 'neath last year's leaves so rusty.

Soon every greening bank is starred with windflowers white and saintly.
Like flags of truce, in somber woods, the shad-blooms glimmer faintly.
By lichen'd rocks where tufts of fern to every ledge are clinging,
The gay, coquettish columbines their dainty heads are swinging.

Pure blood-root and wan trilliums and adder tongues soon follow,
And cowslips glint like scattered gold in every marshy hollow.
The winsome, bright-eyed violets stray all the roadsides over,
And sunny uplands surge and glow with waves of fragrant clover.

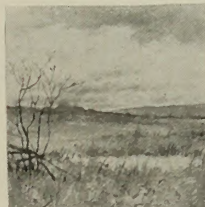


In pasture-lands, such blooms from apple trees so hoary!
Such miles on miles of buttercups in all their glistening glory!
The wild azalea flushing faint greets summer's blessed coming,
And honeysuckle in the woods hangs sweet where bees are humming.

My daisies, how they bud and blow, pure snowy white and yellow,
Coquetting with the bobolink—a saucy laughing fellow.
Dog roses nod along the road, and clematis is swaying
'Mid garlands green of wild grapevine o'er all the fences straying.

But there is naught so dear to me in my wide lavish garden
As one still pool, where meadow-sweet and rush and sedge stand warden;
Where golden-hearted lilies float in whitely-mirrored splendor,
And through the spicy pine woods waft the perfume rare and tender.

When Indian summer hazy gleams o'er all my hills and valleys,
Such vivid tints! such blazonry! her magic summons rallies;
Such showers of asters everywhere, 'mid woodbines redly tangled!
Such sunshine rifts in every nook where golden-rod is spangled!

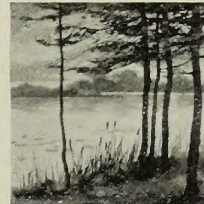


When sumach, birch and maple have put off their autumn tinges,
The lonely gentian by the brook unfolds its silken fringes
And lingers on till frost is here, till summer birds are singing
A faint farewell, while on the way to warmer lands they're winging.

Still is my garden fair to me, through all the wintry weather,
When nipping frosts and drifting snows and wild winds come together;
Though lone, deserted woods recall a summer's vanished pleasure,
Yet here and there in sheltered nooks I find belated treasure.

Blackberry vines which early frost had touched with fiery finger
Still gleam beneath the snow and ice, and partridge berries linger
'Mong tufts of hardy princess' pine, 'mong ferns yet green and fragrant,
And lowly clinging mosses which in sunny nooks grow vagrant.

Let poets sing of gardens gay, in language quaint and olden;
Of skies that gleam o'er bright parterres, where flowers bloom red and golden;
But I—I love the wildwood things, by all the roadsides blowing,
Sweet friends they seem, so long I've watched their coming and their going.



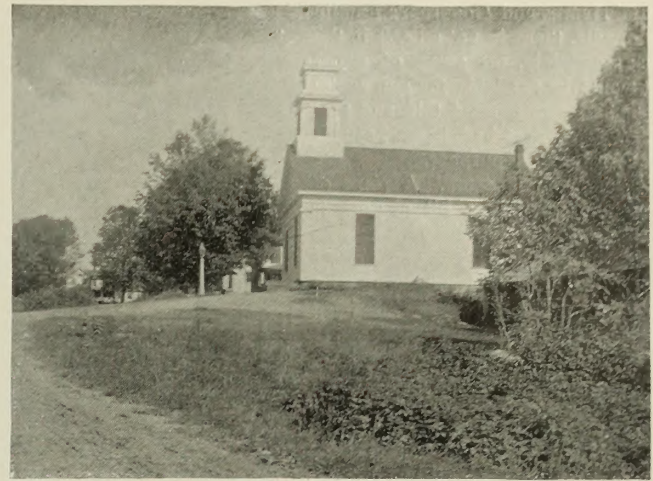
ISABEL GORDON.



AN UPLAND PASTURE.

AN EARLY NEW ENGLAND SETTLER.

Sometimes the dog, Tige, would find a deer track on the mountain; and, remembering the pleasurable excitement of a former chase, his well-known voice would give prompt notice to his master of prospective sport. Venison was a welcome addition to the rather monotonous bill of fare common to the New England farmer living on the outskirts of civilization, not too near a store, and not having much money for the purchase of luxuries, even if they were to be found.



GRANVILLE CORNERS—BAPTIST CHURCH.

No meat was so good as venison for the composition of the traditional mince pie, and cubes of venison suet in the hot corn bread served for breakfast, added a quality that no one failed to appreciate.

There was a pause to listen to the dog. This was early in the forenoon of a day in winter. It so chanced that little work required attention about the farm just then, and other occupations were not pressing. The men glanced at the sun to note its position; at the trees to see which way the wind lay, and the probability of fair weather, or snow, or rain was hastily considered. Was the gun in good condition? the



THE LAND OF STONE WALLS.

supply of powder all right? Would it be wise to start off with only three bullets, or would it be best to mould more before starting? And if so, was there lead for the purpose? The sound of the dog's voice indicated the direction taken by the deer, and former experiences told the story. He will encircle the mountain!—or he will make for the great pond! He may change one plan for another, but is more likely to stick to the one he first adopts.

It is too bad to tear the weekly paper. Aside from the almanac, the Bible,

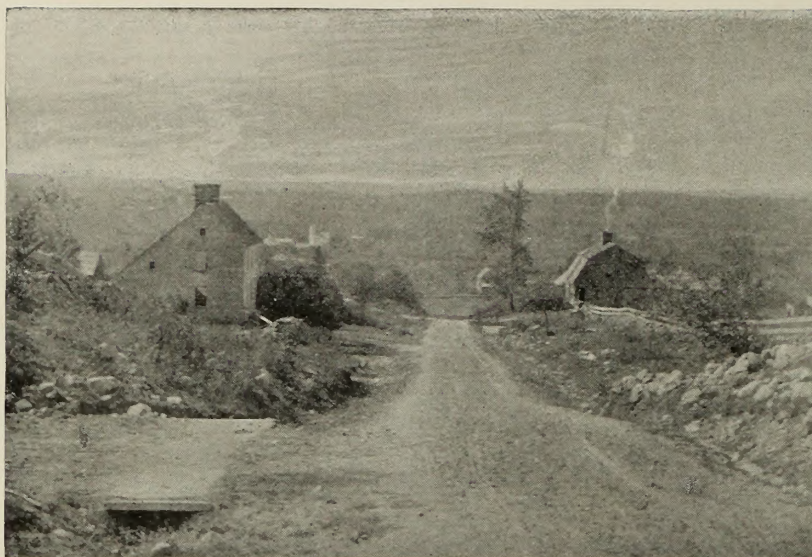


A GRANVILLE ROAD TO LEARNING.

Watts' Hymns and Goodrich's Family • Cyclopaedia, there is not a book in the house; certainly, no scrap of paper that would be available for gun wads; but he had remembered this, and that great wasp's nest had been brought home for the very purpose.

A luncheon is eaten. A piece of bread and possibly a bit of pork is taken along, for the absence may be for many hours. The snowshoes come down from their place. In his pocket is a sharp and serviceable jack-knife. A card of matches is detached from the bunch, and all is ready. These preparations have occupied some time, but there is no special need of haste.

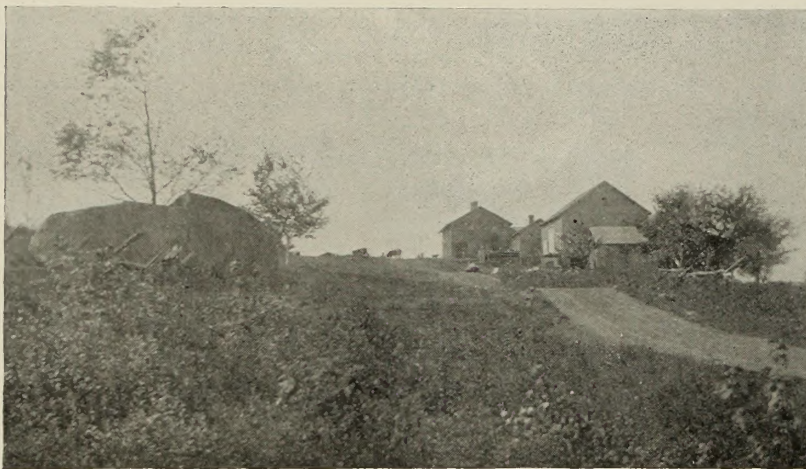
The barking of the dog on the mountain has been loud, grown faint, and now is louder again. The deer is likely—yes, certain—to follow a well-defined route, and our settler is quite certain that he will secure a shot, should he get himself to a spot he



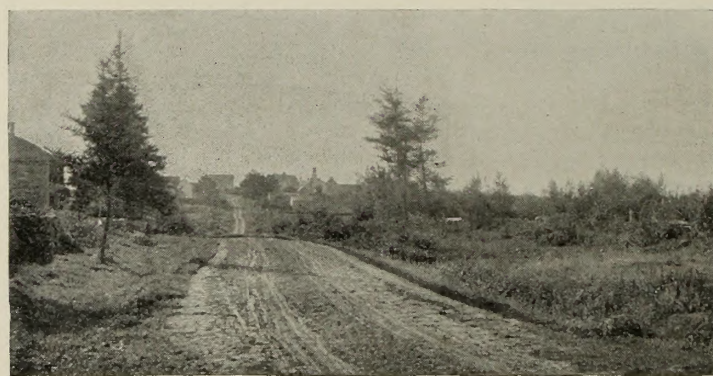
WEST GRANVILLE—OLD HOUSES.

does this he is prone to seek open water, where by swimming or wading he deprives the dog of the scent to which, instead of sight, he is indebted for his power to follow the trail. If hard pressed, the poor hunted thing would sometimes seek death in an open glade on the surface of a frozen lake rather than meet a more painful fate from the fangs of his relentless pursuer.

If the chase was a long one, then the return home was correspondingly delayed. When the deer had been shot, the first act was to cut the throat with the jackknife, without which no white man in his right mind ever went into the woods,—for without the withdrawal of the blood while yet warm, the quality of the venison would be ruined. If far from home, at a point not likely to be conveniently visited for a day or two, the hunter proceeded to remove the skin, and after laying aside a hind quarter to be carried home, the remainder would be wrapped in the



A TOLLAND ROADWAY.



THE APPROACH TO TOLLAND.

knows of by a brookside, not much more than a mile away, before deer and dog come around.

The settler's past experience, together with many talks with neighbors and hunters, has photographed on his mind a pretty accurate map of the whole region within a day's journey of his house. He knows the possibilities, and the exceptions to be expected. He knows that in a long chase the bodily fatigue and mental worry to the deer will vastly deteriorate the quality of the venison, so much so that under extremely unfavorable conditions the hide is about the only part worth bringing home.



TOLLAND CENTER.

His effort is directed toward reaching quickly the well-known runway, where, if he has judged aright, the deer will soon pass, and a lucky shot bring him down and allow a prompt return, not empty handed, to his home. Sometimes, however, the deer will change his tactics and strike out boldly for another mountain miles away. When he

hide and suspended in the top of a sapling that could be bent down for the purpose, and afterwards allowed to spring back in its natural position, thus preserving the meat from prowling foxes or other wild animals, until it should be convenient to return for it. In winter time there would be no hurry.

Sometimes, when all this had been attended to, in those short winter days, the hour of darkness would be so near and the path home so long, rough and uncertain, that to attempt it would invite peril or even death. The thermometer is at zero, but the hunter is not cold. He takes in the situation and understands it fully. Near by is a decayed tree, from which branches may be broken for a fire. On the other hand is a graceful young hemlock with feathery boughs. The snow is two feet deep. He selects a level spot, and removes his snowshoes. With his feet he marks off a parallelogram about two feet wide by eight feet long. With a snowshoe for a shovel he scoops out the snow, which, after the few inches of partly encrusted surface has been removed, is dry and friable, like sugar; soon there is something like a snowy grave, carpeted for six feet with a thick mat



AN AUTUMN HILLSIDE.

of hemlock boughs, and at the lower uncarpeted end, the dry branches or heavier pieces of decayed wood which he is able to gather have made a comfortable fire.

While the little fire burns down, as it will, and leaves a bed of bright red coals, the hunter, taking the coarser and stronger boughs of the hemlock, constructs a covering for what is to be his bed that night; and over these again the excavated snow is scraped, the useful snowshoe serving as an implement for that purpose. By this time it is fully dark, but by the light of the fire he broils a good-sized piece of the venison, and dines with an appetite, the perfect pleasure of which few men ever know. His dog, his active partner in the day's sport, is his companion at the meal. Finally, after adding some larger and heavier pieces of fuel to his fire, having selected such as will, he hopes, smoulder rather than blaze, he creeps headforemost into his snowy sylvan retreat. His dog comes, too, and rests his head upon his shoulder perhaps, and there,

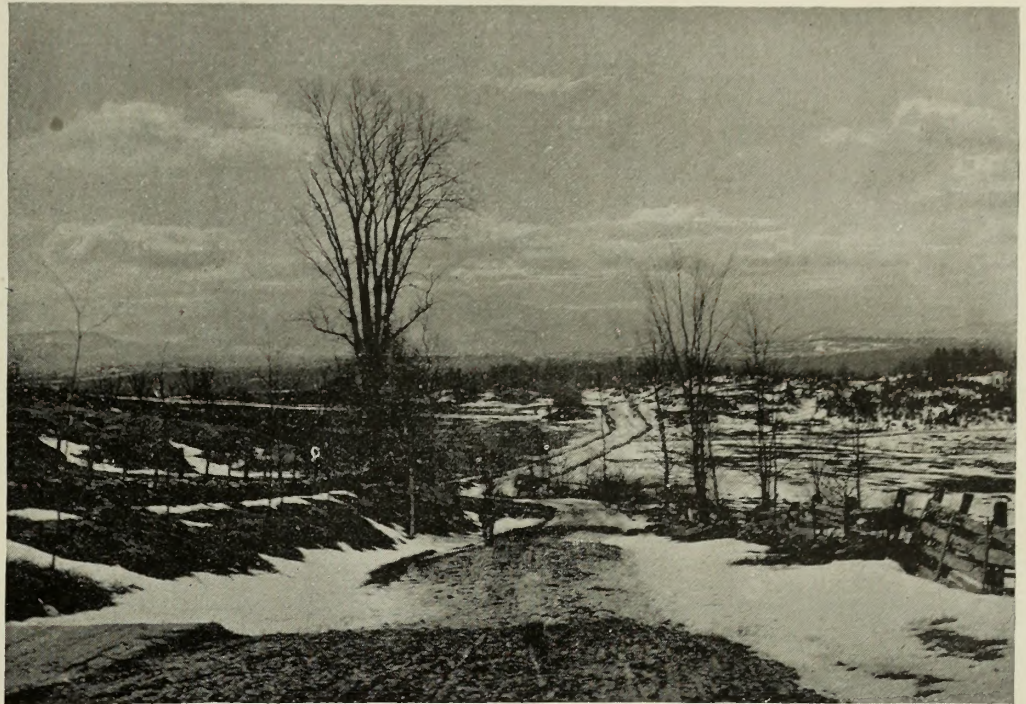


EVENING.

each serving to keep the other warm, they sleep without any idea that the experience is a hardship, or any sensations that are other than pleasurable. The settler's mind recurs to his home. He knows that by this time his return to-night will not be looked for. He thinks of the family in the house, the stock in the barn, hopes that all are as well fed and comfortable as he, and—is asleep.

In the first gray of the next morning, he is astir and by sunrise is out of the woods and at the door of his home. The latch responds to his hand upon the string, and the experience that is ended is a pleasant recollection; one of which he will speak with pleasure, and to a repetition of which he looks forward without a feeling of anything like dread. And the amount of that hind quarter of venison that he consumes for his breakfast that morning makes it seem advisable to seek a neighbor with whom to divide the trophy and the labor, and go for the remainder, left in the tree-top, without much loss of time.

GEORGE P. ROWELL.



A WINTER LANDSCAPE.



FEEDING THE "CHICKIES."

A SNOW-STORM.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse.

—Emerson.



A PASTURE WATERFALL.



NOYES' POND—TOLLAND.

BLANDFORD, CHESTER AND MONTGOMERY.

The night of October first, I spent at a Blandford farmhouse. I made the acquaintance of the hired boy at the barn while we were putting out the horse, and that creature was no sooner safely stabled than the boy offered to swap watches with me. He said his was a good watch—first rate, and he pulled it out of his pocket and tossed it some fifteen feet into the air and caught it as it came

down. I had supposed that watches were solely for keeping time, except the Waterbury variety, whose perpetual possibilities for winding give it double fascination for the small boys. At any rate, I had my doubts about an article of this sort which could be used as a baseball as well as a time-keeper, and we did not swap.

Here in Blandford stood, until recently, one of the oldest Methodist churches in Western Massachusetts. It is described as a rough-finished, barn of a building, and as rude in the interior as without. The seats were nothing more than benches, and overhead, instead of a ceiling, was nought but the rafters and boards of the roof between the audience and the skies.

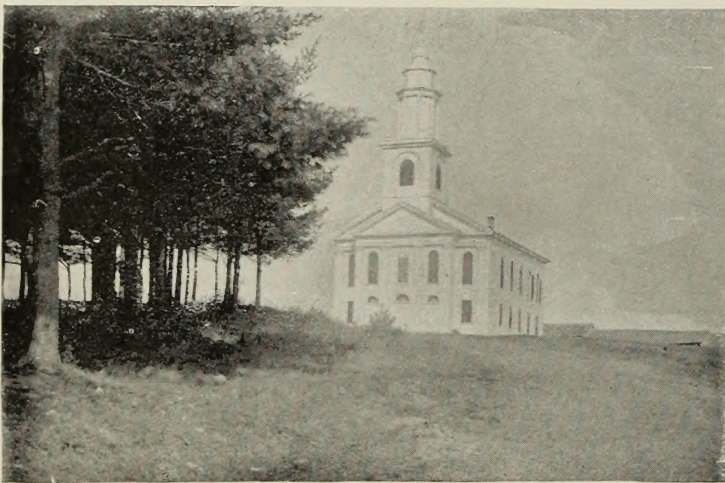
Blandford Center is well up in the world. It occupies a great rolling hill-top. Prominent among the village houses are the two white churches.



A NEW ENGLAND PASTURE—FROM A PAINTING BY R. G. SHURTLEFF.

and on opening it one finds a narrow, black passage leading straight into the hillside. However hot the weather outside, the air in this gloomy passage is cool and damp. But to one unused to this sort of thing, the idea of the mountain's caving in on him, in spite of the big timbers close set along the walls, and the lonesome, dripping silence of the dark corridor leading away to depths unknown and entirely hidden in pitchy blackness, does not make the position one readily chosen for a loitering place. I did not have to go many yards into the hill to satisfy my curiosity. Then I came out, went down the hill and continued up the valley.

After a mile or more along the level, I crossed the stream and took a road leading up the northern hill. It went up, and up, and up—a twisting, ever-climbing roadway through the woods. At its side was a little stream tinkling



BLANDFORD—CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.



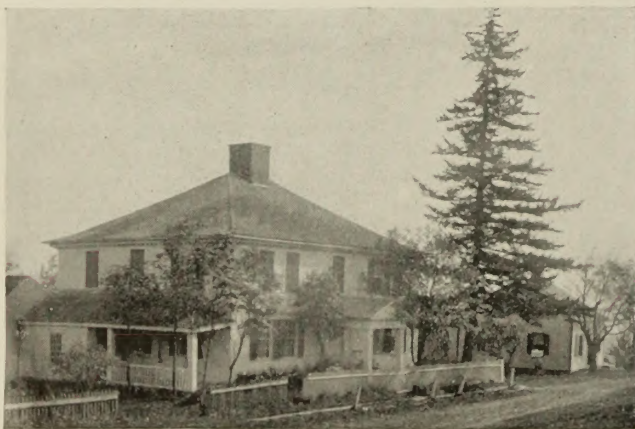
METHODIST CHURCH.

The Methodist church is close flanked by the homes of the townspeople, but the Congregational church is somewhat removed from near houses and stands alone on a little eminence, where a thick grove of pines clusters at a short remove. The church itself has not the company of man, or habitations, or even shade trees, but like a sentinel on duty stands year in and year out the guardian of the town which it overlooks in its lonely battling with the elements.

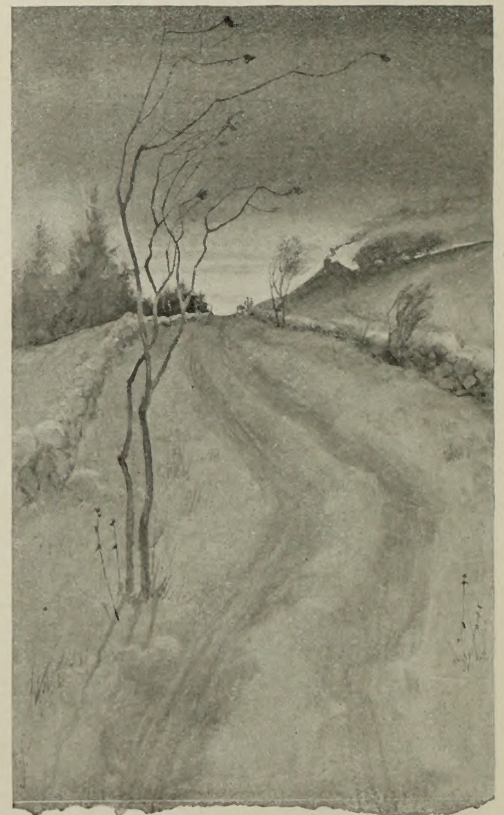
From here I went to North Blandford. A few miles over the hills brought me to the little village in its low hollow, where its group of houses, the small church and the white schoolhouse and the stream in the ravine were all half hidden in the thick greens of the summer foliage, which, in this protected valley, had as yet barely a tinge of autumn. The place was

attractively rural and quiet. One or two stray cows were baiting by the roadside; an ox team was trundling along the village street; at the schoolhouse it was recess time and the children were having a game of hide-and-seek.

I went on up and over the big hills and presently took a road that went down a long, twisting valley, with a mountain brook for company, tumbling along through the stony depths of the hollow. This brought me to Chester, a good-sized village of little houses in a broken valley gathering about the two churches and several stores. There are a number of emery mills in the place, and near the depot some granite works. All about are big sweeps of hills, dipping now and then into the narrow, tortuous ravines which wind back among them. The Boston and Albany railroad has its iron path through the valley, making frequent passages over the Westfield river which wanders through the lowlands. A smaller stream, spanned by a number of shaky little wooden bridges, leaps and foams and slides down from the Blandford hills. In the depot neighborhood there is the sound of the continuous hammering of the stone workers, and as you wander about the place you are usually within hearing of the monotonous grinding and crushing at the emery mills. A short climb up a steep, rough wood-road brings one to the mines. Here stand some rude little sheds, which serve as storage places for tools, and a blacksmith's shop, and beyond is a great dump of broken stone. Into the side of the hill, close by, is built a heavily timbered structure something like a small, unfinished room. In one corner is a door



AN OLD HOUSE ON BLANDFORD HILL.



A WINTER NIGHTFALL.

through the stony hollow it had for ages been wearing. The end of the year was approaching, and there were flashes of color on the maples, and yellow tones were beginning to appear among the still general greens of the forest. On the ground was a rustling of early fallen leaves. In time I came out of the woods and the steep road was at an end. Here were wide, rolling sweeps of open hill-top, where were many groups of cows, sheep and horses grazing in the fields. Lines of stone fence zigzagged across the brown pastures and shut in the grass-grown highway. It seemed to me that I had seen no piece of real country in all Hampden county that was more delightful. Both east and west the land dipped into the wooded valleys, and beyond, ranges of blue hills towered along the horizon. Nature everywhere here has moulded the landscape on a grand scale. The lines of the near sweeps of pasture land were peculiarly pleasing and the changing views one gets of the purple mountains across the valleys are very charming. In many ways it seemed an ideal place for summer residences. It was a quiet, warm afternoon; a light wind swayed the long grasses and made the leaves on the trees nod sleepily; a soft hazing of clouds was drifting up into the sky out of the west, and the color effects were quite enchanting.



A NORTH BLANDFORD OX TEAM.

into ecstasies over them, but here in New England they're of no account at all. People will travel the world over hunting for sights worth seeing, but I think they could find within driving distance of home a good many pieces of nature just as handsome and of the same sort as those they describe as so wonderful in countries three or four thousand miles away."

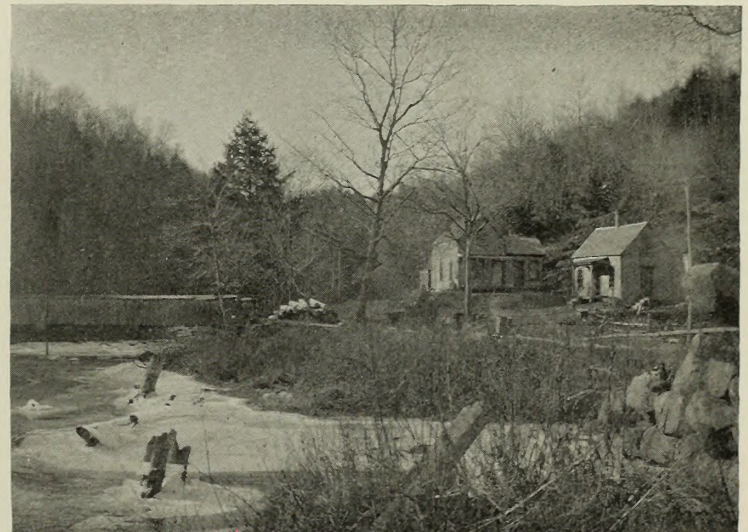
I had been told there was an interesting tomb in a pasture close by the road on the way down the hill, and I stopped at a sagging gateway which I had been directed to watch for, and, after hitching the horse, made search for this curiosity. I was something of an amateur in the tomb hunting line, never having been on such a quest before, and my success was nothing to boast of. The pasture was hilly and brushy, broken with thickly scattered bowlders, and with here and there a boggy hollow. I understood that this tomb was a great



LOOKING DOWN INTO THE NORTH BLANDFORD VALLEY.

A few miles drive over these broadly rolling fields brought me to Chester Center. It is a quiet little hamlet scattered along the roads which converge at the church. The houses are pleasantly shadowed by elms and maples and have many orchards close about. From here I went down the hill into the eastern valley. The way is long and hummocky and steep, much of it through the woods, but with frequent breaks that give delightful outlooks deep into the valley and of the great slopes opposite veiled with the blue haze of distance. One of the inhabitants commented on the region in this wise:

"If people saw these same hills in Switzerland, they'd go

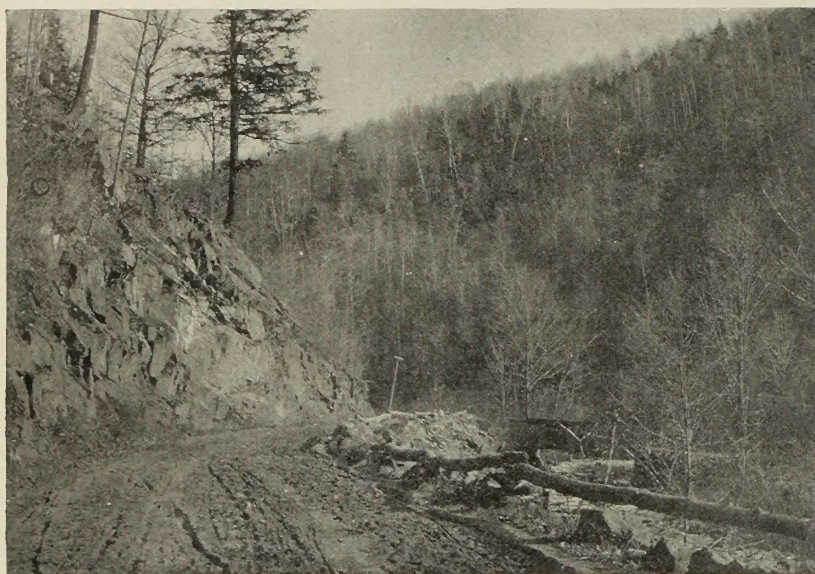


CHESTER—HOUSES BY THE STREAM.

rock as large as a house. A certain farmer of the region, Hiram Smith by name, did not take kindly to the idea of being buried in the ground, and accordingly hunted up this great bowlder, had a cavity hewn in it and arranged that he and his sister should there be buried. He left directions that a road should be kept open between the highway and his last resting place, that the public might make pilgrimages thereto. In willing away his property he affixed the condition that this road should always be kept open. I don't know whether it is or not, for it soon merged into the grass and I lost it altogether. I went up hill and down hill, over bogs and through tangles of brush, examined every sizable rock and began to conclude this tomb must be mythical. But I persevered, and just as the sun sent its last faint rays glancing along the close-cropped stubble of the pasture, I entered a little grove of hemlocks and there was the stone. It has a height of about ten feet and a breadth of thirty. Its face has been smoothed on one side and a double aperture cut in it which is now sealed up



AN OLD BRIDGE—CHESTER.



IN THE VALLEY ON THE ROAD DOWN FROM BLANDFORD.

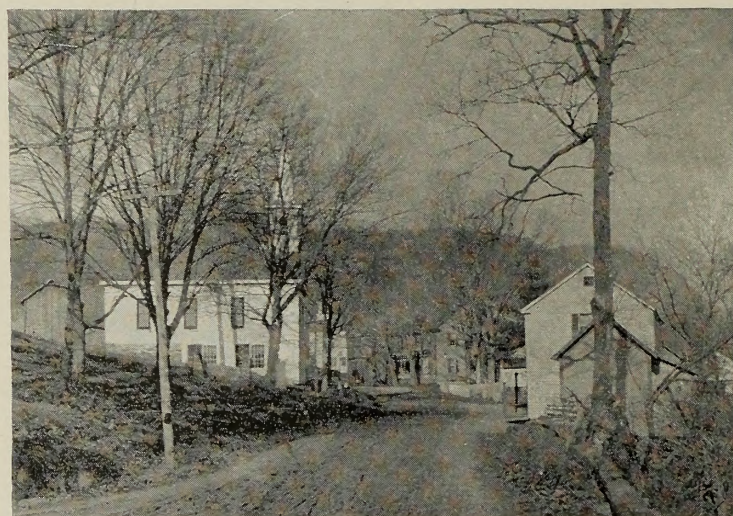
with slabs of the original stone on which are the inscriptions: Hiram Smith, died 1873; Sarah Toogood, died 1869.

There was something strangely lonesome in the situation. Here was one of Nature's great, rough bowlders, hidden in a gloomy hemlock thicket, far from habitations, in a half-wild pasture, made the last resting place of these two people; and though their spirits have flown and it is only the bodies which rest here, there comes to one an involuntary sympathy with their imagined loneliness.

I made my way back to the main road in a vastly straighter course than that by which I came. Then I hastened down into the valley and there hunted up a place to spend the night. There was a grandmother in the family where I found lodging, who, at seventy-eight years of age, could still read the newspaper without "specs." She said that people spoiled their eyes by using kerosene lamps. If they would only stick to their tallow candles as she did, their eyes would be all right. They made tallow candles every

spring, and she said she thought them the very best lights that could possibly be had.

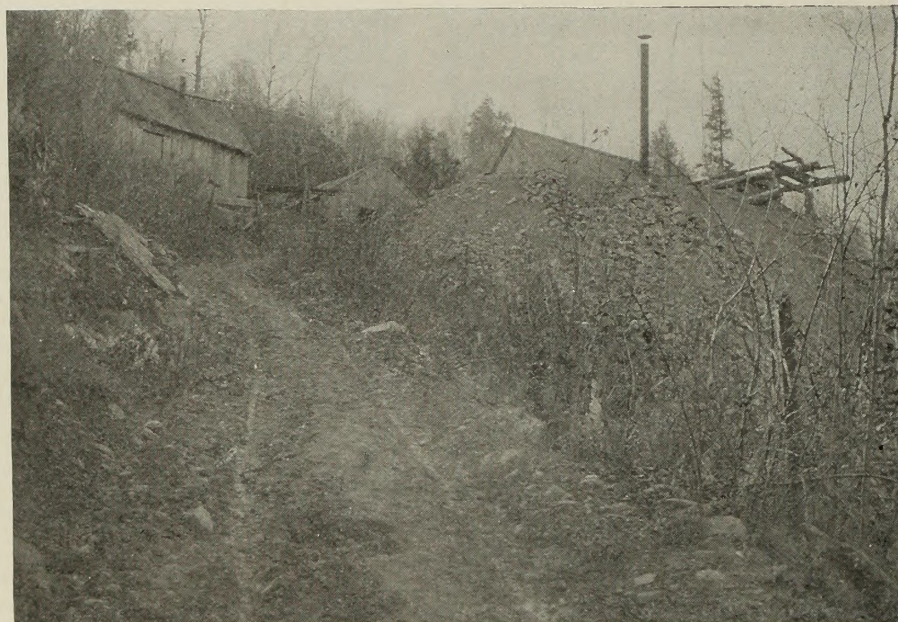
The next morning opened pleasant, a bright sun looked over the eastern ridges and soon dispelled the light mists which lurked in the valley and veiled the hills.



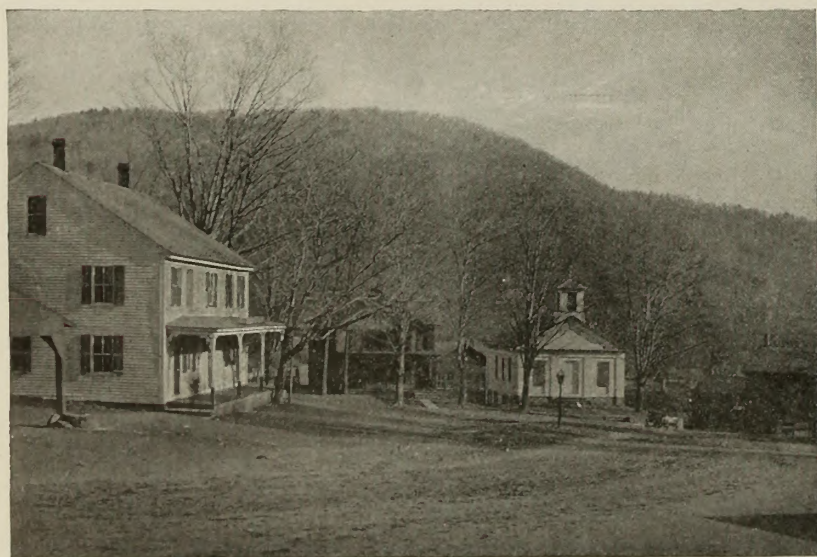
CHESTER—METHODIST CHURCH.

Here in the valley was once quite a populous village, and it had manufacturing enterprise in the way of some small cotton mills. But the mills are a thing of the past and many of the inhabitants have moved away, and the school of the district can at present muster no more than eight scholars.

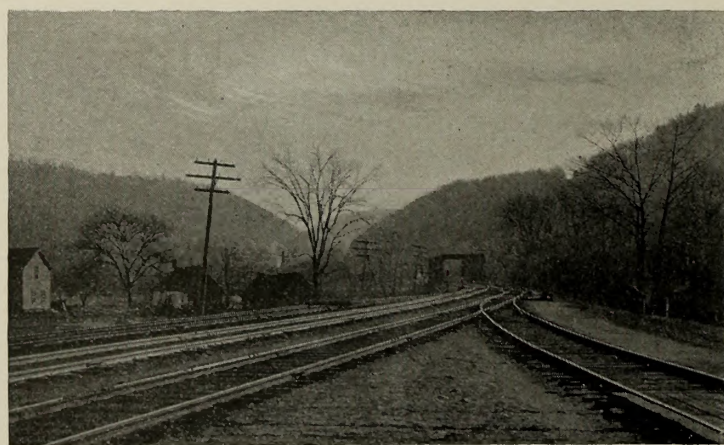
Presently I took the winding road by the stream and kept in its company down through Littleville (which is like its name), and Huntington to Russell where I turned northward and climbed the mountain by an irregular road through the woods to Montgomery. The incline became gentler in time and I began to come upon open fields. Then I espied a farmer at work with a pole knocking off apples in a roadside orchard. I stopped to inquire the way. The man came to the fence and having hoisted a foot into a com-



AT THE MINES.



CHESTER—OLD TAVERN AND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

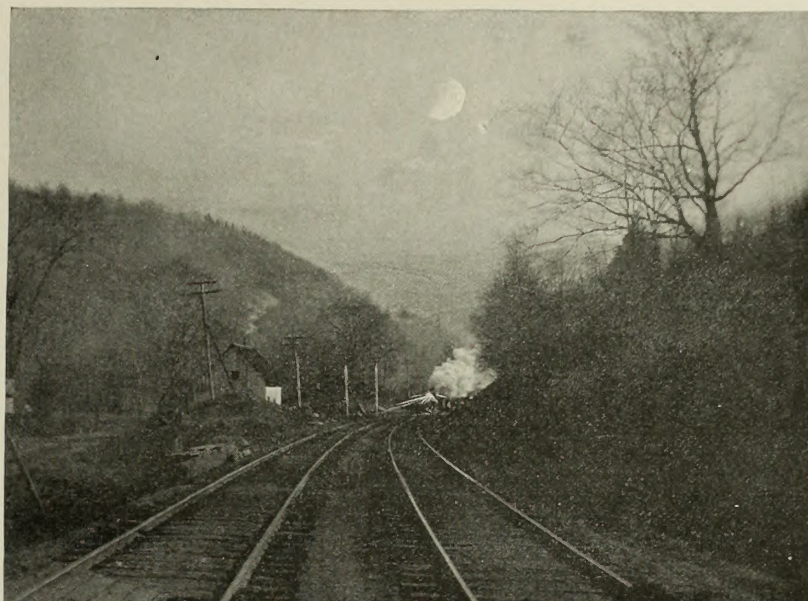


THE LINE OF THE BOSTON AND ALBANY.

fortable position on the lower rail, asked: "Be you the feller that's getting up them doings for to-night up at the church?"

I declined any knowledge of the proposed doings at the church and

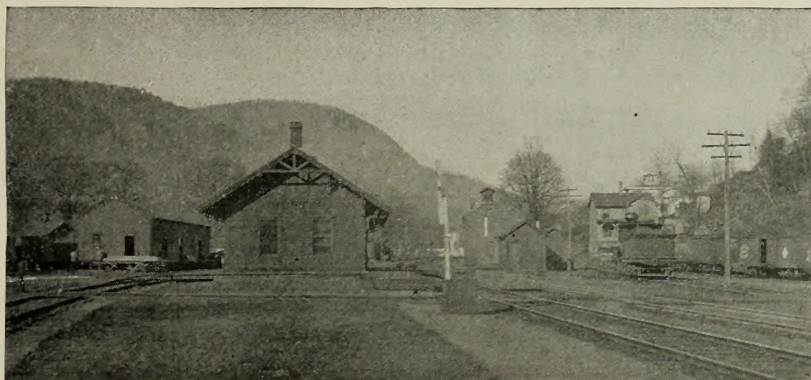
learned that a magic lantern show, or something of that nature, was coming to town. I journeyed on over the hills till I came to the churches. There are two of them, white-painted, very much alike in size and architecture, facing each other from opposite sides of the road. There was nothing in their appearance and their neighborly proximity to suggest that different denominations worshiped in each. From here I turned eastward and went on over the pleasantly rolling hill-top till the land took a sudden pitch downward and I had the vast sweep of the Connecticut valley outspread before me, with the Mount Tom range northerly, looming up in the blue haze that overspread the landscape. I went down the long hill with its beautiful outlooks till I came to the plains that lie below. The pleasant hamlet of West Farms was passed, and then the sandy levels, with their young tree-growths and small, scattered houses on the way to Westfield. From there I followed along the river in the quiet afternoon



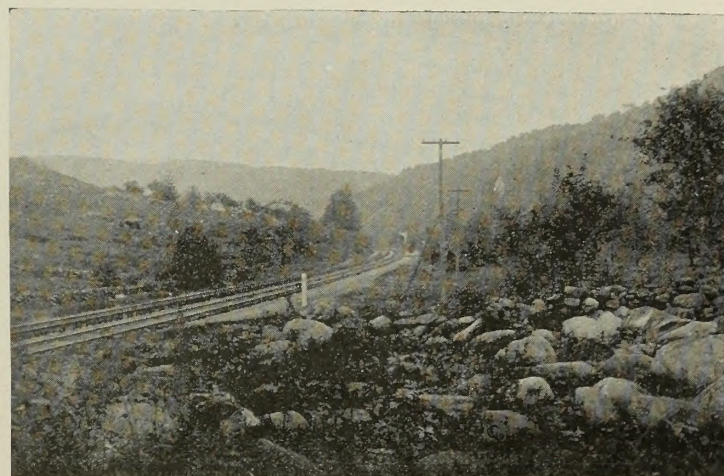
EVENING.

THE SCOTCH-IRISH COLONY IN MURRAYFIELD.

The limits within which this colony settled, may be confined to two miles square in the upper end of Chester, or as the name then was of Murrayfield. It comprised the tableland or plateau north of the old Murrayfield meeting-house, between the middle and western branches of the Westfield river. It was an elevated and rolling tract of land, and, by the early settlers, was considered extremely fertile. The configuration of the landscape, if not sublime, is at least pleasing and attractive, and presents an endless variety of slopes, irregularities and undulations. Wachusett can be plainly discerned from these summits in the east, and the dome-like form of Monadnock rises grandly in the northeast. The writer remembers hearing William Cullen Bryant, whose keen appreciation of the beautiful was unrivaled, say, in a short address at Middlefield, many years ago, that this whole region was affluent

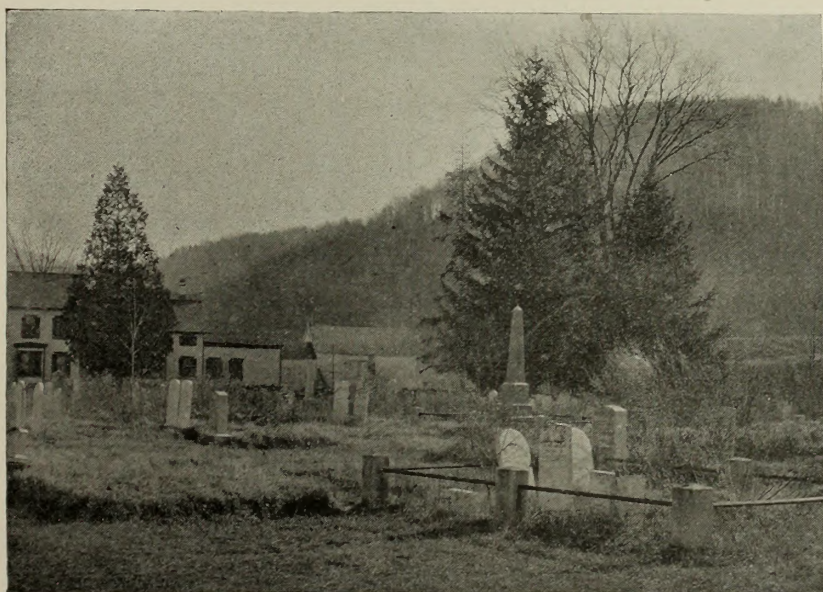


CHESTER STATION.



UP THE VALLEY.

in charming and gorgeous scenic pictures. It was to this region, so rich in natural attractions, that, when opened for settlement, some families of Scotch-Irish origin came seemingly in concert from the Province of Ulster, in the north of Ireland, and most of them from the extreme northern counties in the province, and with hardly an exception they were closely connected by marriage. The heads of the families were men of strong and marked individuality. Bell, Campbell, Gordon and Hamilton are historical names in Scotland. Transplanted to the north of Ireland, they carried with them the religion of the mother country, which was Presbyterianism of the

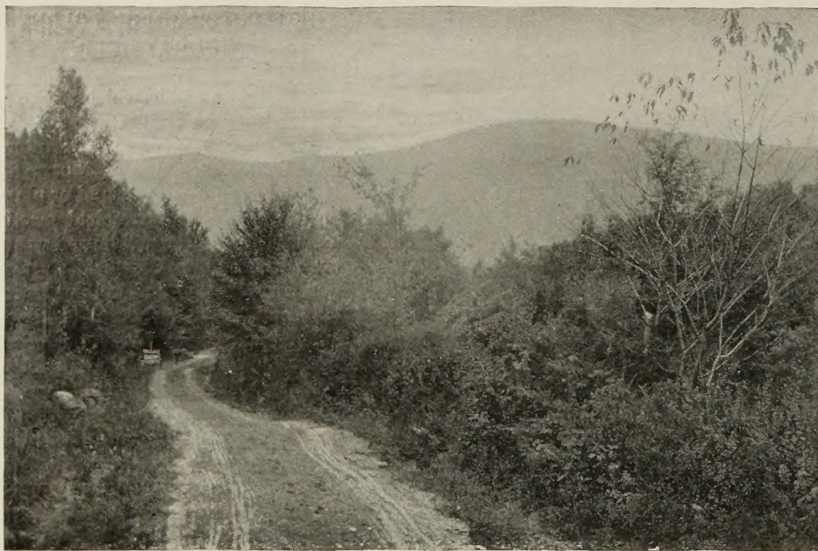


IN THE OLD CEMETERY.

sunlight, and toward evening crossed the old toll bridge which spans the Connecticut, and entered Springfield. Oddly enough, just as I turned up to a hitching post, one of the front wheels of the buck-board came off. It seemed a lucky chance that this should happen at the very close of the journey and not on one of the long roads, far from houses and repair shops, that I had been traveling all day. As it was, I tied together the crippled vehicle and hobbled it over to a machinist's, and soon it was "as good as new," as the saying goes.



LOOKING BACK ON THE VALLEY FROM CHESTER HILL.



AMONG THE HILLS—CHESTER.

type of Calvin and Knox. We may have outgrown the rigid and stern theology of the era in which they lived. And perhaps it is a fortunate thing for society and the world that such is the fact, but it seems to have been adapted, and admirably adapted, to the times and conditions in which they existed.

Perhaps in any reminiscences of these worthies of the olden time, James Holland, on account of certain idiosyncracies of character, should occupy a prominent place. Perfectly insensible to fear, he would invade a rattlesnake den with bare feet, or face a British battery with equal indifference. The venom of the reptile he would extract with a dull knife with the same readiness that he would bind a fragment of his clothing around a wound received in battle. I recall two or three incidents in his life which indicate in some degree what manner of man he was.

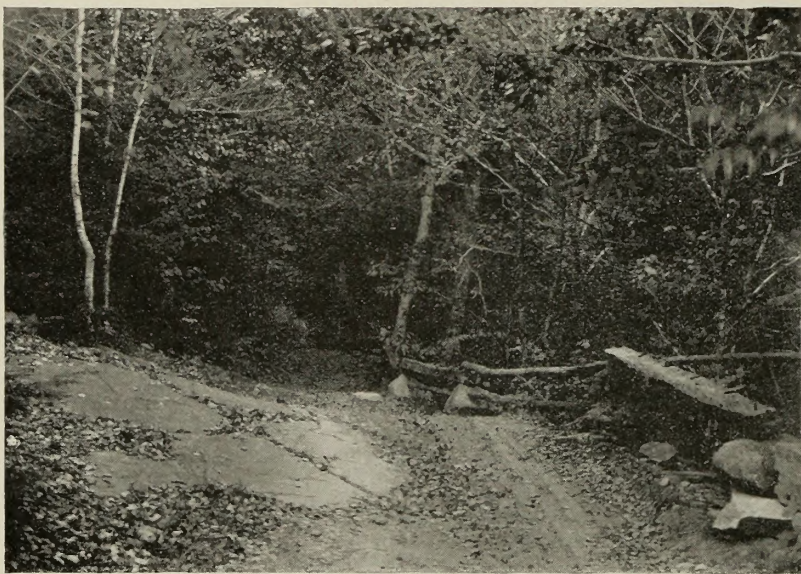
When he settled in Murrayfield he built his house on an elevation a little way east of the Middlefield road. Some disturbance of the elements—a blizzard or a cyclone, perhaps—unroofed the dwelling soon after its completion. Surveying the ruins after the gale subsided, he remarked to his young sons: "We will move the house down the hill into the brush out of the range of the wind." For James Holland to resolve to do a thing was to do it; and the house, with the simplest and rudest mechanical appliances, was gently moved, with no other assistance than that rendered by his "boys," down the slope to a sheltered nook, where the violent winds no longer annoyed and vexed him. The site upon which it finally rested is that now occupied by the residence of Deacon George W. Holcomb.

For some years the church in Old Murrayfield, to which James Holland was attached, was Presbyterian in form and doctrine. Whether the doctrines of the church were too rigid to commend themselves to the acceptance of the average man, or that a feeling of religious unrest pervaded the community, it is not necessary to inquire; certain it is that some followers of John Wesley invaded these peaceful regions and proclaimed to the people the joyful news of free salvation to all who would seek it. In process of time a society was organized in Middlefield, just over the Murrayfield line, in a locality called the "Den." Among others an itinerant preacher, named Thrasher, supplied the spiritual wants of the congregation. James Holland was constantly importuned to attend the Methodist meeting at the Den and hear Thrasher preach, and at last he complied. In the course of his sermon Thrasher exclaimed: "You miserable, rebellious sinners, unless you repent God will shake you over hell as a dog would shake a woodchuck." To the orthodox,

devout mind of James Holland, this illustration seemed coarse, vulgar and utterly lacking in that reverence which is due to Omnipotence. Quickly uprose this descendant of the reformers of Scotland, and sternly said: "Thrasher, you have said too much! Sit down. If you don't sit down I will sit you down." The significant gesture that accompanied these words indi-



CHESTER CENTER.



THE AUTUMN ROADWAY TO CHESTER HILL.

cated to Thrasher that he would better obey—and he sat down, and the exercises of that meeting were abruptly brought to a close.

James Holland and Zadok Ingell had married sisters—Mary and Christiana Bell. Mr. Ingell was one of the best men that ever lived, and he passed through life without ever having made an enemy. On account of his virtues and his fervid religious emotions, he was styled by his neighbors "the bishop." In his hortatory exercises he was enthusiastic, and, it must be confessed, sometimes vehement. He was a primitive Methodist. On a certain occasion Mr. Holland attended a meeting at the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. Ingell. In the course of the evening Mr. Ingell was the favored recipient of an unusual measure of spiritual affluence, and manifested an unusual degree of spiritual enthusiasm and rapture in his exhortation to the people. At length Mr.



THE GRASS-GROWN ROADWAY—CHESTER HILL.

Holland became uneasy. He thought that the language and manner of his Brother Ingell infringed somewhat on the propriety and solemnity which he had been taught should characterize a religious meeting, and he thus abruptly addressed him: "Brother Ingell, sit down. You have said enough. Give somebody else a chance to talk a while." Brother Ingell knew his Brother Holland and sat down.

Holland's sons, when they arrived at manhood, with perhaps one exception, became members of the medical profession, and Daniel Falley, the great uncle of Grover Cleveland, who had married his daughter Elizabeth, came to the Holland homestead and cared for the old man in his declining years. But in time Holland removed to Oswego, New York. When the British made a descent upon that place, in the war of 1812, he was observed to manifest great restlessness, and was closely watched by the family. Eluding the vigilance of his guardians, and armed with the musket which he had used with good effect at Saratoga, and perhaps at the "Crowning mercy" at Yorktown, he hastened to the American lines, took his place in the ranks of the defenders of Oswego, and participated in the battle until the enemy was defeated. He returned to his home at night, uninjured. He was then an old, venerable man. But his conduct on that occasion was characteristic of James Holland.

Isabella Walker Quigley, the wife of James Quigley, carried heroic blood in her veins, and was very much of a heroine herself. Her father was the near kinsman of George Walker, the famous defender of Londonderry, in the war between James

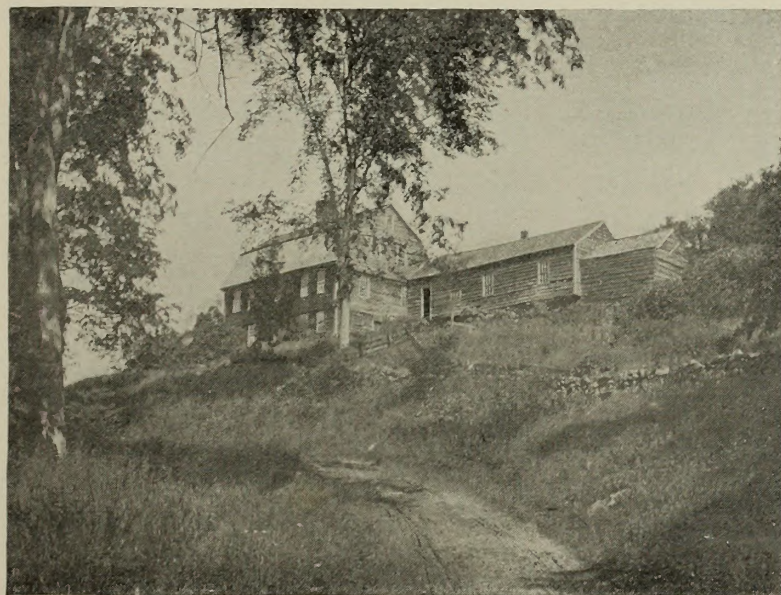


THE APPROACH TO CHESTER CENTER.

disregarded were observed that hostile Indians, intent upon mischief, were lurking in the woods, waiting for a favorable opportunity to make a descent upon the settlement. Being obliged to procure forage for their cattle at some distance, the few men left in the morning, giving strict injunctions to the women, in case of the appearance of the savages, to retire within the fortress and give the alarm which had been previously agreed upon. Nothing occurred to excite the attention of the women until late in the afternoon, when their suspicions were aroused by the appearance on a near hillock of an evergreen bush,



A WINTER EVENING.



THE OLD WOODRUFF PLACE.

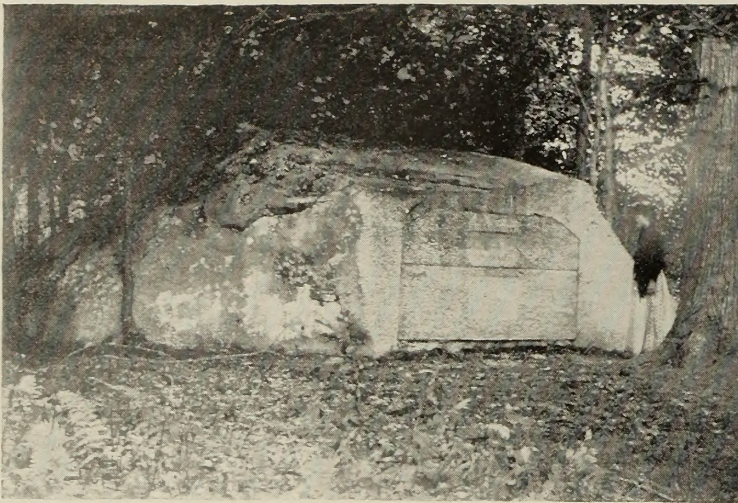
which they had not previously noticed. Presently it approached nearer, and similar bushes also made appearance. Clearly something was wrong. The blockhouse was immediately barricaded and the alarm given, and preparations were instantly made to give the redskins a warm reception. It so happened that one of the women had been boiling soft soap in a large caldron at the blockhouse, and now, while scalding hot, rye flour was added to the liquid to render it adhesive. The blockhouse was so constructed that the second story projected several feet over the lower one, and was pierced at intervals with portholes for the purpose of dislodging any enemy who should be able to reach the side of the building. To this second story the mixture of soap and rye flour was instantly conveyed. With a ladle in her hand the courageous girl Isabella, just entering her teens, took her station by the portholes and awaited the assault of the foe. At the same moment the savages threw aside the bushes that had concealed them and made a rush for the blockhouse. In the dim twilight Isabella poured ladleful after ladleful of the seething, bubbling mixture of soap and rye flour through the portholes upon the upturned faces and half-naked bodies of the savages. Wherever it touched it stuck. With terrific yells and shrieks they started for the woods and were seen no more. Years afterwards, upon the peaceful heights of Murrayfield, Isabella Walker Quigley would narrate this and other adventures among the Indians in the wilds of Maine, to a group of interested and delighted grandchildren.

II and his son-in-law, William Prince of Orange. In colonial times the Walker family received considerable grants of land in the District of Maine on the southwest side of Penobscot bay, and while Isabella was still a young girl, her brother, in company with several associates, commenced a settlement on these lands. The times were perilous and the location was a dangerous one, as there was an almost constant state of hostility between the inhabitants of New England and the French in Canada. To insure the safety of these pioneers in the wilderness, a blockhouse was erected. On a certain occasion, during the French and Indian war, indications not to be



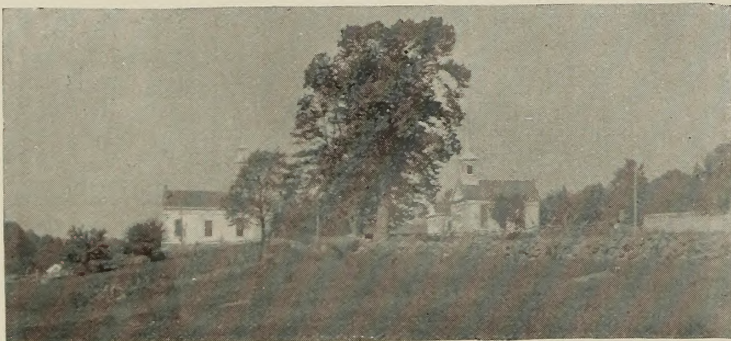
THE PLATEAU OF CHESTER HILL.

Alexander Gordon married the sister of James Holland, and lived on what is known as Gordon Hill. His son, John Gordon, was one of the brightest young men ever raised in Murrayfield. A career which promised to be one of great usefulness and even brilliancy was cut short by death just as he attained to



A TOMB IN THE WOODS.

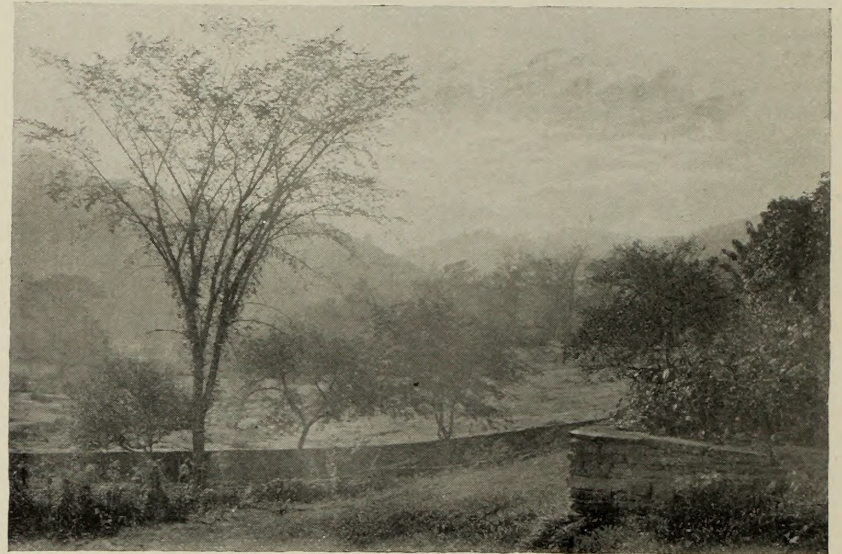
manhood. While still a youth John Gordon went to the Den, two or three miles distant, to assist a neighbor in slaughtering some swine. It was in the short days of December, and it was twilight before the work was completed. Fastening some of the meat to his saddle, he prepared to return home. Before mounting his horse, as a matter of precaution, he took a blazing brand, three or four feet in length, from the fireplace. He had proceeded but a short distance when his horse manifested symptoms of uneasiness, and presently his ears were saluted by the ominous baying of a pack of wolves that had been attracted by the scent of the meat. The wolves were upon him a minute later, and for two miles it became a race for life. The trusty horse knew the enemy he had to contend with, and put forth all his powers. Gordon dropped the reins upon



MONTGOMERY.

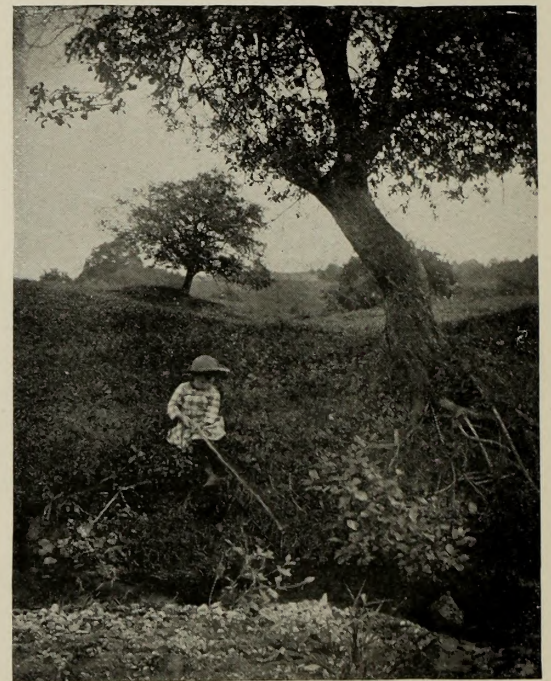
which Gordon thrust in their faces. Then they would recoil for an instant, preparatory for another rush. On either side it was alternately the recoil and the rush. It was a fearful and terrific ride—the horse exerting every ounce of strength, in a steady gallop, to reach his home, and John Gordon, waving the brand of living fire, swaying from side to side to meet the onset of the foe. Home was at last reached in safety. But the wolves followed him to the very door of the dwelling.

During the whole period of his life there was no more prominent citizen of Murrayfield than Samuel Bell. He came to the town among the very first of the settlers, cleared land, built houses and barns, and, for the times and locality, achieved an enviable measure of prosperity. While clearing his land, which was situated about one mile west of James Holland's place, he would labor until late in the evening, then, taking a firebrand in his hand as a protection against the attacks of the wolves, would pick his way with

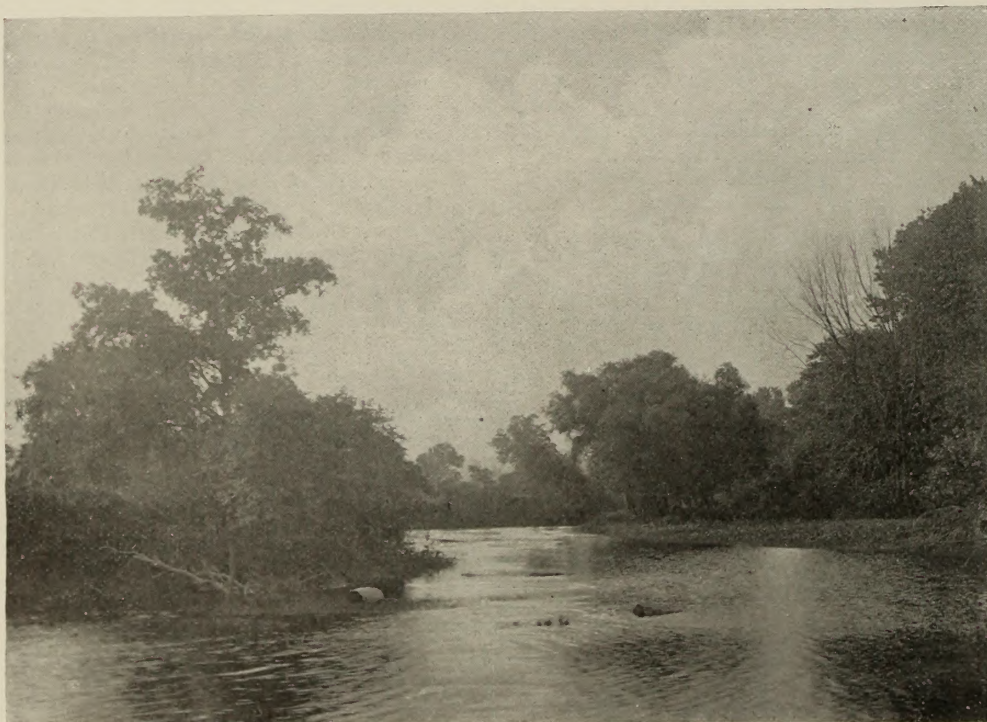


MORNING IN THE NORTH CHESTER VALLEY.

the neck of the horse, grasped the blazing brand with both hands and met the assault of the hungry and ferocious brutes. The pack divided, about half on each side. The wolves would spring forward to fasten upon the horse's flank, to be met by the blazing firebrand



A LITTLE FISHERMAN.



THE WESTFIELD RIVER, AT NORTH CHESTER.

some difficulty through the forest, guided only by blazed trees, to the house of Mr. Holland, who was his brother-in-law. One day in midwinter, in company with a settler who had located in his neighborhood, he started on a hunting expedition. Presently the sun became obscured, a blinding snowstorm set in, and the two hunters became bewildered and lost. To add to their perplexities, the obscurity of night closed upon them. It was found impossible to kindle a fire, and to proceed in the darkness would be a useless waste of strength. Observing that his companion was becoming stupefied by the intense cold, Mr. Bell, after concealing the guns, cut a stout birch rod and laid it smartly over his friend's back and legs. This irritated him, and he

started in pursuit of Mr. Bell, who led him in a circle until he became warm and good-natured. This was repeated at intervals during the long, cold, winter night, and was the means by which their lives were preserved. When the sun rose clear and bright in the morning they found that they had passed the night on the banks of the west branch of the Westfield river, about midway between the present villages of Chester and Huntington.

Of these settlers and their descendants within the two miles square commonly styled the Scotch-Irish colony of Murrayfield, at least twenty have entered the medical profession; four were clergymen, of whom one was a doctor of divinity and another a missionary to the Sandwich Islands; four were lawyers; one was a member of the State Senate and of the Governor's Council in Maine; another was a member of the State Senate of New York; one was a member of the State Senate of Massachusetts; and probably fifteen others have been members of the Legislature in Massachusetts and other states. No other four square miles in a secluded, rural district in New England can show such a record as this.

ALONG THE BROOKS OF WESTERN HAMPDEN.

The central part of Hampden county is such a busy hive of industry that people ignore the rustic beauty of its western hills. The county is indeed a little world in itself as regards the various types of human industry and the various phases of natural scenery. In the metropolitan city of Springfield, and in its up-the-river rival Holyoke, and in the larger towns on the river highways, great manufacturing and mercantile interests are sustained; many towns on the eastern and central plains are almost wholly given up to agricultural pursuits, while among the western hills the people divide their time between farming, stock raising, lumbering and mining. Financial prosperity is of course greater in the business centers than in the more sparsely settled towns, but there are riches of natural beauty in the isolation of the wild western hills that are highly appreciated by some of the dwellers there and by the few enthusiasts who go there for summer rest, or delight to "take a day off" on the picturesque brooks that gurgle and sing and roar through the forest. How many there are in the aggregate who in former years or even up to this present time have followed these lonely streams with some kind of a rod and line and a mass of alluring worms, who can say? There is no complete list of them anywhere recorded; but old hearts still warm and dull nerves still tingle at thought of the electric effect of "a bite" and the dazzling brilliancy of the rainbow-hued trout as he first came from pool or rapid. No wonder that old men still cherish this form of youthful folly—and go trembling and timorous along a brook that they used to follow with easy agility. The youthful passion burns like fire in their bones, and no joy of early life is clung to more tenaciously and



MARCH IN THE WOODS.



WINTER ON THE HILLS.



SPRINGTIME.

relinquished more regretfully than that of following a trout brook.

There are fishermen and there are fishermen. The true angler must be a sincere sportsman and something of a poet. He must have a fine sense of honor in the pursuit of his game, and he must find satisfaction in something besides the number or weight of fish in his creel. This is especially true of the brook trout fisherman; he must find sufficient incentive in small, practical returns for his labor to make him feel that a few little fish are well worth going after; and he must also feel that a day in the woods with all the glories of water and rock, flowers and trees, aside from all the trophies of his skill, brings satisfaction to his soul as a lover of nature, at least equal to any comforts that can come to him as a sportsman. So, though he may get little by his rod, he can get much through his senses.

Because of this double character of a true fisherman's joys, the brooks of the Western Hampden hills afford him rare opportunities for his favorite pursuit. It is a wonder that there are any trout left in them. When we add to the fair strings of which we have heard in our time, the magnificent catches which the old fellows say

they made when they were boys, think also of the small boys still tramping along their banks with an alder sapling and a piece of twine, who know nothing of leaders and boiled silk lines and split-bamboo rods, it seems strange that a single speckled minnow has survived the siege. But the race of the *salmo fontinalis* has not yet become extinct, though, like youthful cigarette smokers, it has become generally stunted in size. The half-pounders are rare, and the pounders very scarce. But the brooks and woods are no less beautiful than when the oldest of us were boys, except where the vandal lumberman has

ravaged the forest with its old enemy the axe, and with that modern abomination, the portable steam sawmill. Before this last diabolical contrivance, both forest and trout disappear, for the sawdust which is an evidence of the destruction of one is a cause of destruction to the other.

But these incisors and molars of civilization have not yet prepared much of the timber on our brooks for further processes of digestion in practical life.

The true trout fisherman can, therefore, always find abundant attractions on these streams.

The fish may be fewer and smaller than in days of yore, but there are fish to be found still, and some of quite respectable size. The shadowed glades and gorges are not yet to be deserted to poets and artists who do not share the sportsman's taste, for these rushing brooks still flash with the golden-bellied and speckled-sided beauties.

Fishermen, like fish, have their favorite haunts, and happy are the former when they find their choices coinciding with the choices of their sparkling game. There are two brooks which, for rich sport and wild beauty, offer as great advantages as any of the many in this delightful region. One of them is Black brook, rising in the eastern part of Blandford, running southeasterly with a rapid fall and emptying into the Westfield river opposite the railroad station at



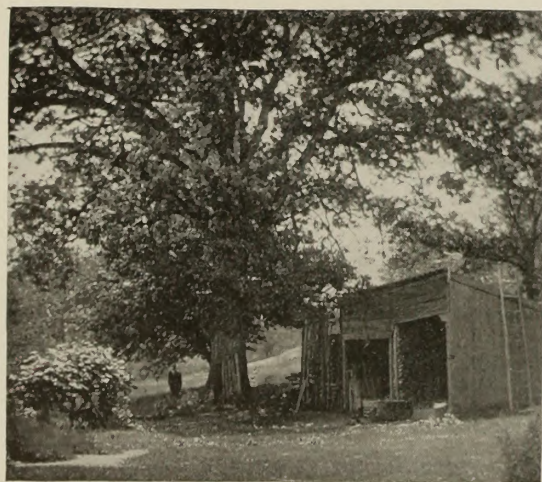
MONTGOMERY—WHERE THE ROAD DIPS TOWARD WESTFIELD.

Russell. Let us follow it from the upper waters to the grist-mill in the village.

Taking a morning train with the genial Conductor Chapin, who is one of the good deacons of the old First Church in Springfield, we look eagerly on the platform at the Russell station for another deacon whose church lays special stress upon the fact that there was "much water" at Enon, when John was baptizing. Deacon Pomeroy is a true Nazarite in appearance and in principle. His beard is unshaven, and he abhors indulgence in the two popular vices of drinking and smoking. He encourages the use, however, of unfermented cider by carrying a generous supply of apples in his pockets, that he is willing to have filched by any hands. We promptly engage him to take us up the mountain, though neither horse nor wagon look equal to the journey. If hampered by a previous engagement



THE ROAD BETWEEN MONTGOMERY AND WESTFIELD.

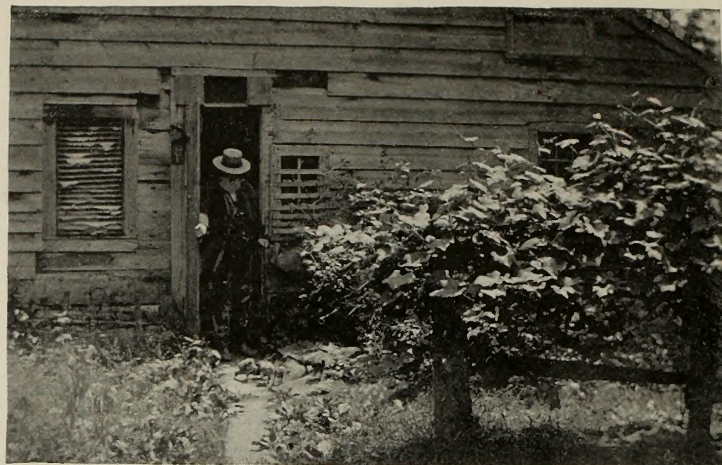


A FAMOUS TATHAM OAK.

he easily adjusts matters by saying he will just take us first and will be back shortly. The demands of fishermen seem to him so inexorable and immediate that he has responded to them when it involved the delay of a fair "school-marm" in getting to her post on a Monday morning; and again when an eager young man had engaged transportation to Huntington to see "his best girl." In each case the conscientious deacon recognized the superior claims of fishermen to the right of way.

Perhaps there was some subtle relation in his mind between the fact that one of them was of the clerical profession, though clad in an unclerical shooting jacket, and the fact that fishing was an apostolic employment.

Packing rods and creels into the wagon, we climb to the seat, with the deacon



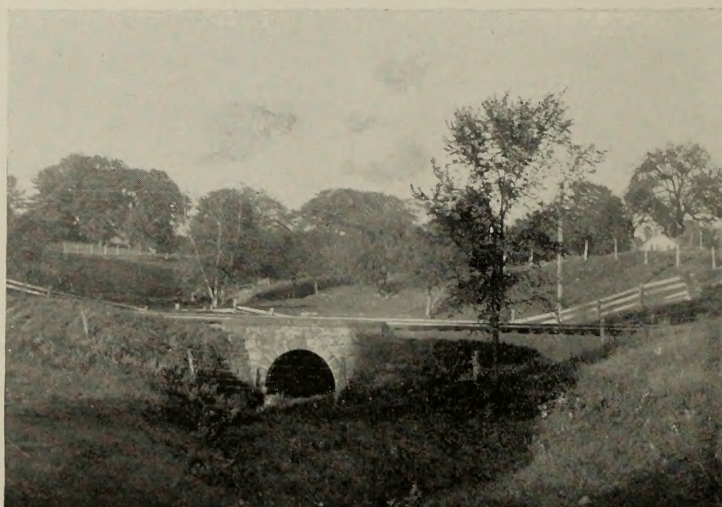
TATHAM—THE CHICKENS AT THE BACK DOOR.

between us. The vehicle is rather loose jointed, but the skepticism of former days has begun to give place to a trembling faith that it will hold together for one more trip. But that raw-boned horse is always a surprise to us. Hampered by no overdraw check, he puts his nose to the ground like a hound following a trail, and drags us up the steep pitches in an incredibly

short space of time. His wiry fibres are worth more on the Hampden hills than they would be if sliced into steaks in the stall of a Paris butcher.

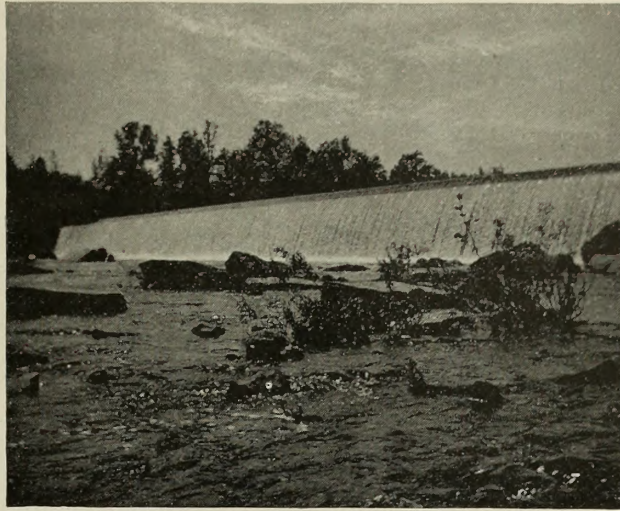
About two miles from the village we get into wading boots and start them rapidly toward the brook that has bubbled and roared at various depths below us all the way. It is astonishing how hard it often is to get to a brook that seems close at hand. But during past ages it has cut for itself a channel far below the surface of its original level. In clefts of these rocky and precipitous sides a dense undergrowth flourishes; so we go sliding down, clutching at rocks and saplings, in a desperate hurry, yet realizing that the greatest haste may not involve the utmost speed, thankful if we finally splash into the brook with nothing more serious than scratches and bruises, minus a few suspender buttons and plus a few rips and rents.

But in some shape we get there, and with trembling fingers rig our rods. How squirmy and slippery the worms are! What unreasonable obstinacy they show in resisting efforts to clothe our skeletons of steel in their soft and seductive flesh!



A RAILROAD CULVERT.

There is an ecstatic thrill which one feels just then, the result of many subtle influences. Beauty is all about him, he is conscious of its charms, though not thinking so keenly of them as of the prospect of a bite. The miles of turbulent water stretching ahead of him offer boundless possibilities of luck. He may strike a "pounder," he may happen upon a pool full of hungry fish that will give him such sport as he has not had but once or twice in his life. Imagination quickens expectation, every eddy and ripple looks hopeful. Slowly and cautiously he moves from rock to rock or stands mid-leg deep in the stream. Trout are proverbially fickle in their tastes and obstinate in their fancies. If they will bite they will, and if they wont they wont. We go on down the brook, sometimes rewarded by fair luck, and sometimes having to draw on the reserves of philosophy and patience. Unusual misfortune may prove the mother of invention, as when an unlucky sportsman, who had often followed Black brook, one day fell into one of its pools bodily, and not



MITTINEAGUE WATER POWER.

all depicted in constantly changing form as we descend through the long succession of gorges. There are pools that may well give name to the brook, from their murky hue, suggesting unknown depths. At the head of such a miniature lake the water comes tumbling down in a silver cascade by a succession of falls, and the whole is enclosed in a rocky amphitheatre, the sides of which are garnished with ferns and mosses, and overhung with giant trees that admit the sunshine only in flecks that shiver on the uneasy surface, or in stray beams that at certain hours strike through between the great boles and wide-spreading branches. One chasm, perhaps one hundred and fifty feet long and forty feet deep, suggests a facsimile, on a small scale, of one of the great cañons of the Southwest.

Then we come upon open reaches where the rocky sides recede from the channel. We can walk along gravel beaches, or wade through shallow water. But everything is so beautiful—trees, rocks, flowers, ferns, mosses. In a cleft of a boulder in mid-stream you may find a clump of violets, blue or yellow, or, more dainty than either, white, with the delicate pencilings on their fragile petals. One cannot fail to deplore that there is so much of loveliness that must escape all human notice, and so much that is seen by only a few eyes in the course of a year. But to one who does see and who does feel his soul swell with unwonted gratitude and awe and delight, it seems as though none of the myriad beauties that a glance includes were created in vain.

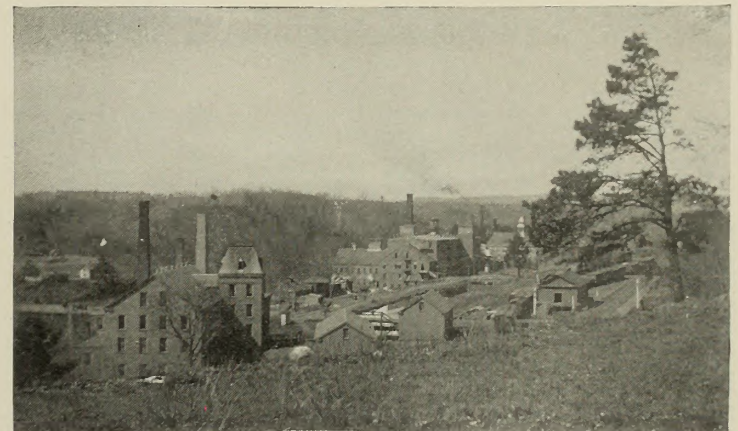
You have to be down at the brook level to appreciate it all, for many things can be seen only imperfectly or not at all from above its level. Thus, hard though it be to keep your footing on the slippery stones, and wet as the water is when you unexpectedly admit it over the top of your boot, or sit down



AMONG THE MILLS.

only got a complete ducking, but more distressing still, lost all of his precious worms. Nothing daunted, he used the eyes of fish already taken, with such success that the stock of ocular bait was frequently replenished, and at the mouth of the brook he had a handsome mess of eyeless trout.

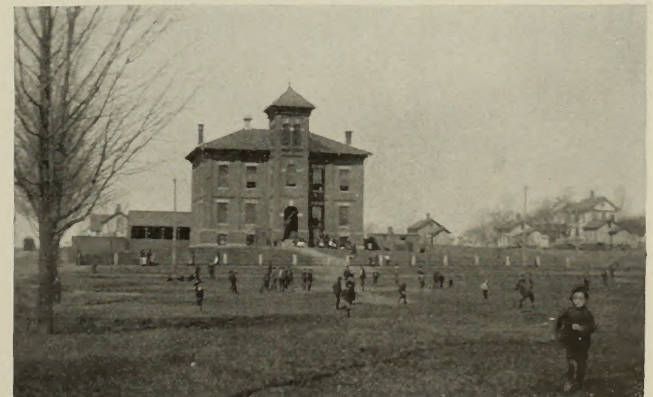
Whether luck be good or bad, the poem of nature's reciting is always beautiful, and nowhere more so than on that wonderful stream. Eye and ear and nostril are avenues of perpetual and varied delight. The grand, the picturesque, the exquisite are



A VALLEY VIEW—MITTINEAGUE.



IN THE VALLEY OF THE AGAWAM, AT MITTINEAGUE.



THE SCHOOL BUILDING.

without stopping long to select the exact place of repose, yet there are joys that so generously recompense you for such discomforts as to make them soon forgotten.

The animal life of the deep woods, of a type higher than the insect, is not very abundant. The lonesome thrush sounds his rich minor notes in plaintive cadence from leafy depths. Occasionally a partridge plays his mysterious tattoo, which so baffles the attempts of scientists and woodsmen to explain. Smaller birds

hop from bough to bough so near you as to prove that they have not become acquainted with the various weapons that human ingenuity has devised to destroy their innocent lives. Whatever the weight of our creels after coming down Black brook, we cannot help feeling that the trip through nature's wild garden has been fraught with charming experiences. The days spent among its beauties are red-letter ones in a fisherman's life.

The other remarkable stream to which reference has been made is Munn brook, running from Granville through the western part of Southwick into Westfield Little river, not far above Crane's upper mill. Its cliffs and gorges and pools are on a scale somewhat more magnificent than those of Black



ARCHITECTURAL CONTRAST.

brook. The stream is larger, and so are apt to be the trout. From "Winchell's" to "Lambson's" it breaks through the mountains, and only a plucky athlete can follow its whole course. There are many vast pools that can be passed only by climbing far up on the mountain sides, because the banks are so steep and high at all surrounding points. But there is probably no other stream in Western Hampden that affords so many spots of wild and rugged beauty as that, with the exception, perhaps, of the headwaters of Westfield Little river.

Those in whom the double instinct, poetic and piscatorial, has not been born, need not expect to find all that has been suggested about these lonely



MAIN STREET OF THE PATCH.

experienced in the past and long to have often repeated ere our fishing days are over.

JOHN H. LOCKWOOD.

WEST SPRINGFIELD.

This is the final chapter of the ride about the county, and, after the manner of the Irishman, I may say this ride is to be a walk. The town is barely five minutes distant from Springfield's Main street, by way of the old toll



THE VILLAGE SOUTH OF THE STREAM.



A BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE PATCH.



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

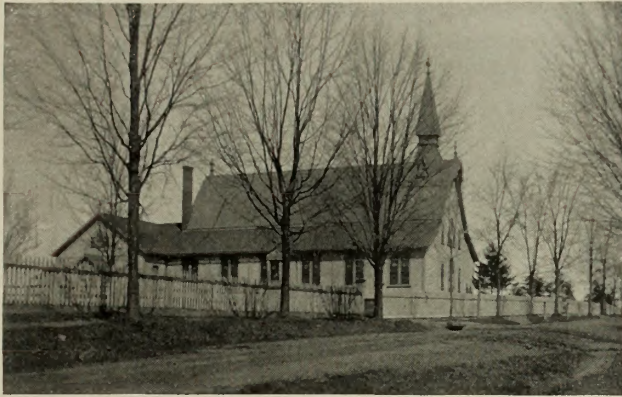
brooks, but to such as are conscious of its indefinable force, these brooks of Western Hampden are well worth exploration. And such as taste their ecstatic joys will want to spend as many days as possible in their delightful fastnesses, between the middle of April and the middle of July. We who have known them for years can only wish for those who shall become familiar with them in the future, such delicious pleasure as we have ex-



METHODIST CHURCH.

as the marks of ax and adze plainly attest. The interior of the bridge is divided into a double passage by a line of heavy supports running its entire length. On its south side is a narrow walk for foot passengers. An interesting flavor of antiquity hangs about the bridge, yet at the same time it gives an impression of strength and ability to withstand flood and storm for many years to come.

A mile above is a second bridge, which is a striking contrast to the lower one. "The North End bridge," as it is known, is in every way modern, and is one of the finest on the river. It is an open, even-spaced framework of iron, painted white. That seems the only right color for bridges of any length. In this they do well to imitate the spider's web of nature, which in structure they pattern after. Red, or any dark color, gives an effect of heaviness which is not pleasant. An airy effect of lightness is most becoming its purpose, and its open



CATHOLIC CHURCH—MITTINEAGUE.

architecture. Fancy the great Brooklyn bridge painted any other color than white. It never would do. Neither is it good in any bridge over streams the size of the Connecticut.

At the west end of the upper bridge you enter at once a handsome park, which in the old days was the town common. This old common was the camping place of two British armies. Gen. Amherst, with 7,000 men, halted here for two days and two nights,



THE OLD STREET—WEST SPRINGFIELD.

One day when I was making a picture in the western part of the village, a little fellow in a blue cap came running toward me. He stopped a few paces distant and, after regarding my camera curiously for a while, asked, "Going to have electric lights over here?"

Later he concluded I had some sort of shooting machine, and said, "I'd like to have a gun."

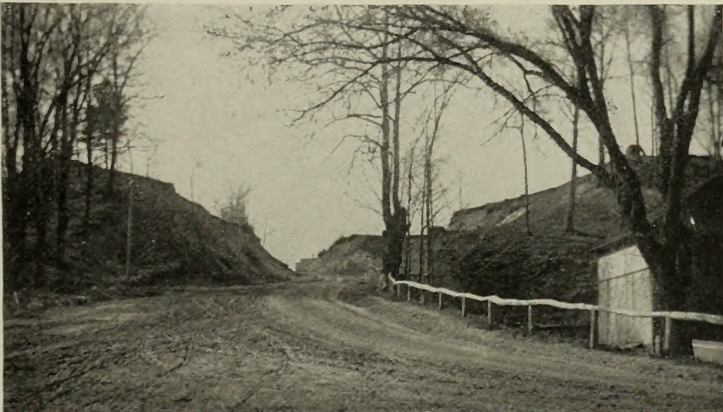
"What, you have a gun!" said I.

"Well, I'd like to have a pistol, anyway."

"What for?" I asked.

"Oh! to shoot things with. I could kill a hen."

"What do you want to kill a hen for?"



WEST SPRINGFIELD—A ROADWAY THROUGH A HILL.



MEADOWS AND HILLSIDES.



THE RIVER ROAD, NEAR MOUNT ORTHODOX.

on his march to Canada, and Gen. Burgoyne and his captive army were encamped on this spot as long a time on their way to Boston. It is now hedged with evergreen, and has many fine elms within or bordering its green level. But these trees reach the perfection of old age on the street which turns north at the western borders of the park, where the doubled arched avenue of great elms is as handsome as is to be found anywhere in the valley. Here, too, are many old houses of delightful early architecture, as charming as poems in their setting of elms, shrubs and near orchards, of which the passing years have made them so harmonious a part. All the older portions of the town are well supplied with finely grown trees and these attractive old dwellings, and only in the new village built up about the old toll bridge are they to any degree lacking.



HIGH SCHOOL.

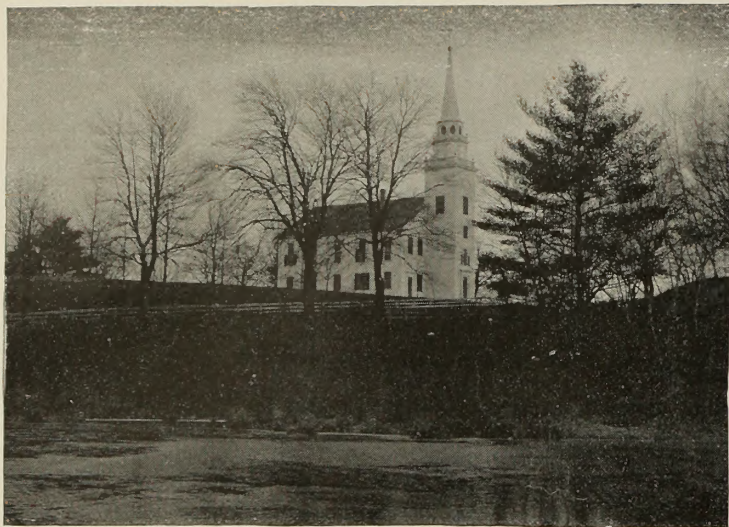
"Oh! to eat," he replied.

When I fixed my machine to start on again, he asked, "Is that going off? Say, come and shoot a hen. Do! I don't b'lieve you could shoot a hen with that. Come on and let's see you."

I sat down a moment on my box, and sat writing with the camera across my knees. The boy went to fingering with the cap and presently took it off. I gave the camera a sudden jar and the little fellow popped his head back and jumped away in a great hurry. "My!" he said, "I thought 'twas going to shoot."

When I went on again I asked him if he knew where Bear Hole was. He said no, and added, "There ain't no bears here now."

I went down beside the stream close by, and glanced about, hoping to find a picture. The boy had followed me, and his question now was, "Lookin' for fish?"

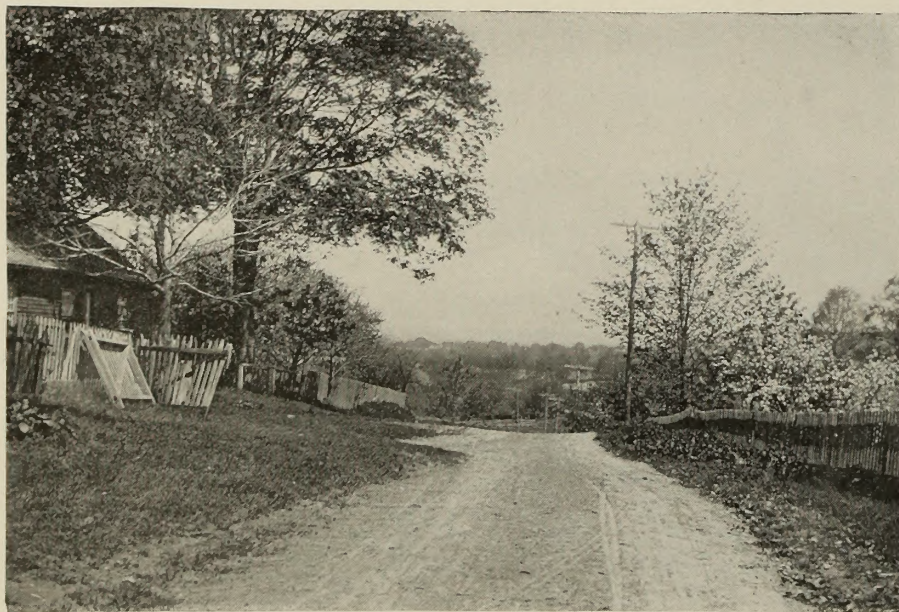


THE OLD CHURCH ON MOUNT ORTHODOX.



A FROZEN POND.

On another occasion I paid a visit to this place known as Bear Hole. It is five miles from Springfield, and I went in a team. You catch no suggestion of the nature of the place from the outside. At the entrance is a pretty cottage in a grove, and across the road a barn and a group of sheds where visitors leave their teams. A road makes a steep descent into a deep, irregular glen. Half way down is a pond, bordered by whitewashed stone walls, where are two or three rowboats moored at the shore. Down the gloomy depths of the ravine a little stream tumbles over the rocks. Follow it and you come to a pavilion almost



A BRUSH HILL ROADWAY.



RESIDENCE OF H. S. HYDE, BRUSH HILL.

hidden in the grove surrounding. Here good things in the eating line are served to those who desire. Beyond it, a little up the slope, in a hole in the rocky hillside, is a real live bear. He is not, however, the original owner of the premises, nor, indeed, the present one, but is restricted to a few square feet of rock-walled cavern behind a lattice of strong iron bars. Down the glen still farther is a charming little meadow, prisoned by steep, wooded hills. A brook runs along its northern borders and continues under the shadow of the eastern hill.

The land rises gently toward the north, and in the woods which clothe the steep rise of the hill is the famous Massasoit spring.



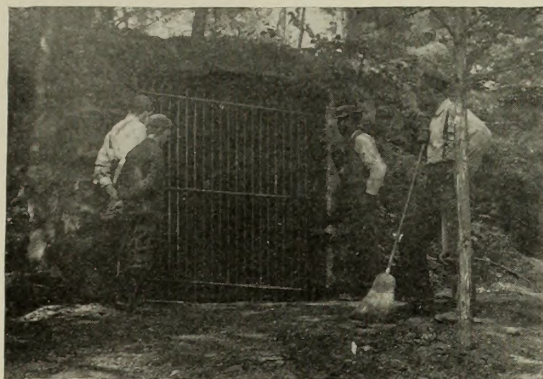
HIGHLAND FARM TROUT POND—FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE BARRINGTON.



THE VALLEY, FROM BRUSH HILL.

A building with an open front marks the spot, wherein are seats for the weary traveler, and much wall space whereon he can pencil his name and the date when he honored the place with a visit. Also, I may mention that when I was there I found a glass goblet which had sprung aleak in the side, whence, when filled, a stream of water spouted like a miniature fountain. This goblet, I took it, was for the refreshment of the thirsty, and I therewith sampled the water. It seemed to me all that is claimed for it in the matter of purity; indeed, it was rather too pure, if anything. And as to its coldness, it has a temperature as if it came from regions of eternal ice. The front gable of the spring house is decorated with a large sign, proclaiming the name of the spring and its date of discovery and purity, and ending up with the first line of the doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." This gives the feeling that the place is in someway connected with camp meetings or the open-air services of the Salvation

Army, and that the open-fronted pavilion is a temple of worship serving as a rostrum whence the exhorters address an assembled multitude below. I drove away from Bear Hole with the impression that it was a very

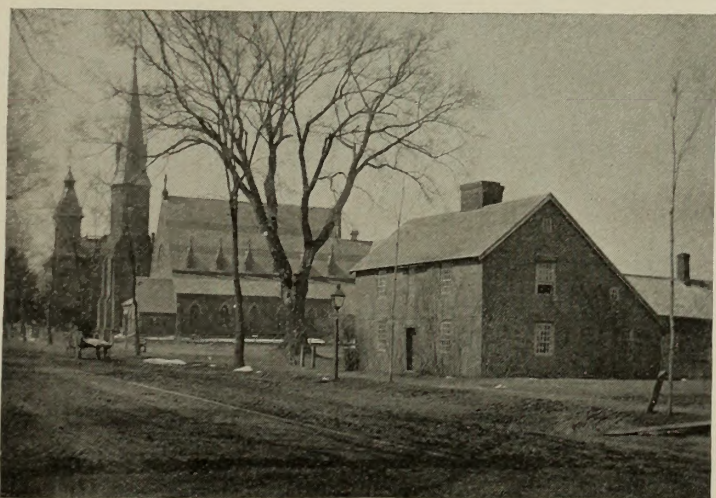


THE BEAR'S DEN.

pleasant resort for a "Pick Nick," as one of the signs has it.

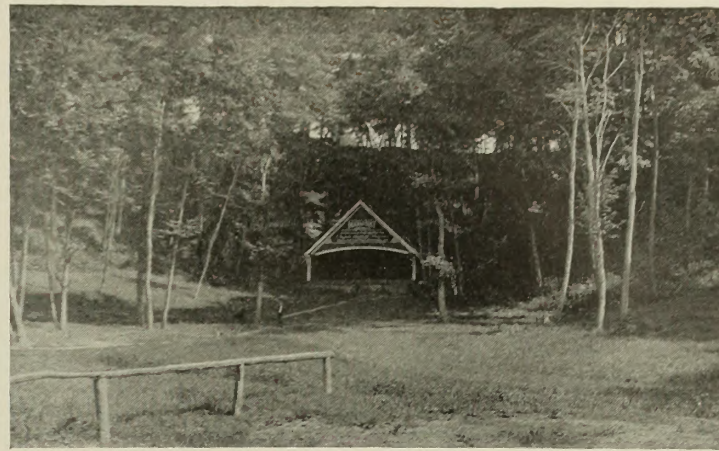
Another outskirt which calls for mention is Tatham, on the extreme western borders of the town. It is a scattered hamlet whose center is, I suppose, the brick schoolhouse at the crossroads. This community claims the oldest and most beautiful white oak tree to be found in New England. It is on the Smith homestead, a little off the highway. At the base it has a circumference of thirty-three feet, and for twenty-five feet above the ground nowhere has a measure of less than twenty-four feet. It is in an open field and has a wide, even spread of branches that seem as full of life and vigor as a young tree. Yet its age is estimated at over five hundred years. In early times the highway passed close by its trunk, and a sharp eye can still find traces of the old Bay Path within its shadows.

The most important of West Springfield's villages is Mittineague. This is a mile to the west of the town center. In the hollow along the stream are no less than five large paper mills. In their neighborhood are shops and tenements and groups of houses, but the most attractive residence district is the plateau of the high northern hill.



STREET NORTH OF THE COMMON—WEST SPRINGFIELD.

Across the bridge, by turning sharp to the right and descending a steep, short hill, you come upon a low level by the stream, known as "The Patch." Here is a village of odd little houses, apparently made out of all sorts of second-hand timber and tin roofing. There is a sort of main street running through the district, but I could not determine whether there were other avenues or not. About the dwellings were little gardens wherein potatoes, beans and cabbages were flourishing. These small houses held large families, I judged, from the number of children who gathered when I appeared with my camera. It does not matter much so long as



MASSASOIT SPRING.



THE WATERFALL AT BEAR HOLE.

warm weather lasts, for then they live mostly out of doors, but in winter there must be a lack of elbowroom in some of the dwellings. I went down by the stream, which was so low I was tempted to wade out to get a better view. A large delegation of village children were on hand to watch the performance. They were a barefooted tribe, and when I left shoes and stockings on the bank and picked a careful way along the slippery stones in the swift running water, the majority followed me. Then one of the smallest of them fell in and though promptly rescued wailed and wailed and would not be comforted. This accident discouraged a good many of my followers and they turned back. I asked some of the boys and girls who continued faithful if they too weren't afraid of getting in, but they said they waded there every day and were used to getting in.

West Springfield's most striking landmark is the old white church on "Mount Orthodox." It occupies a hill north of the center, overlooking the river, and is in clear view for many miles up and down the valley. Close behind it is an interesting old cemetery. Up the river is a long reach of rich level meadow land that rolls up westerly in terraces of low hills. This is a famous region for dairy farming and market gardening. There is connected with this upper district an Indian story worth relating. In the old, old days there stood all alone on the river bank, opposite Chicopee, a rude little house. One spring morning the woman of the place was boiling soap. She had a kettle swung over an open-



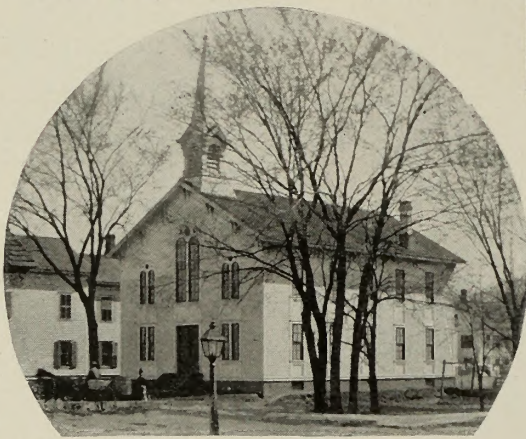
TOWN HALL AND PARK CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.



OLD TAVERN ON SHAD LANE.

Indian was close behind and she served him in the same way. Then she ran to her babies and attempted to throw them into the boat. One fell in the boat, but the other fell in the water. There was no time to rescue it. The

air fire on the sandy shore only a few paces from the edge of the water. Near by were her twin babies sleeping under a shadowing willow, and drawn up a little on the sand close by was a small boat. Her husband had gone to the village. The soap making was progressing satisfactorily and the woman was humming softly to herself, when she was startled by an approaching footfall. She turned and there was an Indian, in war paint, not two yards distant. Quick as thought she caught up a dipper of the boiling soap and dashed it in his face. Another



METHODIST CHURCH—WEST SPRINGFIELD.



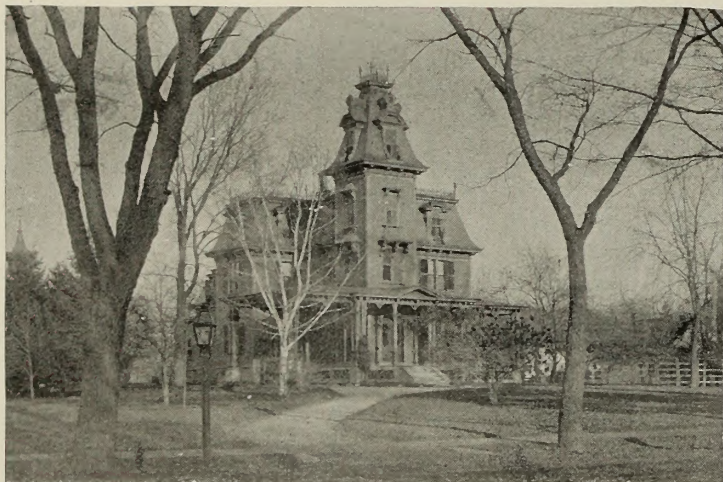
CATHOLIC CHURCH.

But Tige seemed not much of a hunter, and, having barked a few notes, subsided. As for me, I got on the other side of a barbed wire fence with all haste. Soon I came upon some children gathering flood trash in the bushes growing along the bank. They, too, asked to have their pictures taken, and they, too, had a dog with them; but we got along amiably, for I brought two or three of them into a picture I made. I let one of them look through my machine.

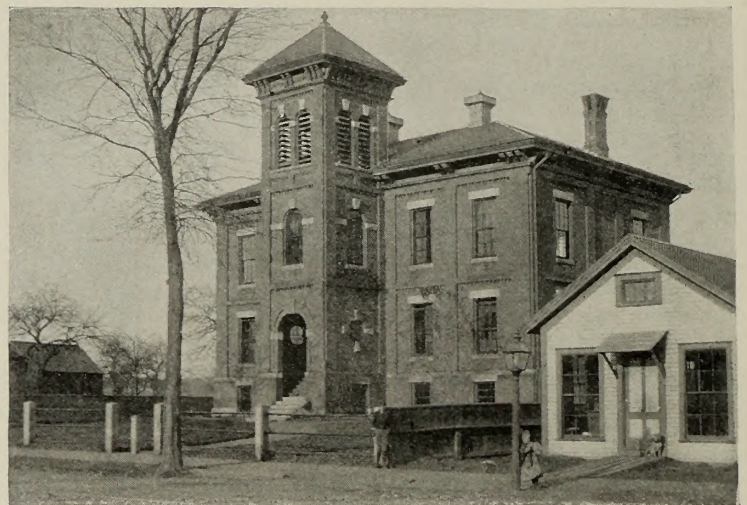
"Can you see anything?" asked another.

"Oh, Golly!" said the fellow, with his head under the cloth, in rapture.

"It's all taken, Mister, ain't it?" they said, when I put on the cap.



A MAIN STREET RESIDENCE.



MAIN STREET SCHOOL.



BAPTIST CHURCH.

elms, and south and east the tree-lined banks of the Agawam and the Connecticut, which give it a pleasant variety that make it favorite sketching ground for Springfield artists. It is quite delightful all along up and down the river bank, and one gets charming views of Springfield across the stream.

One spring day, as I was following up the dyke a little back from the water's edge, I was accosted by a group of boys who seemed to be holding a convention on an overturned wagon body in a back yard. "Mister," they called, "take our pictures." They continued shouting, but I paid no attention. Then they began calling to a black dog that lay under a near tree. "Here, Tige! Here! S-s-s- st! Take hold of him, Tige!"

maddened savages were running toward her. She pushed off the boat and succeeded in reaching the opposite shore in safety, but one baby lay at the bottom of the river.

At the other end of the town, below the old toll bridge, is more meadow land, where are many handsome

"Mister, she ain't had hers taken," said one, calling my attention to a newcomer.

"Mister, he says my dog is cross-eyed," said a little girl, pointing a finger at the culprit, and then, patting the abused creature, she said: "You ain't cross-eyed, be you, Jacky? No, you ain't. So there." And the dog sat down and wagged his tail and let his tongue hang out and looked very happy.

CLIFTON JOHNSON.



CATHOLIC SCHOOL.



SUMMER IN THE MEADOWS—AFTER A PAINTING BY E. E. CASE.

RAILROADS IN HAMPDEN COUNTY.

Hardly a county in the state is better provided with railroad facilities than Hampden, while travelers who desire to see the picturesque attractions of the country comprised in the tier of counties now covered by the issues of "Picturesque Hampshire," "Franklin" and "Hampden," can conveniently start from the southernmost shire to which this book is devoted. Railroads radiate in all directions from Springfield, the shire city, and the place furnishes an excellent base of operations for the summer tourist who wishes to explore the beautiful region north. This book will, however, tend to convince lovers of nature that Hampshire and Franklin cannot monopolize picturesqueness, and for the purpose of identifying the "counterfeit presentments" in the following pages, they will find the railroads centering in or passing through the county are among the best in the country.

The Boston & Albany corporation will bring the traveler from the east or west, and its roadbed and cars are well known for their ease and comfort. Its trains, both accommodation and express, are frequently run, and a desire to please its patrons is hinted at in the unique but praiseworthy notice on its pocket time tables, to the effect that passengers are requested to report any incivility of employes of the road.

From New York and the south, travelers may most quickly reach Springfield by the trains of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad company. Probably no railroad system in this country has been more freely criticised than this one, yet it remains true that the roadbed is one of the safest, the

cars comfortable, and the officials of the road seem as solicitous as any for the convenience of their patrons. Fatal accidents, considering the yet unremoved danger of grade crossings, are comparatively few, and general safety has not been sacrificed to speed.

A third road calling for mention is the New York & New England, which links together the towns lying to the east back from the Connecticut, between Springfield and Hartford.

Running north from the city of Springfield is the Connecticut River railroad, the model provincial road of the country, and those who desire to continue their researches into "Picturesque Hampshire" or "Franklin," and



ENTRANCE TO THE OLD TOLL BRIDGE.

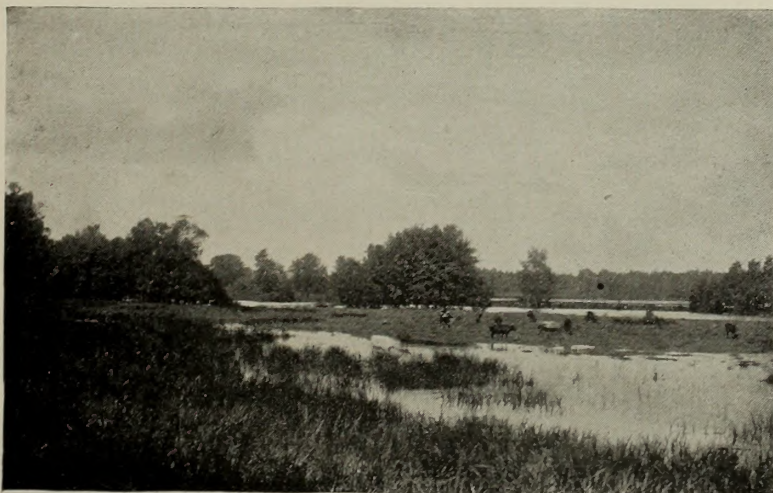
even the White Mountains and Canada, will find the "River" road indispensable. The people of the three counties are justly proud of it, and the stranger, "not to the manor born," will smile while he admires the thoughtfulness of the management in instructing its brakemen to call out at the Springfield terminus of the road, "Passengers are reminded not to leave parcels and umbrellas in the cars."



SEESAW.

OLD TIMES IN THE HILL TOWNS.

At the close of the Revolution many new settlers came to the hill towns. Most of them were young married men. The pioneer came the first summer, provided with an axe, a brush scythe, a shovel and a hoe. Selecting a place for his dwelling, the forest trees were soon leveled about it, a little cellar dug, and a log cabin built. A piece of



▲ SUMMER FLOOD ON WEST SPRINGFIELD MEADOWS.

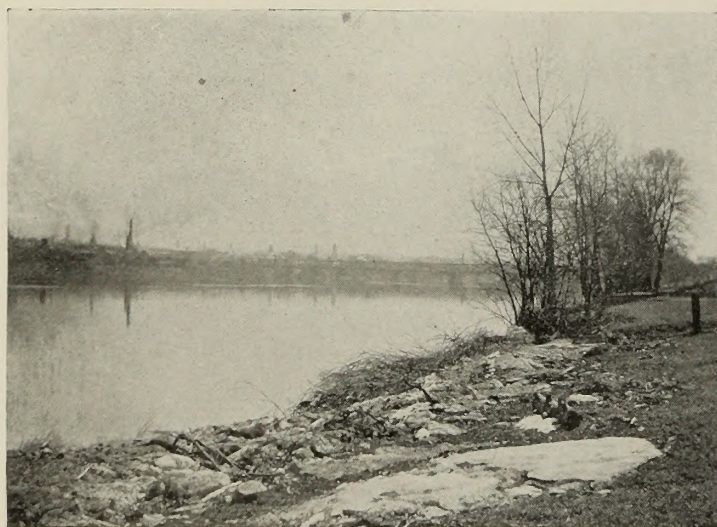
ground was cleared up, the logs rolled in piles, the brush burned, a patch scratched over with the hoe and sown to rye, and another prepared to plant with corn and potatoes. Then the pioneer went back to the place he had come from; but in the spring he came again, driving a yoke of oxen with a cart containing his household goods, his wife with a baby in her arms riding a horse, while a cow plodded after, tied to the cart behind. Then came years of toil and hardship. The barn was to be built, the fences made, the orchard set out. Each year a new piece of land was cleared and sowed or planted, old stumps were dug out, walls built, and the farm brought under better cultivation. Then came the building of a frame house with its heavy timbers and huge chimney. By this time



A FISHERMAN'S DINNER.

well written, upon some point of morals or some question of the day, over the name of Cato or Seneca — and by the time the paper reached him, a distant subscriber might easily make the mistake of believing it was written by the veritable old Roman whose name was signed to it. Then there would be an extract from a private letter to a friend of the editor, or some gentleman of the town, written a week or two before by an acquaintance two or three hundred miles away, giving an account of some remarkable event said to have happened in the vicinity of the writer, but which was probably made up by some gossiping neighbor or some story-telling passer by. Then there would be an account of a battle or some military operations on the continent of Europe, which had taken

place one or two months before. The account of this had been obtained by the editor from an English newspaper which had come over in a sailing vessel, and had been given to the editor by a traveler who chanced to have it in his pocket. And this was substantially what the subscriber of that day found in his paper.



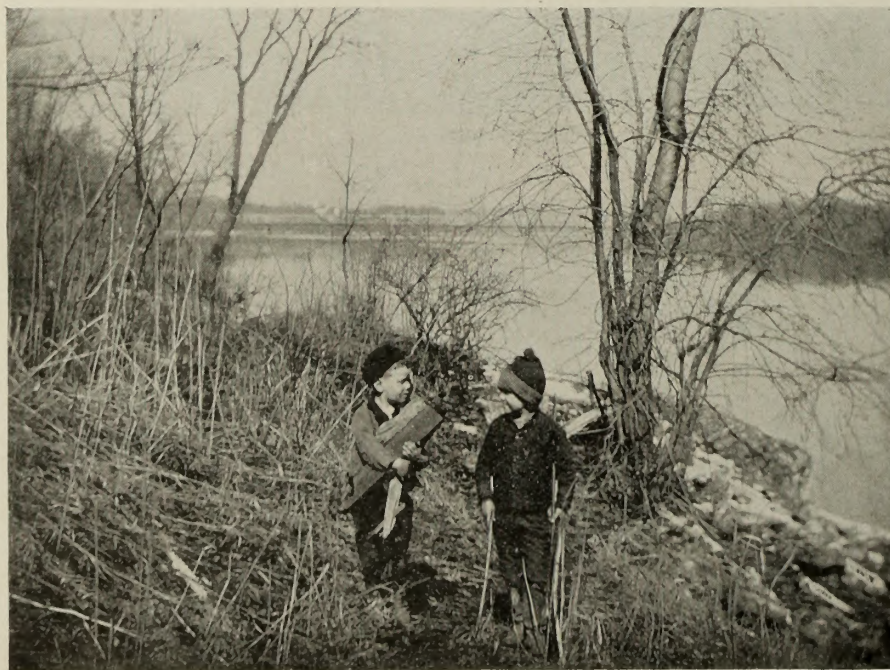
SPRINGFIELD, FROM THE WEST SHORE.

the pioneer had many neighbors about him, and all came to the raising. The one essential thing about a raising was a liberal supply of New England rum, and the occasion was one, not only of neighborly kindness, but of great social enjoyment. When in later years temperance reform was first agitated and a man at the instance of his better half undertook to raise a building without rum, it was to most an unpleasant innovation, and the timbers moved very slowly and not without much grumbling and strong suspicions of inhospitality. The houses of nearly all the first settlers were of logs, and generally contained two rooms. The most expensive items in building were nails and glass. The nails were usually hammered out in a blacksmith's shop, and the glass was sometimes omitted entirely, an opening which could be closed in stormy weather doing duty as a window.

When the subscriber to a newspaper in those early days, after long delay got his copy, it is not easy to see what he found in it to interest him. Of what we call news, the paper of that day contained hardly anything. The leading editorial was generally a call upon delinquent subscribers to pay up, with the information that oats, peas, beans, etc., would be received in payment. Then there was generally an essay, often very



ON THE ELM-BORDERED BANKS OF THE CONNECTICUT.



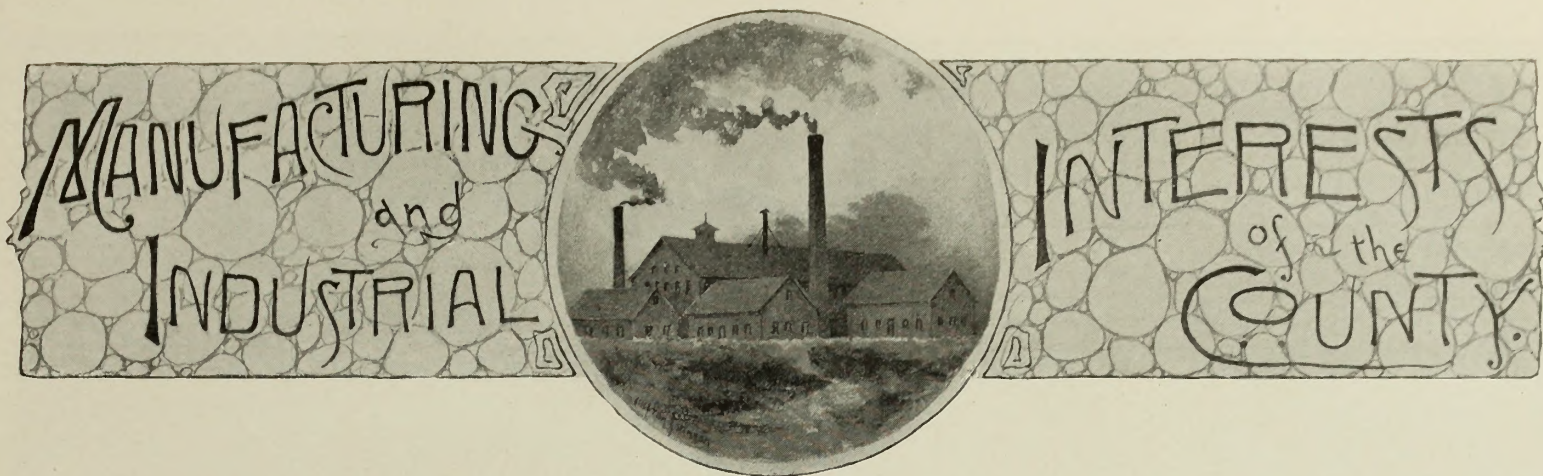
GATHERERS OF DRIFTWOOD.

The question naturally arises how a people with such books and newspapers acquired the general information and intelligence which our ancestors possessed. A recent writer says the New Englanders of that period acquired their knowledge by their inquisitiveness. Doubtless this is true to a considerable extent, but I am inclined to think that the regular attendance at church, and the lively interest and discussions as to religious doctrines, contributed largely to the intellectual growth of the people. A traveler of that day found it very difficult to pass a house without standing a rigid cross-examination as to news; and he might think himself fortunate if he did not become entangled in a controversy upon the trinity, or original sin.

AUGUST.

I hear the wild bee wind his horn,
The bird swings on the ripened wheat;
The long, green lanes of the corn
Are tilting in the winds of morn;
The locust thrills his song of heat.

— Whittier.



THE HOLYOKE WATER POWER COMPANY.

As is generally understood, the history of the Holyoke Water Power Company furnishes the industrial history of the city. "The Story of the Dam," as told in the early part of this work, illustrates this and renders unnecessary here a repetition of the plans and experiments which finally eventuated in laying a practically imperishable foundation for the largest manufacturing city, supplied wholly by water power, in the world.

As Holyoke is indebted to its unexampled water power—larger than that of Lawrence and Lowell combined—for its success, it owes this to the men who planned and made it perfect through the organization of a corporation and the co-operation of skilled minds and energy. Since 1849, when the first dam was com-

pleted, the life of a dam is from fifty to sixty years, and the present apron was completed in 1871, but the company propose to be forehanded. The treasurer's report shows a surplus of \$1,014,000, and, in view of the immediate contemplated expenditure of three-quarters of a million dollars, it will be seen that the company is not independently rich. The organization consists of a board of nine directors, of which Gideon Wells, of Springfield, is president, and Edward S. Waters, of Holyoke, treasurer. About 150 different concerns are supplied with power by the corporation, which also furnishes the basis for the city's electric light.

To describe the detail of engineering which holds and distributes throughout the city of Holyoke the great body of water and power would require much more space than can be granted. Suffice it to say that the 30,000 horse power in the control of the company

The pages following show but a part of the city's great manufacturing interests. To describe them all would require a much larger book than we should be able to publish this season, and we can only say that the Water Power Company furnish power to a great versatility of industries, paper making being the most important of all. There are now no less than twenty-four large paper mills in the city, and two more are being built. The list of other industries would require space which must be devoted to illustration, and this leads, in closing this brief review of a great corporation's work, to a mention of the picture which occupies the lower part of this page. It is the reproduction of a very rare and beautiful engraving of "Holyoke in 1856," as viewed from the South Hadley side of the Connecticut river.

What better evidence can the Water Power Com-



HOLYOKE BEFORE THE WAR—FROM AN OLD PRINT.

pleted, the Water Power Company has had the best of talent at its command and has spared no expense to preserve intact, and absolutely safe from rupture, the great wall which cages and holds the mighty mass of waters behind it. This has necessitated the expenditure of several million of dollars to date, and the corporation has now in view the expenditure of \$750,000 more for the construction of a new dam. The average

has been more than sufficient, during the present year, (1892) to supply all the corporations requiring it, and steam power is rarely used by any of them. When it is considered that the average cost of steam power for manufacturing purposes, in the United States, is at least three times the cost of water power, it may be seen what an advantage Holyoke manufacturers have in the economy of this most important item.

pany give than an invited comparison of the Holyoke of to-day with the picture here given, showing Holyoke when there were but three mills in the city, and none south of Dwight street? The engraving was kindly loaned the editor of this work, by J. G. Mackintosh, Esq., of Holyoke, and he earned the money for framing the original, when a boy, by shoveling snow for John R. Baker, a merchant.



WHITING PAPER COMPANY, MILL NO. 1, HOLYOKE, MASS.

HOW PAPER IS MADE.

THE PROCESS, AS SEEN AT THE MILLS OF THE WHITING PAPER COMPANY.



TRADE-MARK.

WHEN one visits a stationery store with intent to purchase a supply of writing paper, and in particular if you wish something for fine correspondence, the clerk will quite probably display certain attractive boxes containing papers put up by the Whiting Paper Company of Holyoke. Indeed, the boxes bear their name and the acorn design which is their trade-mark. Boxed stationery has been winning for itself wide favor in recent years, and when you ask for the best, the Whiting company's papers will be found to stand among the two or three brands of the first rank, and it is the effort of the company to make them altogether pre-eminent.

You pay fifty cents, more or less, for the box of paper that you choose, and carry the package away under your arm; but do you ever think of the time, the labor, the immense capital and the complicated processes the contents of your parcel had to go through before it was packed in that neat box you found at the stationer's? We are all familiar with that dilapidated individual who parades the city highways and byways with an old sack over his shoulder. He moves along with a leisurely shuffle, yet with an anxious turning of the eyes this way and that and a frequent stopping at basement doors to interview the servants and canvass the chances of getting rags or old bottles. Then rubbish heaps and the ash barrels interest him, too, and he pokes them over with the iron hook he carries and makes them yield up their treasures. We have all seen him—perhaps heard him; for he has no gentle voice, and if the city authorities do not prohibit hawking about the streets, the rasping notes of his call are not soon forgotten. Most people see no more than this—the first step

and the rudest one in the paper-making process. In Hampden county, however, there are few who have not seen the high-walled paper mills along its stream or those lining the canals of Holyoke city. A somewhat detailed account of this industry may, therefore, be supposed to have a more than ordinary interest.

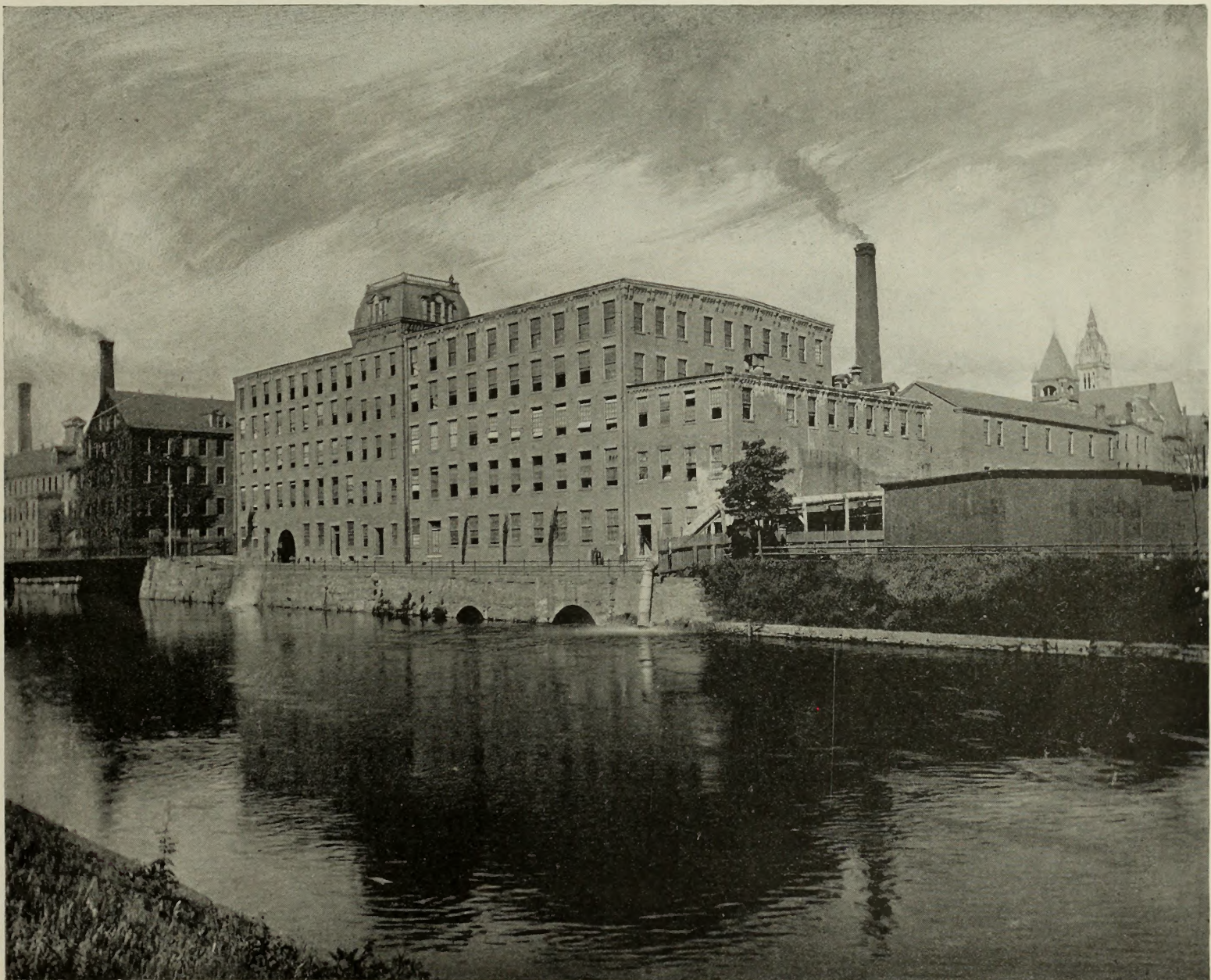


A CORNER OF THE RAG ROOM.

He must be a good deal of a barbarian in these days who has no use for writing paper. He is at any rate an object of pity; for he must either be sadly lacking in education, or a man who has no friends and no business. It might be affirmed with considerable truth, that civilization itself rests on our ability to produce paper cheaply and in large quantities. What could our printing presses do without it? If books could not be made at moderate cost, education would be again confined to the few instead of as now being the heritage of the great majority. One's circle of friends would narrow, too, for if we could not write, from ignorance or because of the expense, we would lose sight and thought of many and they of us. Those who lack education, as a class, live in mists of prejudice and superstition. Education is a light which puts darkness to flight, and it is often made in the pictured simile of a lamp or a torch. To keep this flame burning was a fight against great odds in the old days, when learning was guarded by a few scattered groups of monks or some little handful of patricians of this or that empire, which had gained

a horse to draw it. Such gather the rags of our cities and the regions neighboring. In the more distant country districts, though the old-time Yankee tin peddler is no more, his somewhat degenerate prototype still makes occasional rounds and trades tinware and other varied necessities of the kitchen economy for the contents of the housewife's bags of rags and feathers. However the rags are gathered, they all in time find their way to some dealer who sorts and bales them and then sells them to the mills. Many of the rags used come from the Old World countries across the Atlantic. No doubt enough rags are produced in this country to supply the demand, but at the price they bring many will not take the trouble to save them.

Let us enter a paper mill and look about. I suppose we find ourselves in the office in the first place and there see rows of desks and various clerks and book-keepers, who scratch away with their pens very much after the manner of their class anywhere. But get permission to go through the mill. There are the great brown bales of rags weighing from six to nine hundred pounds each, and here are



NO. 2 MILL OF THE WHITING PAPER COMPANY, HOLYOKE.

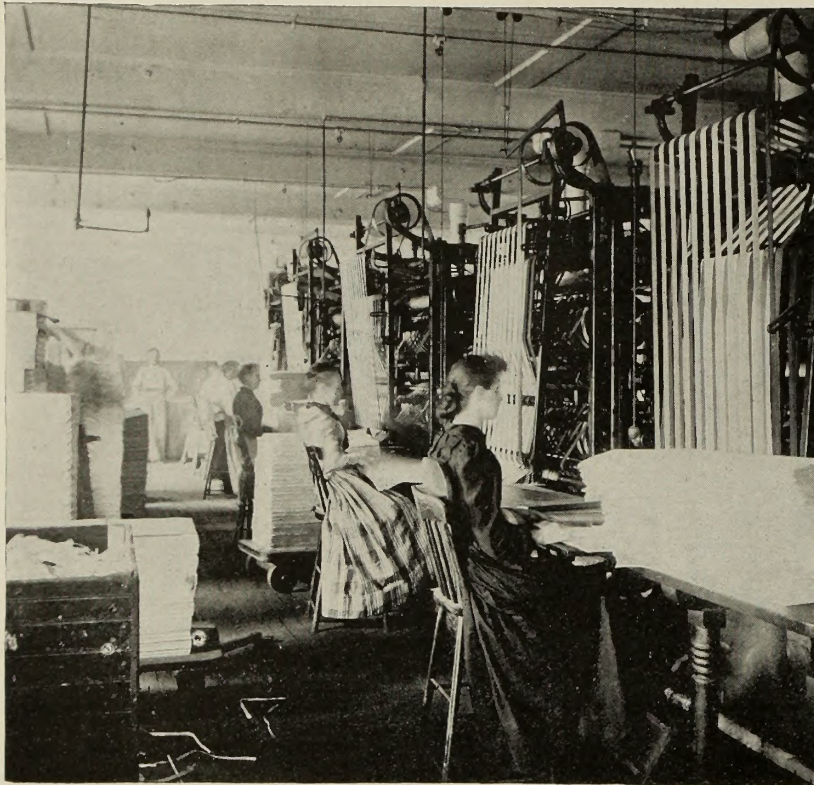
temporary prominence and power. It was like a pyramid resting on its point with the base in the air. Permanent safety could only come by bringing it down on the base of a general education and a continual interchange of ideas. This state the development of the paper-making industry has been an important factor in bringing about. War itself is affrighted and slinks away, for it only thrives in the glooms of ignorance, with its accompanying prejudice and hasty anger. It would be interesting to watch the development of paper making from its first primitive beginnings up to the present, but in the space of this article there is only room to describe the process as it is in one of the modern great mills of the present.

The chief ingredient of fine writing paper is rags. Added to this is a small per cent. of wood pulp. Newspapers are often made almost wholly of wood pulp, but this material has not the strength and fiber to make the finer grades. Rags are in the first place gathered by the street scavengers before mentioned, or by their more aristocratic cousins who have possessed themselves of a cart, and in some cases of

heavy paper-wrapped bundles of wood pulp. Reach into one and pull forth a piece. Why! it's not pulp, but paper — a very heavy, coarse-textured white paper. But that is the shape in which it reaches the mills and it must be ground over again to make an article for the public. It seems a wonder that this white pulp paper could have been made out of the yellow spruce wood, which is the material out of which it is largely made at present.

The lower floors of this part of the mill are mostly given up to storage. We mount to the fourth story. Here the bundles of rags are being slashed open by a man with a big knife; the brown sacking and cords are removed, and the close-packed mass is pulled to pieces and thrown into a great hopper. There a swiftly revolving wheel catches the rags on its spikes and whirls them about so fiercely that you wonder to find any rags left after the process, to say nothing of getting the dust out of them. From this hopper they are dropped through a hole in the floor, and if we follow them — not through the hole, but down the stairway — we enter a

large room, where a little army of "girls" is at work amidst a great array of immense baskets heaped to overflowing with the white rags. By "girls" I do not mean children. A woman is always a "girl" in the mill, whatever her age. The women wear a sort of uniform in this room. At least, each has a blue cap and apron. Most of them stand facing the windows before a wide, continuous table divided into apartments and floored with a coarse wire screen. In front of each girl is a heavy upright knife like a broad-bladed scythe, which they use to cut off buttons with. Behind her are

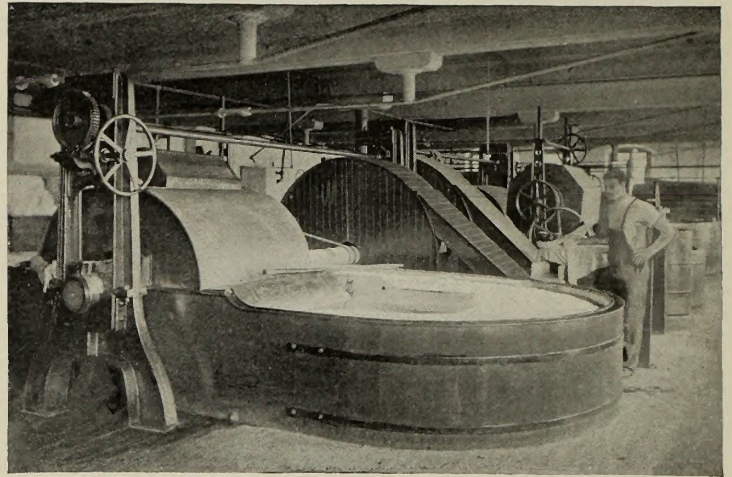


THE CALENDERS.

two or three baskets into which the different sortings are thrown. From the "Screen girls" the rags go for a more careful sorting to the "Table girls." The heavily loaded baskets filled by them are slid into a little side room where the cutter is at work. A single girl feeds the rags into the low, rattling, grinding, jarring machine that, six feet from the starting point, delivers them all cut in one to three-inch squares at the rate of a ton an hour. Until within a short time this work was done by hand on the knives in the room adjoining.



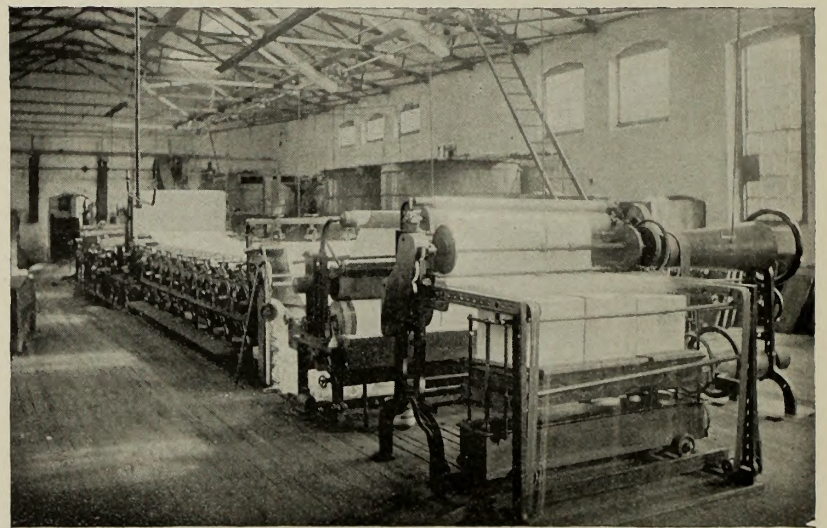
SORTING.



IN THE ENGINE ROOM.

The cutter drops the rags on a revolving strip of canvas, which carries them down stairs, and lets them fall into another dusting machine. This machine is a huge drum of wire netting inside of a box or small room. Lift a door and look in and you see the rags rolling about within the drum, and below a thick deposit of linty "dust." The "dust" is nearly white and looks quite good enough for fine paper, but it is all sold to mills which manufacture the coarse paper used under carpets. The rags pass through three of these dusters one after another and then are caught on a strip of canvas which hurries them up to the ceiling, there to toss them down a steep incline of iron slats. Through this such stray buttons as have passed the sorters are supposed to fall. A vigilant watch is kept for buttons up to the last moment and there are many little devices for detaining them, so that there is small danger of a customer's finding any in his paper.

After the dusting, the rags are pushed down through a convenient hole in the floor, which lets them fall into an immense cylinder tank of iron which holds fully three tons. A mixture of lime water and soda ash is put in with the rags and the steam is turned on. In this slowly revolving tank the rags are boiled for twelve hours. They look to be well cooked by the time they come out, for they have turned to a rusty brown. Numerous big boxes



THE PAPER MACHINE.

mounted on trucks are being trundled by the workmen from the sloppy floors of the boiler room to the apartment adjoining, where they are thrown into great oval vats known as "engines." Each engine is furnished with a heavy, revolving iron wheel slatted with knives, which keeps the contents of the vat in motion and tears them to bits. A stream of water is turned on, and this water, though it came originally from the near canal, has been filtered to a purity that, if one tries it, will be found in taste and quality fully up to spring water. Chloride of lime is added for a bleach, and after six hours working over in this tank the contents are very white and pulpy. Still, this is only the beginning. For a full week this pulp is allowed to soak in great tanks of bleach and then is ready for a final grinding. It comes from the bleach of a delicious whiteness, and looks good enough to eat. A paper pulp pudding, if it tasted as good as it looked, would be a rare dish. Now the pulp is washed in one of the engines and freed from the chloride of lime, and is kept grinding for ten hours more before it is ready for the paper machine. Meanwhile, color has been added and alum to fix it, and now it goes down to the basement to the "chest." The chest is a big vat, with long arms revolving within to keep the contents stirring, and from this the pulp is pumped up to the

"machines." The machine room is a noisy place and I can remember as a little fellow the half fright and awe with which I passed through this room, the machine is so big and complicated and so loud in its clattering. The floors are wet and steamy vapors are rising from the damp paper, and the air here is warm and moist, whatever the outside weather. A machine is about a hundred feet long. At one end a little stream of pulp is allowed to flow in, varying in volume with the weight of paper desired. It is mixed with a stream of water that reduces it to a thin, milky fluid, that seems to be so nearly water that one doubts the possibility of ever getting such stuff into solid sheets of paper. All this end of the machines is in violent, jarring motion to distribute the paper-fiber evenly. Presently the fluid flows on to a long strip of revolving wire cloth and begins to lose its water. Fifteen feet distant, almost as if by miracle, the substance flows away a solid, broad sheet of paper. The moist sheet now passes beneath a revolving roll of wire, which bears on its surface raised letters and, perhaps, certain designs, and these stamp what is known as the water-mark on the paper. You can see it if you look through a sheet held against the light, but it is not usually apparent otherwise. After a little further progress, you find the paper has become dry and hard. Lastly it passes through a vat of gluey animal sizing and under a revolving cutter and is delivered at the end in fast falling sheets of the size desired. The paper then goes to the loft to be dried. The sheets are hung over poles in folds of ten or fifteen in a bunch, until a room is filled from floor to ceiling. Then steam is turned on and it is allowed to dry for forty-eight hours. It does not look very handsome as it comes from the lofts. It is so wrinkled and rough that you begin to think it's a failure after all, when the calender girls get it and run it through their machines and it comes out as fair and as smooth as you please. Next the sorters take it. They sit at their table and keep the sheets swiftly turning—the perfect sheets being put in one pile, the slightly imperfect in another, and the

more defective, which must be ground over, in a third. A counter takes the sheets and runs them over rapidly and lays them off in reams to be trimmed and wrapped for the market. The last work is that of the sealer who, with a stick of wax and a lighted gas jet, accumulates the neatly packed packages about him or her with astonishing rapidity. If the paper is to be put up in boxes, it has to be cut into

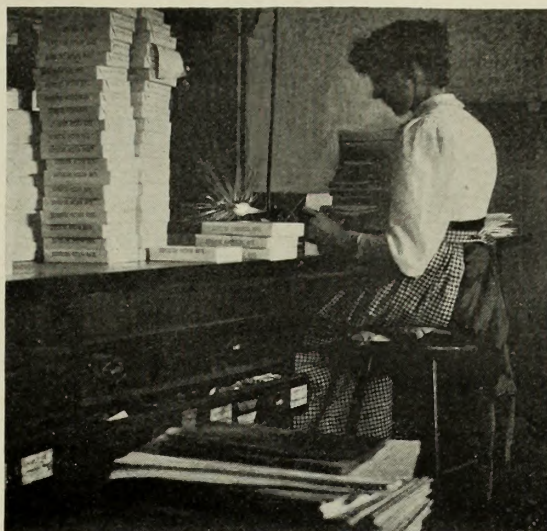
small sheets and perhaps passed through a ruling machine. Then it is folded, pressed and banded. Envelopes have to be made to go with it, and it is interesting to watch the machine, which takes the queerly outlined sheets cut for it and folds and gums and shapes them into envelopes. The girl at the machine counts and bands them, and another takes them away and puts them and the paper up in the pretty boxes awaiting. And now they are ready for the final packing and shipment to stationers the world over.

If this story were a bit of newspaper advertising, the reader would find a moral at the close something like the following: "When next you need stationery, Buy Whiting's Standard." As it is, I leave the readers to draw their own moral, provided they can find one.

It may be of interest to note that the product of fine writing papers, sent out by the Whiting company, is larger in amount than that of any other mill in this country. What I have so far written has had special reference to the boxed papers sold by stationers, but that is only one branch of the industry. The firm makes ledger papers, bond papers, linens—in fact all the varieties of first-class papers

which are called for by the general paper trade.

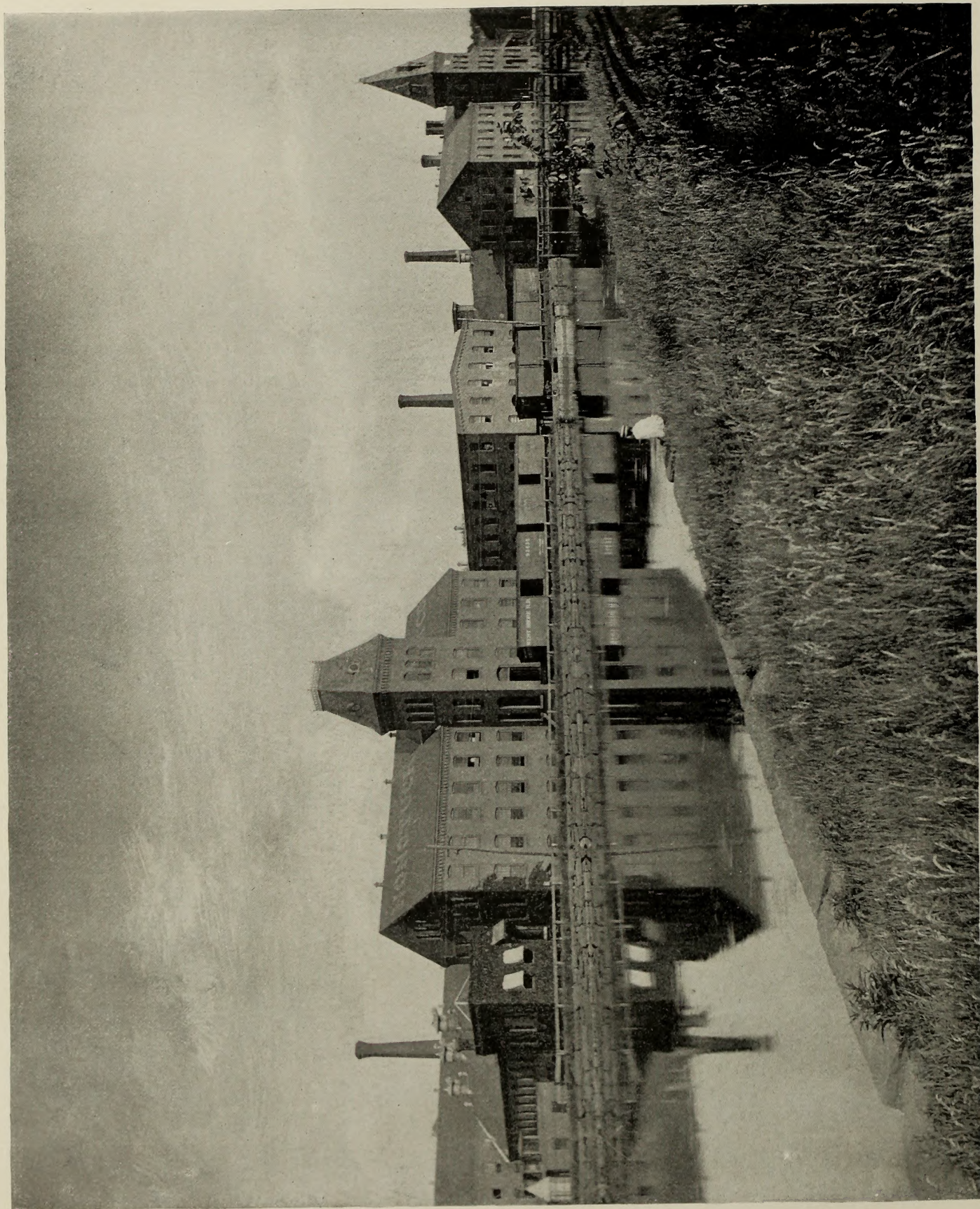
The company has three mills, two in Holyoke, and the other on the Chicopee river at Wilbraham, Mass. They would all be ranked as large mills, even in an industry noted for its immense buildings. Then, too, it is to be mentioned that the corporation, large as it is, has very few stockholders. The stock is, in fact, all owned in two families, the Whitings of Holyoke and the Jenks family of Adams. C. J.



SEALING.



THE MILL OF THE WHITING PAPER COMPANY, AT WILBRAHAM, MASS.



MILLS OF THE NONOTUCK PAPER COMPANY, HOLYOKE, MASS.

THE HAMPDEN GLAZED PAPER AND CARD COMPANY.

The Hampden Glazed Paper and Card Company was incorporated October 11, 1880, and the corporation organized and began business with a capital of \$28,000, locating in the first mill east of the Connecticut river and occupying two floors of that mill. On November 22, 1882, the company doubled its stock, purchased the present mill site and, during the winter following, built the present mill. The capacity of the mill is now eight

printing papers, is being constantly increased. About eighty hands are employed.

The company has made for itself an excellent reputation through the quality of its goods, which accounts for the rapid increase in the amount of its product, and the personal attention given to its business by every officer of the corporation also accounts for much of its success. George F. Fowler is president; T. H. Fowler, treasurer, and N. N. Fowler, secretary, while associated with these brothers and largely identified with them is another, R. P. Fowler.

were for a one-machine mill, to turn out five tons daily but in July, 1881, a second machine was added and the product increased to about twelve tons.

In January, 1892, this corporation purchased and came into possession of the mill property of the Syms & Dudley Paper Company, adjoining their original plant, and by this purchase increased their capacity to twenty-five tons daily, and became the largest producers of their particular line of papers of any mill in the country.

The papers manufactured by the "Nonotuck" are



THE HAMPDEN GLAZED PAPER AND CARD COMPANY, HOLYOKE.

times what it was and the output has correspondingly increased.

The product of the mill is surface-coated papers and cardboard of all kinds. The plant is thoroughly equipped with the necessary machinery for the production of this class of goods, as some time since all old machinery was discarded and new works substituted. A large proportion of the product is fine lithographic paper and a specialty is made of the finer grade of high-finish glazed papers and embossed papers and the line of finer products, especially for fine color

The board of directors consist of Messrs. George F. and T. H. Fowler, with Aaron Bagg and Edward P. Bagg of the Parsons company, and George A. Clark of the Newton company.

THE NONOTUCK PAPER COMPANY.

The Nonotuck Paper Company of Holyoke, whose mill buildings are pictured on the opposite page, was organized in June, 1880, and began the manufacture of paper in December of that year. The original plans

of great variety and include animal-sized flat and ruled writings, envelope, map, super-calendered and machine-finished book, also enameled book, coated label and lithograph papers. The number of its employees is about 325, and the weekly pay roll is \$3,000.

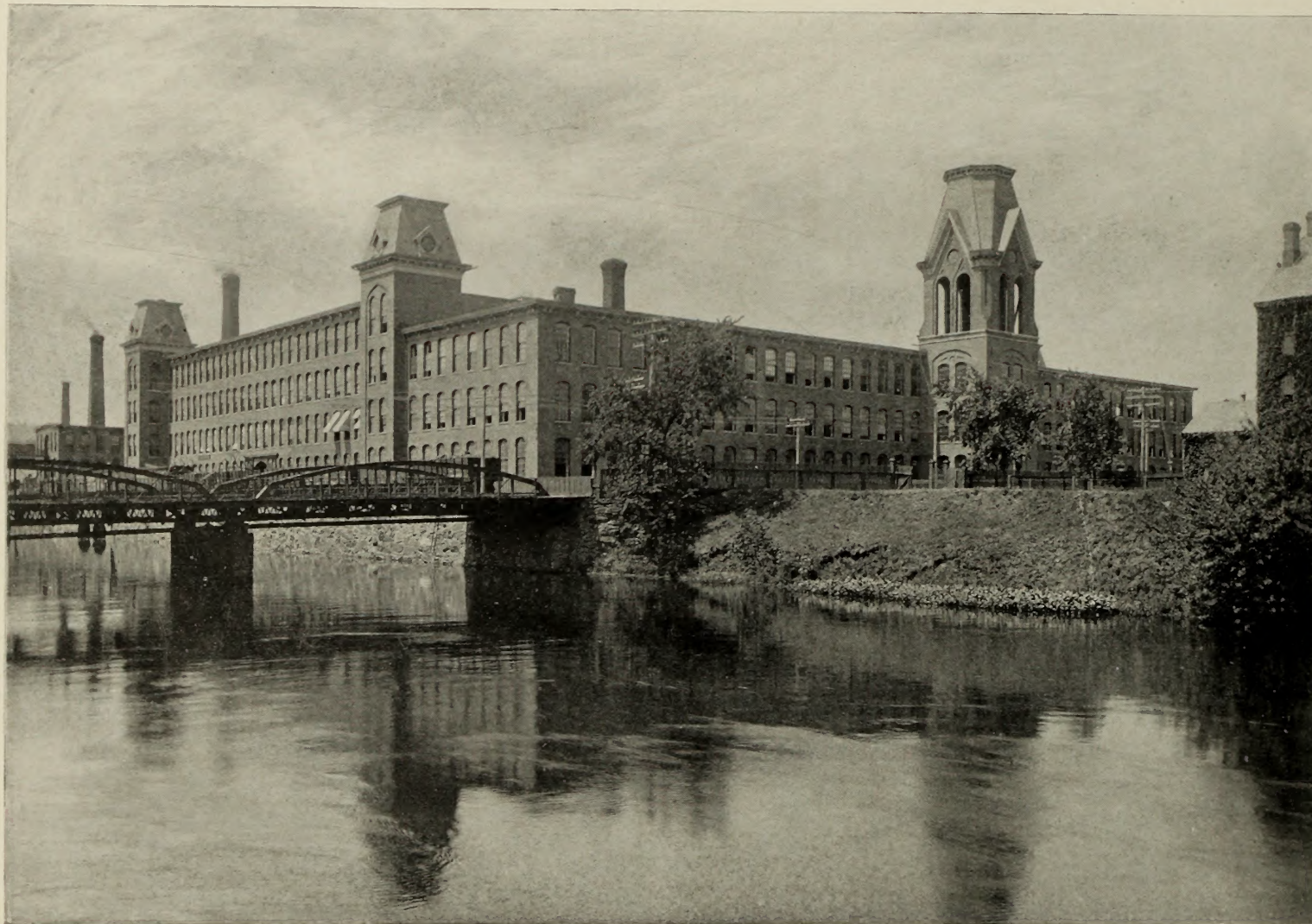
The officers of the company are Aaron Bagg, Jr., president; J. S. McElwain, agent; Wm. H. Heywood, treasurer; Henry E. McElwain, clerk, and H. D. Bradburn, manager, the active management of the business being now, as from the first, in the hands of Mr. Bradburn and Mr. Heywood.

WHITMORE MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

Among the paper mills of Holyoke, where all kinds of papers are made, there are not many more interesting or important than the Whitmore Manufacturing Company, whose works occupy a large portion of the

pers in a small way, with none but skilled employes. The goods made by this company soon became famous and recognized as superior to what the market had up to that time known, so that the demands on this company for really fine goods have been such as compelled an increase of capacity from year to year

glazed and enameled papers, tag board, bristol board, box board, etc., but more particularly the finer grades of surface-coated lithograph papers for color printing. The papers of this company have stood successfully the printing of thirty different colors in completing one picture.



THE WHITMORE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, HOLYOKE.

immense building on Cabot street, erected by the Holyoke Water Power Company in 1880.

The Whitmore Manufacturing Company was organized in November, 1881, with a capital stock of \$25,000, and began the business of manufacturing cardboard, glazed and surface-coated lithograph pa-

until the present time, when their product amounts to over half a million dollars per year, and their fine coated lithograph papers are found in nearly all the most important lithograph establishments in the United States and Canada. The product of these works includes cardboard of all thicknesses and colors,

The company now employs eighty-five skilled work men, their pay roll is about three thousand dollars per month, and they use up about four thousand tons of paper annually.

The Hon. William Whiting is president and F. D. Heywood is the treasurer and manager.

THE NORMAN PAPER COMPANY.

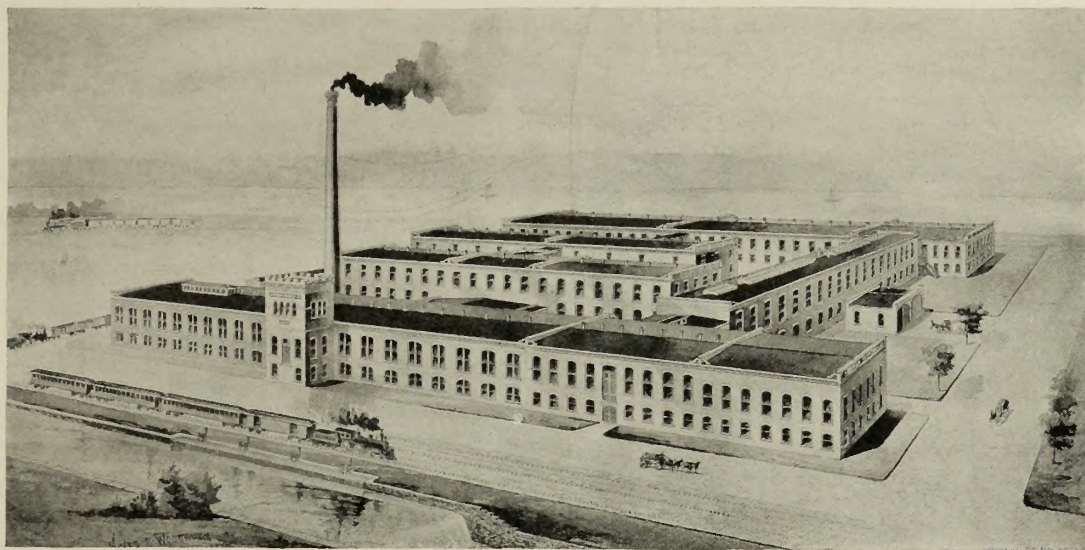
As the latest established of the new paper mills, that of the Norman Paper Company, at Holyoke, invites special attention, from the size of the plant and its thoroughly modern equipment. The Norman paper company was organized April, 1891, and was incorporated in May of the same year. The plant, which was designed by Architect Tower of Holyoke, is located at the corner of Appleton and

two-way hydrants supplied with city water, at one hundred and ten pounds, furnish fire protection. A one-thousand-gallon Clark Machine Company rotary fire pump furnishes water for the hydrants and sprinklers in case the city water is shut off. Shipping facilities are afforded by the tracks of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. and Connecticut River R. R., running into the mill yard to the shipping and receiving platforms.

The capital stock of the company is \$200,000. The officers of the company are: President, James H. Newton; treasurer, Frederick H. Newton; paymaster, Edward S. Towne; shipping and billing clerk, John W. Stebbins; superintendent, Henry L. DeWolf.

The company propose to manufacture a high-class of animal-sized and machine-dried papers, competing with the loft-dried mills. The mill began running June 21, and had its first consignment ready for shipping June 24.

Interesting, as showing the artistic taste of its founder, is the handsome letter-heading of the new Norman mill, especially when studied in connection with that of the Wauregan Company. The vignettes in both are the result of considerable study; the latter pictured the Indian warrior Wauregan, on Mount Tom, with his hands raised in admiration at the city of Holyoke below, and the vignette for the Norman mill pictures William the Conqueror, with his generals, entering upon the Conquest—a very suggestive pair of vignettes and appropriately recognizing the enterprise of the Newtons.



MILLS OF THE NORMAN PAPER COMPANY, HOLYOKE.

Water streets, just north of the Connecticut river railroad bridge, and consists of nine buildings. These are all of liberal size and equipped for the large business already on hand. The engine room is 221 x 46 feet, machine room 184 x 60 feet, and other departments are in proportion, and all equipments of the most improved modern pattern.

The buildings are brick, laid in full cement up to the first floor, and half cement the rest of the way, and the roofs are flat and graveled. About six million of brick were used in construction, and about four thousand cubic yards of stone masonry. The main walls are twenty inches thick. Fire walls separate the different rooms, and the doors are hung on self-closing trolley tracks and covered with tin. The timbers and floors and harness work for the machinery is of Southern pine, of which one and a-half million feet were used. The planking for the machine room floor is seven and one-fourth inches thick, and is bolted to steel T beams, which rest on the brick piers. A cement floor on corrugated iron and brick surround the wet part of the paper machine.

The office building is finely fitted up, and contains a counting-room 17 x 32 feet, treasurer's and president's offices and closets, with California redwood and antique oak furnishings.

The hallway, forty feet long and six feet wide, is finished in cherry. There is a superintendent's office 16 x 18 feet, in which are shelves and cases for keeping samples. Also a storeroom 16 x 30 feet, for storage of the more expensive supplies. The offices are lighted with electric lights and gas, it being so arranged that on coming in it is possible to turn off a gas or electric light in any office from the hallway. Push buttons and electric bells form a complete system for calling.

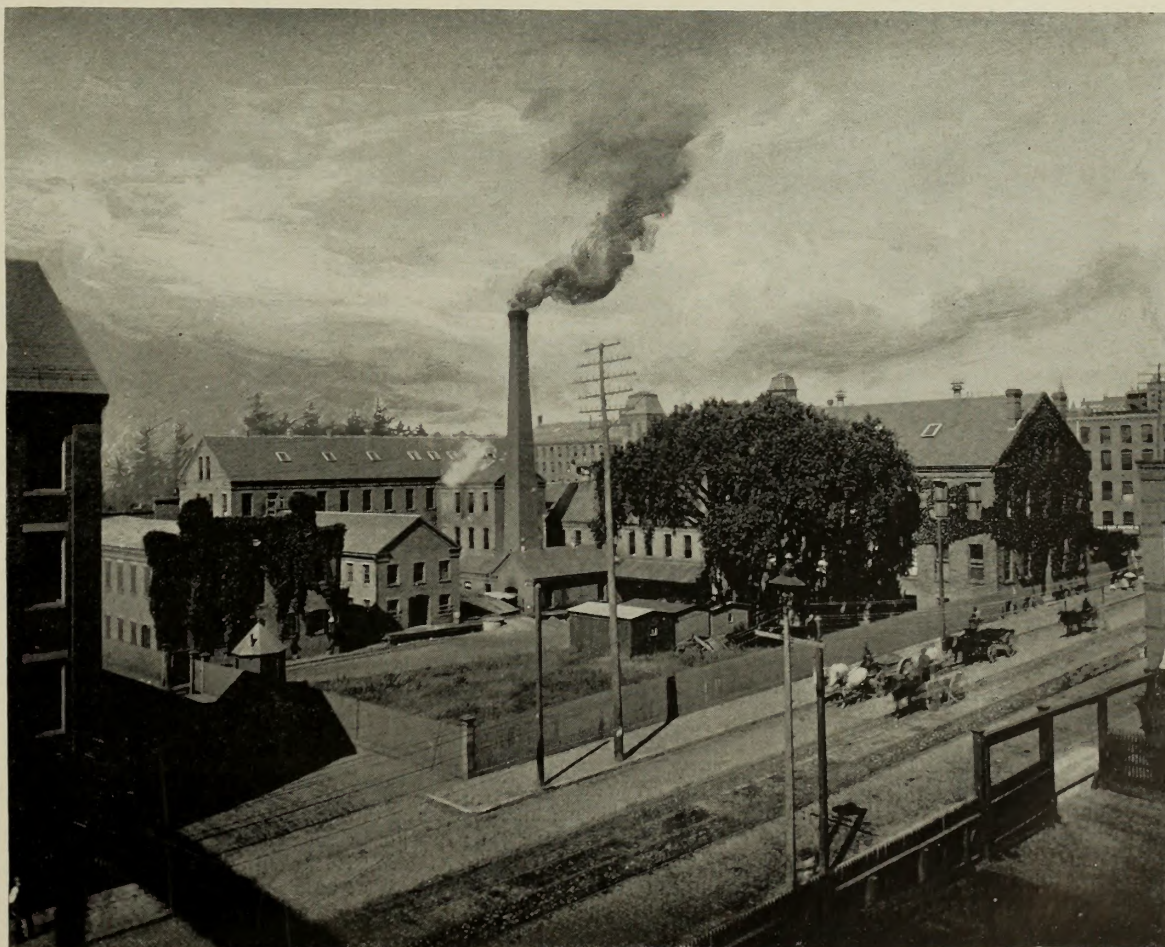
The dynamo is located in the power house, is driven by water power, and furnishes one hundred and fifty incandescent lights of sixteen candle power each. Underneath the offices is located the filter plant, of one thousand gallons per minute capacity, for filtering the wash water. The size of the mill site is 600 x 354 feet.

There is also a building of brick for the storage of lime and oils.

The buildings are equipped with new Grinnell automatic sprinklers, and nine

WAUREGAN PAPER COMPANY.

This corporation was organized in January, 1879, and incorporated January, 1881 and manufactures tub-sized writing and envelope papers. It uses five mill powers, running seven 1,000-pound engines, two Jordan engines and one eighty-four-inch machine, producing five tons of finished paper per day. The mill employs sixty males and fifty females, and the pay roll is \$3,000 per month. The site is on the first level canal, corner of Dwight and Bigelow streets, and the officers of the corporation are as follows: President and treasurer, James H. Newton; secretary, Edward T. Newton; superintendent, George B. Stalker; bookkeeper, Wm. D. Judd; manager, E. T. Newton.



THE WAUREGAN PAPER COMPANY.

THE GEO. C. GILL PAPER COMPANY.

This company was formerly called The Chemical Paper Company No. 2, and was formed July 3, 1891, but changed to its present style, May 1, 1892, owing to the confusion caused by having two corporations of practically the same name in the city.

The mill was built for the Winona Paper Company, but was thrown on the market after the failure of the Winona in January, 1891, and was sold under foreclosure of a mortgage by the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company and the Holyoke Water Power Company to Geo. C. Gill for Moses Newton and others, June 9, 1891.

Repairs and a general overhauling commenced at

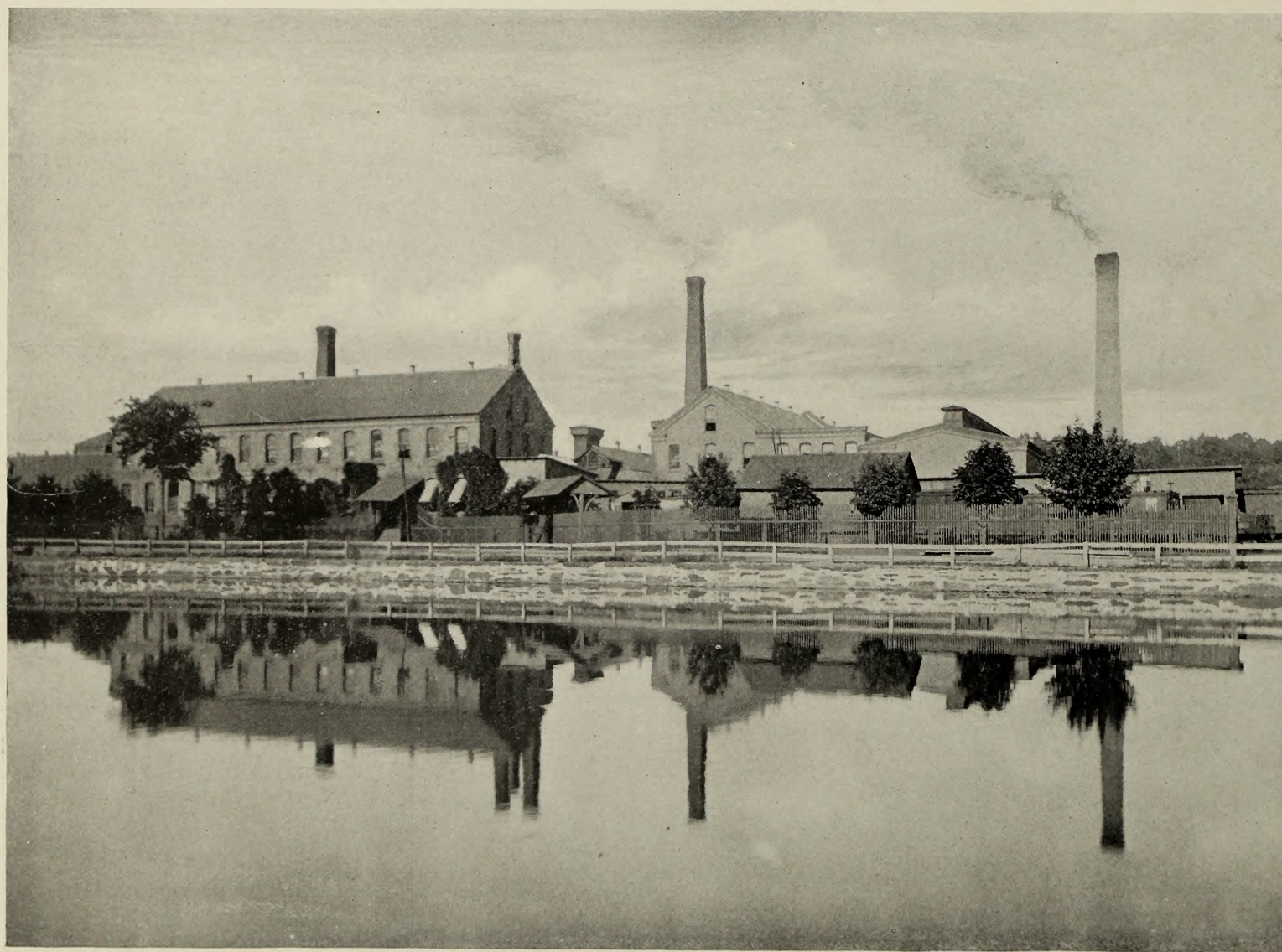
tiring efforts, taken together with careful and close management, it is now generally recognized as the leading mill of its kind in this country.

The mill has ten mill powers, five permanent and five non-permanent, is fully equipped with a steam plant to use in case of a short water supply at any time, which can be started up at a moment's notice.

It has, in addition to three smaller ones, a sixty-inch Hercules water wheel, which, of itself, is capable of swinging the entire mill with ease, and which is so powerful, that when the other mills on the same canal are either shut down, or else running partially by steam when troubled with back water, this wheel swings the mill so easily and nicely that back water is never thought of. The general plan of the mill is such that

side section of the dryer is going. This fan conducts hot air to the paper and is increased in temperature as the paper goes from one dryer to the next, until at the end of the machine the paper is better and more evenly dried than if hung on poles, a dozen sheets or more on top of each other. This even drying is such a benefit to the color and general appearance of the paper, that it is eagerly sought for all over the country. It might be added that at the present time this is the only machine of its kind in this country, though they have been in successful operation in Scotland and England for years.

George C. Gill, after whom this company was named, bought a controlling interest in this company in February, 1892. Mr. Gill was born in Hinsdale, Berkshire



MILLS OF THE GEO. C. GILL PAPER COMPANY, HOLYOKE.

once under the personal supervision of Mr. Gill, and on July 3, the first meeting of the stockholders was called, and the name chosen of "The Chemical Paper Company No. 2." This name was taken as the Chemical Paper Company held a large block of the stock and the two mills were to be so closely identified, having practically the same officers, Moses Newton president; George C. Gill, secretary and treasurer of both companies. James Kirkham is vice-president and these gentlemen, with Henry S. Hyde and L. J. Powers of Springfield, constitute the board of directors, and with Geo. E. Crafts agent, make the entire list of officers.

Mr. Robert W. Allan assumed charge of the mill as superintendent early in July, 1891, and with his un-

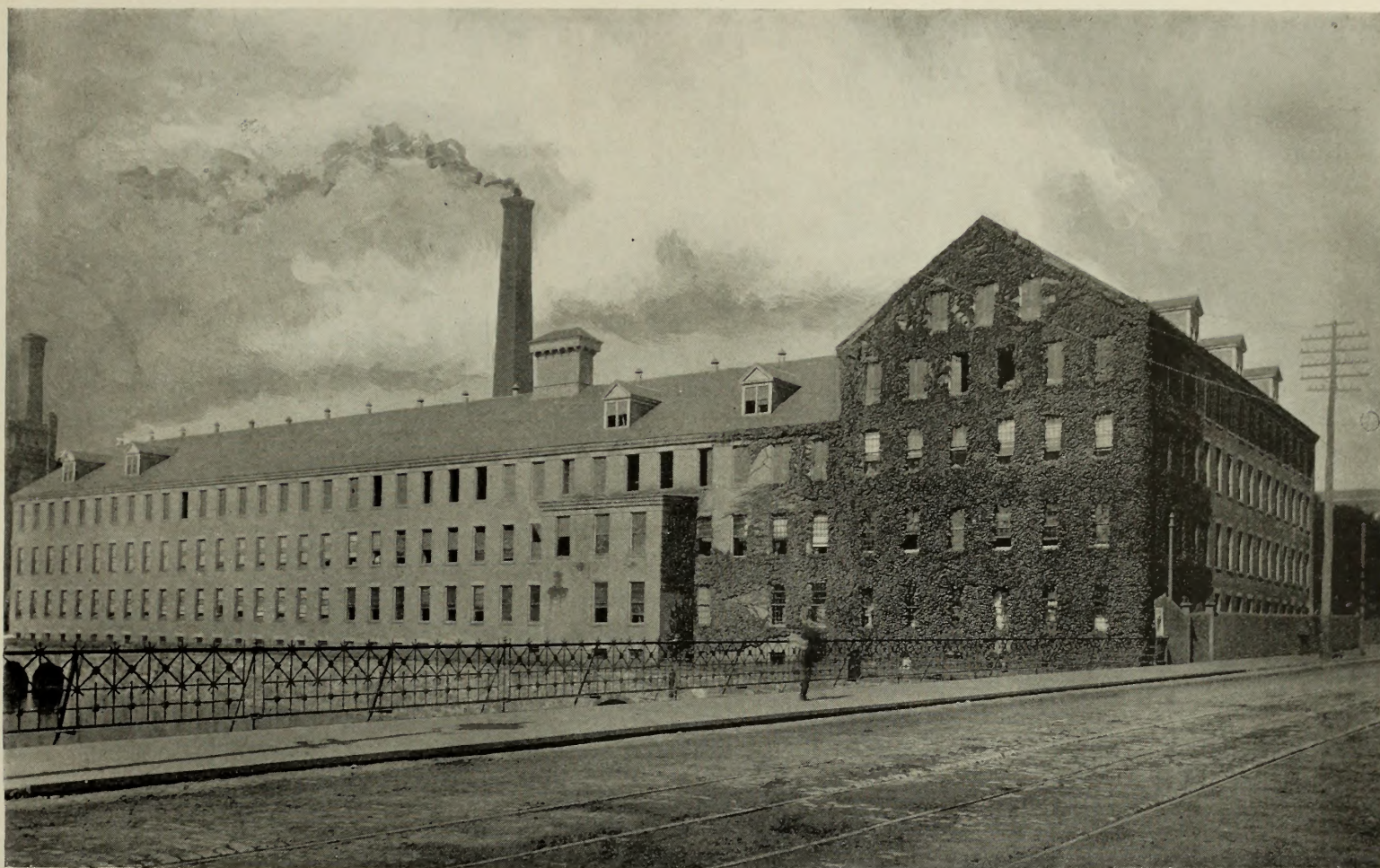
convenient to the place of working all the grades of stock.

The product of the mill is fine writing papers, twenty tons per day of flat and ruled goods, making it the largest mill of its kind in the city.

One of the most interesting things seen in walking through the buildings is the large air-drying machine, which not a few authorities maintain to be a great advance on the lofts used in the average fine mills and they predict that these lofts will soon become obsolete.

This machine has a size tub and size rolls at its head, and after the paper goes through a bath of hot sizing the full width of the roll, it is taken over a line of 120 skeleton dryers, inside of which is a fan running in the opposite direction of the paper and out-

county, Mass., February 10, 1858, and, after graduating at the high school, took a course of study at Carter's Commercial College of Pittsfield, at that time a well-known school, after which he took a business course at Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham. He is director of the Chemical Paper Company, and also a director of the Platner & Porter Paper Manufacturing Company of Unionville, Conn. He is a practical paper maker, having spent two years in a special study of paper making in all its branches, from the rag room to office, in the mill of the Chester Paper Company at Huntington, Mass. He came to Holyoke February 17, 1882, as bookkeeper for the Chemical Paper Co., and in 1892, when he sold his stock, was its treasurer and the largest individual stockholder but one.



THE BEEBE & HOLBROOK COMPANY, HOLYOKE, MASS., MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH-GRADE LOFT-DRIED WRITING PAPERS.

G. B. HOLBROOK, PRES.

A. W. ESLEECK, TREAS.

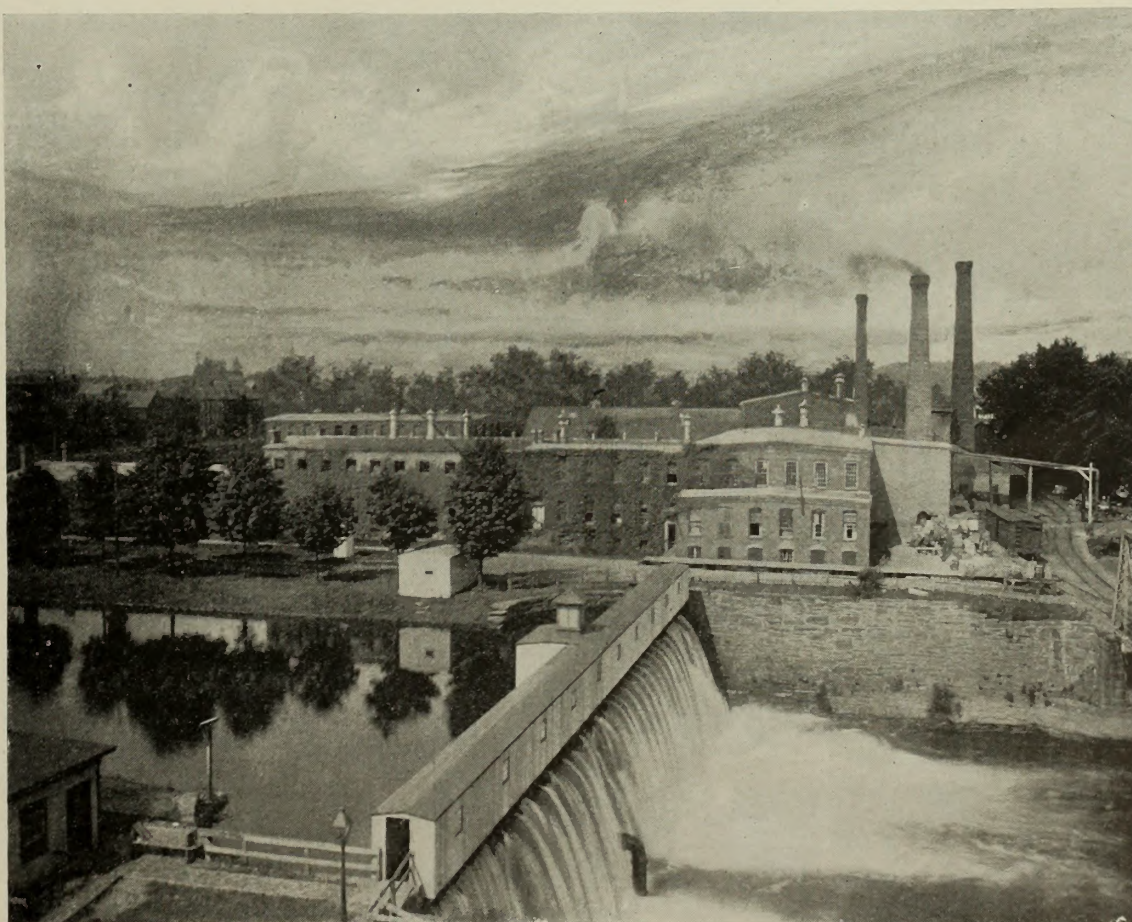
FRANKLIN PAPER COMPANY.

This corporation was organized in 1866, with a capital stock of \$60,000, but has lately come into the possession of new men, the Messrs. Ramage, who also have a large plant at Monroe Bridge in Franklin county.

They have changed the machinery of the Franklin mill, so as to make bristol board and duplex papers, where formerly it made only white and colored flats.

The Messrs. Ramage took possession April 1 last, employ sixty hands and make about six tons of paper a day. They use two mill powers, running eight 400-pound engines, two Jordan engines, one 100-horse power Harris-Corliss engine and one 40-horse power N. Y. Safety engine.

The company consists of James Ramage, president; John Ramage, vice-president; James M. Ramage, treasurer, and C. W. Ramage, secretary.



THE FRANKLIN PAPER COMPANY'S MILLS.



TREASURER'S OFFICE.

CROCKER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

As manufacturers of colored papers, the Crocker Manufacturing Company has won a high reputation, as also for their specialties, English glazed hardware paper and the "Crocker American matrix paper." Its success in these particular lines serves to distinguish it from most of the paper mills reviewed in these pages.

The company was organized in May, 1871, the



COUNTINGROOM.



MAIN BUILDING, FRONTING THE CANAL.

active person in interest being the late Col. Daniel P. Crocker, a shining light in the paper world. He died in 1887, and the mantle worthily fell upon the shoulders of his brother, Clifton A. Crocker, who had been connected with the office for ten years. The capital stock of the company, which was originally \$60,000, was increased in 1879 to \$90,000, and in 1890 a repurchase of the Dickinson & Clark property, originally held by the company, with the enlargement of the original mill, gave the corporation one of the finest and best mills in Holyoke. The water supply thus secured includes six mill powers, while the ground space runs from the canal back to the Connecticut river. Owing to the topographical curvature at that point, the lots are wider at the rear than at the front, so that the principal dimensions may be described as follows: Frontage on the second level canal, 257 feet; depth, 400 feet; river frontage, 335 feet. The Dickinson & Clark, while not a large mill, had enjoyed a good reputation, and in taking upon themselves the business of the dissolved organization, the Crocker company have demonstrated their wisdom.

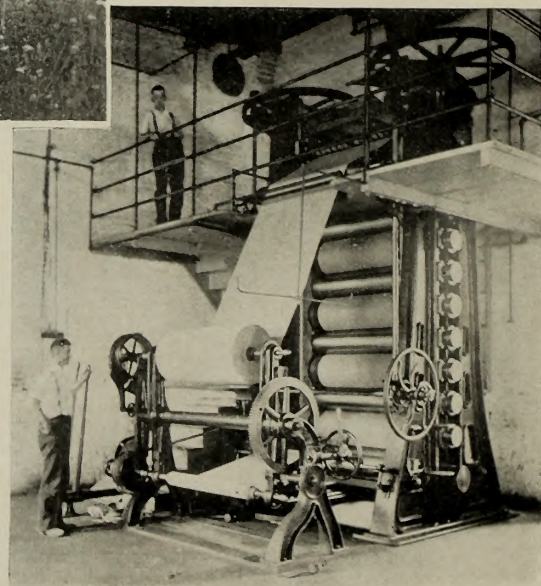
The capital stock of the company is at present \$100,000 and the list of officers is as follows: President, Samuel S. Crocker of Leominster; treasurer, Clifton A.



THE FINISHING ROOM.

Crocker; secretary, R. Frank McElwain; superintendent, Charles A. Outtersen.

In closing this page it deserves to be stated that this company furnished the excellent cover paper used on the paper-covered edition of "Picturesque Hampden." Emphasis should be laid here upon the fact that the Crocker Company stands at the head in cover-paper manufacturing in this country, making it a point to have always in stock the largest and most complete line of these papers made or carried by any mill anywhere in the country.



SUPER-CALENDERING.

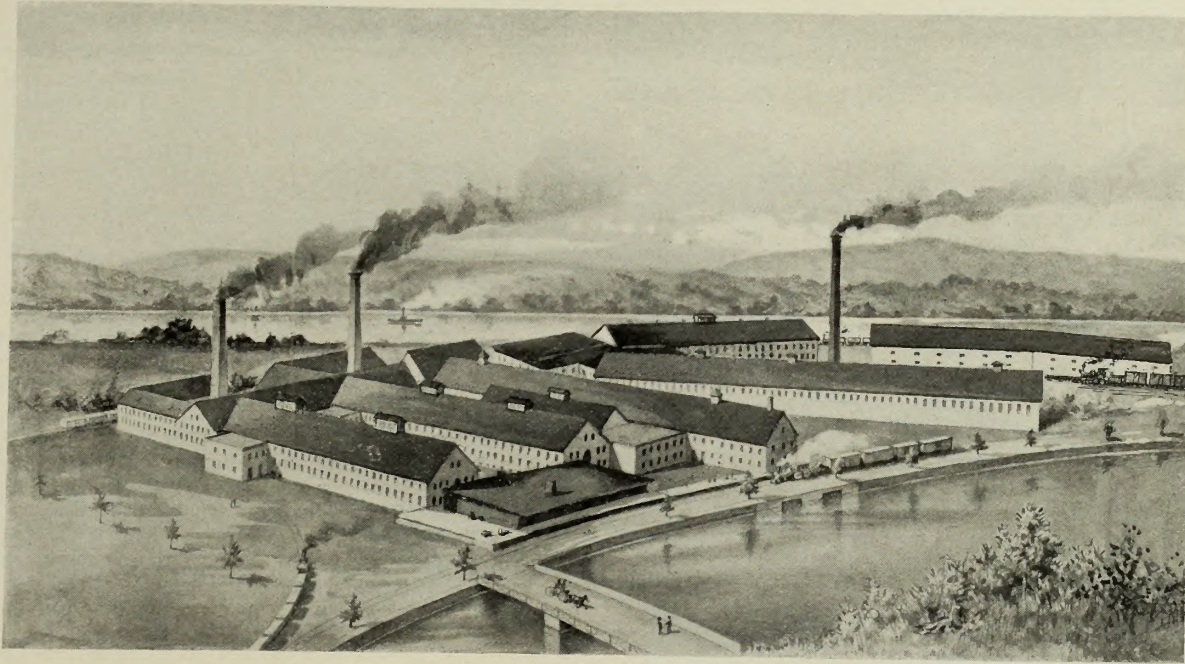
THE CHEMICAL PAPER COMPANY.

This is one of the largest paper concerns in the city of Holyoke and the largest of its kind in the world. Starting with a capital of \$80,000, in 1880, the pressure of business soon made an increase to \$250,000 necessary. The premises cover 21 acres of ground and about 160,000 square feet of floor space are used. Sixteen mill powers are used and the average daily product of the mills is twenty-eight tons of paper. Some days the product goes up to forty tons, of the higher class of manilla writing, envelope and lithographic

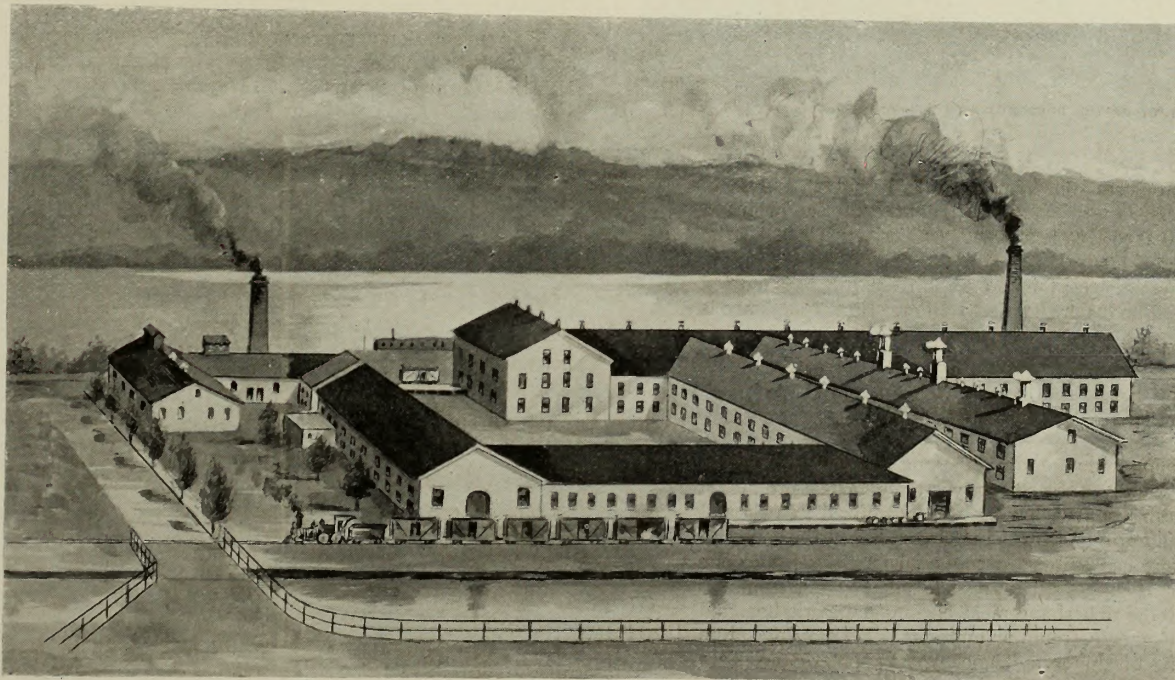
papers. The company's fine line of colored patent wrappings and cover papers are probably unsurpassed. It is continually bringing out novelties in the paper line, and the enterprise and sagacity of its founders are extended and far-seeing. The treasurer of the company, Moses Newton, is interested in other paper manufacturing properties at Holyoke; in the National Metal Edge Box Company, at Readsboro, Vt.; is a large real estate owner in Holyoke, Vermont and elsewhere; is part owner with his brothers in, and superintendent of, the Hoosac Tunnel and Wilmington railroad, which line has opened a hitherto undeveloped,

but certain soon to be developed, region of country, and to "make that wilderness blossom like the rose." The enterprise of the Newton brothers has been far-reaching and beneficent, and if in such a publication as this it could not be alluded to thus incidentally—in spite of the modesty of those gentlemen—hardly any place would be appropriate for it.

The officers of the Chemical company are: John C. Newton, president; James Kirkham, vice-president; Moses Newton, treasurer; William B. Harding, secretary; and they have an assistant in the person of Superintendent James Phillips.



MILLS OF THE CHEMICAL PAPER COMPANY, HOLYOKE.



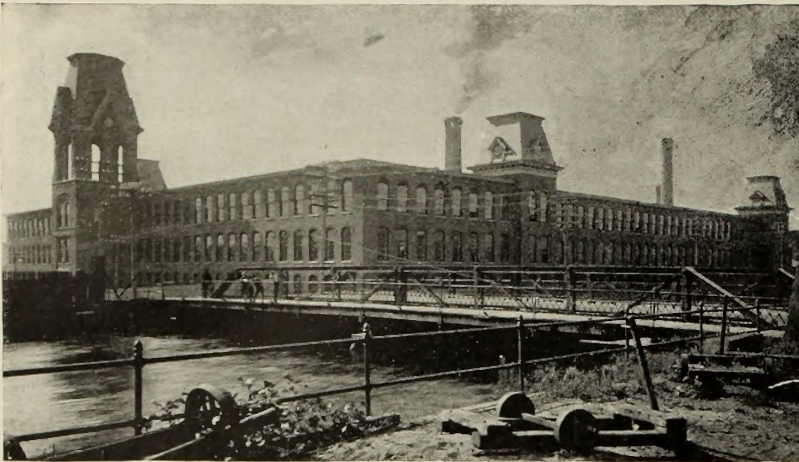
MILLS OF THE NEWTON PAPER COMPANY.

THE NEWTON PAPER COMPANY.

This company owns the only mill of its kind in Holyoke, and one of the largest in the country, making building paper, patent corrugated carpet lining felt and heavy wrapping paper.

The company organized in 1876, with a capital of \$24,000, which has since been increased to \$72,000. At present the company requires about six mill powers of the Water Power Company and runs three steam engines. It employs sixty hands besides office employees, and averages a product of fifteen tons of paper a day.

The company has such a high standing in the market that there is a constant demand for all the paper it can make, and its reputation for goods of superior texture is known all over the country. Its present officers are: President, Moses Newton; vice-president, James Ramage; treasurer, George A. Clark.



THE NATIONAL BLANK BOOK COMPANY, HOLYOKE.

NATIONAL BLANK BOOK COMPANY.

The National Blank Book Company occupies two and a half floors of the Holyoke Water Power Company's Cabot street mill, as represented in the above



FACTORY OF THE HOLYOKE ENVELOPE COMPANY.

engraving. The present officers are: Wm. Whiting, president, and F. B. Towne, treasurer, and the latter has general charge of the business. The company has a store at 76 Duane street, New York, and does a large business throughout the United States, in ledgers, blank books and memorandums. In connection with the above a job department is carried on and all kinds of special books are made to order. Correspondence is solicited.

HOLYOKE ENVELOPE COMPANY.

This is the largest envelope manufactory in the world, having a product of 3,400,000 envelopes daily, and yet the company is the youngest prominent concern of the trade in this country, having been organized in 1880 and having begun the manufacture of envelopes in 1881. Being at the center of paper supply, the company has enjoyed exceptional facilities for accommodating its customers. It makes all its own boxes, ranging from the plainest envelope box to the richest and most elegant papeterie box, and all sizes of envelopes, of course, from the horse-car ticket envelope up to a No. 14, on self-gumming machinery. The cheapest papeterie boxes are machine made, while those of silk, and the finer grades, are hand made.

The making of papeterie boxes requires care, and their variety is infinite, as every one knows who has bought them. They are filled with elegant and excellent stationery, but their attraction generally lies in the boxes themselves. The Holyoke Envelope Company run at present several hundred different styles of papeteries and bring out a hundred or more entirely new styles every year.

Fire brought a temporary interruption to the business of the company, January 22, 1888, while located on Cabot street, and the entire stock and plant were destroyed, at a loss of about \$200,000, but with an energy and



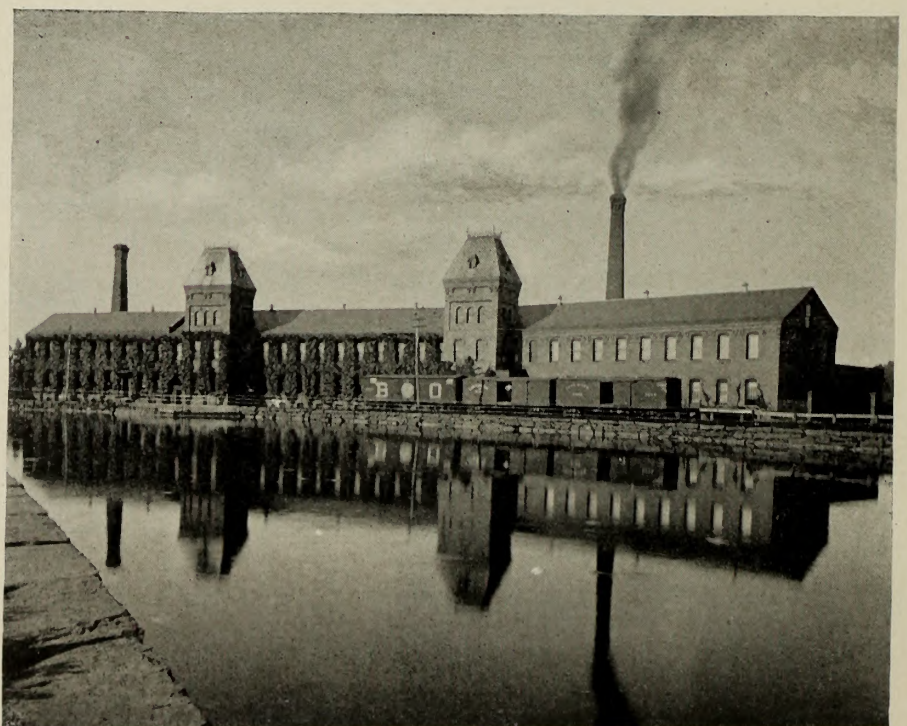
THE VALLEY PAPER COMPANY, HOLYOKE.

enterprise which has told since in the further development of the business, the officers met the emergency so promptly that the interruption was but brief. The site for the present building was purchased within a week after the fire, and in the following July machinery was moved into the new edifice, which shows among the engravings on this page. It is a finely equipped establishment, 300 feet long, 80 feet wide, three stories high, and its officers' quarters are sumptuous and elegant. Business men going to Holyoke will find it a convenient place to visit, as the electric cars from the depot run by the door.

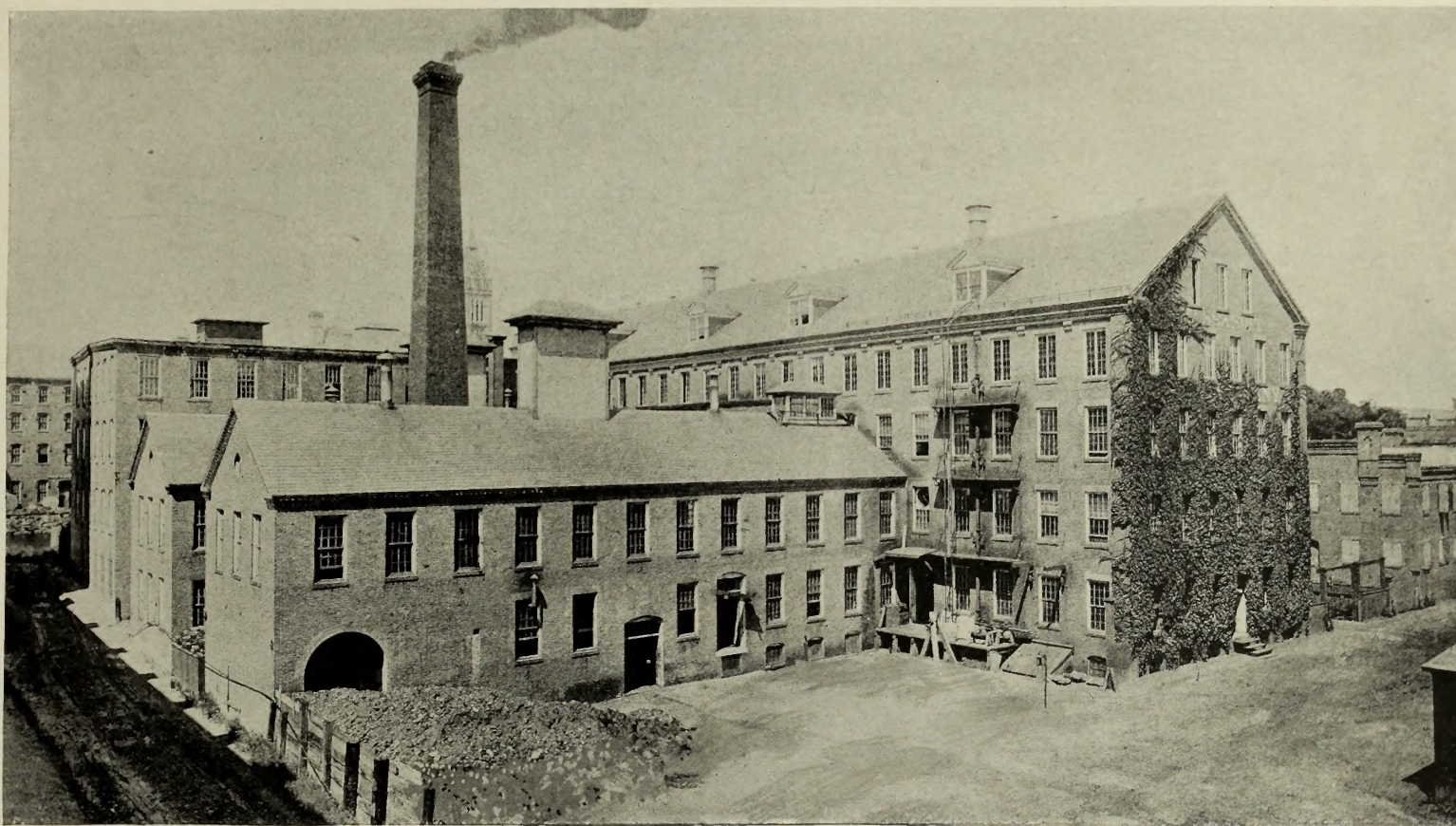
James T. Abbe of Springfield is president of the company and George N. Tyner of Holyoke treasurer, and their business success, as represented in this enterprise, is monumental among the manufacturing interests of Holyoke. The force of workmen consists of about 250 employees and the pay roll amounts to about \$8,000 per month.

THE VALLEY PAPER COMPANY.

This corporation manufactures loft-dried bond, linen, ledger and writing papers, and its daily product is five tons. The officers are: J. S. McElwain, president; H. E. McElwain, treasurer; L. F. Hayward, secretary.



ALBION PAPER CO., HOLYOKE, MANUFACTURERS OF ENVELOPE AND ANIMAL-SIZED FLAT CAP AND BOOK PAPERS.



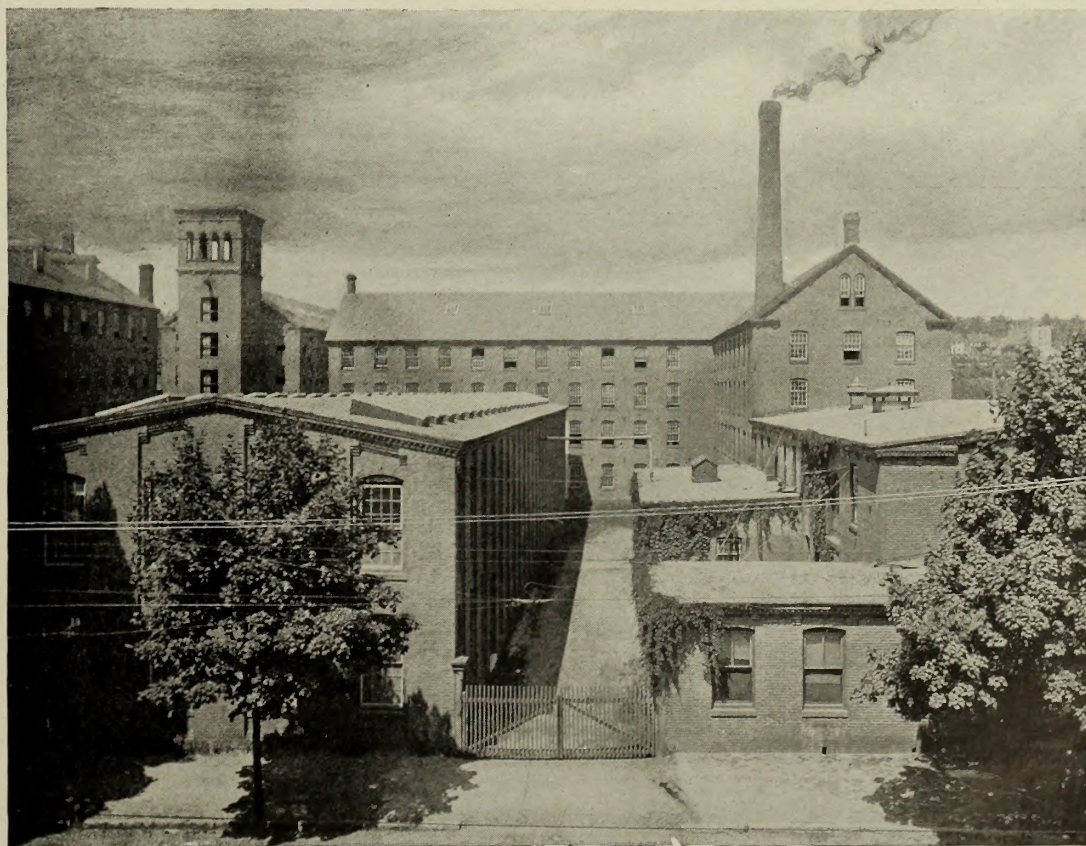
MILLS OF THE MASSASOIT PAPER COMPANY, HOLYOKE.

THE MASSASOIT PAPER COMPANY.

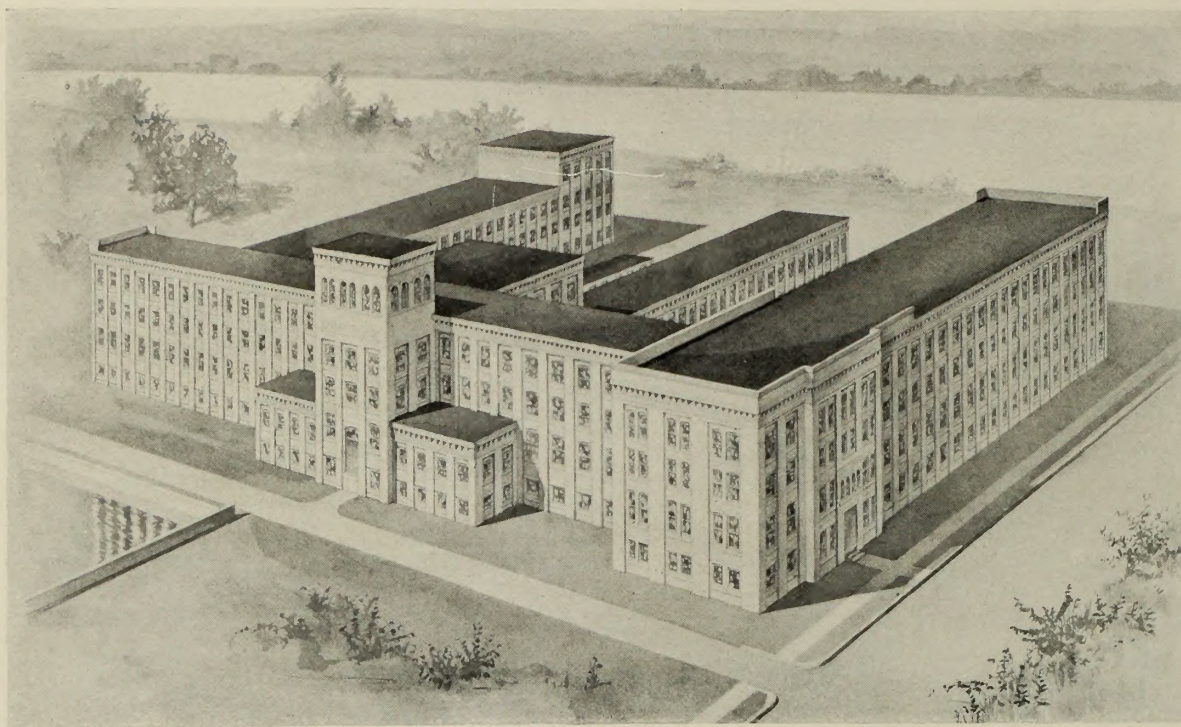
No corporation in the city has a better reputation than the Massasoit Paper Company. It was organized in 1853, and built its first mill in Huntington, under the name of the Greenleaf & Taylor Company, and did not change its title until shortly before removal to this city, in 1872, when the capital stock was increased to \$300,000.

The mills are sufficiently described in the very handsome engraving at the head of this page, though it may be said that the business has grown considerably within a few years, from a ton and a half to five tons product per day of the very finest loft-dried papers, at the present time. No pains are spared to have the production as near perfect as possible, and the mill runs on orders exclusively, shipping to the trade in all the great paper-distributing centers.

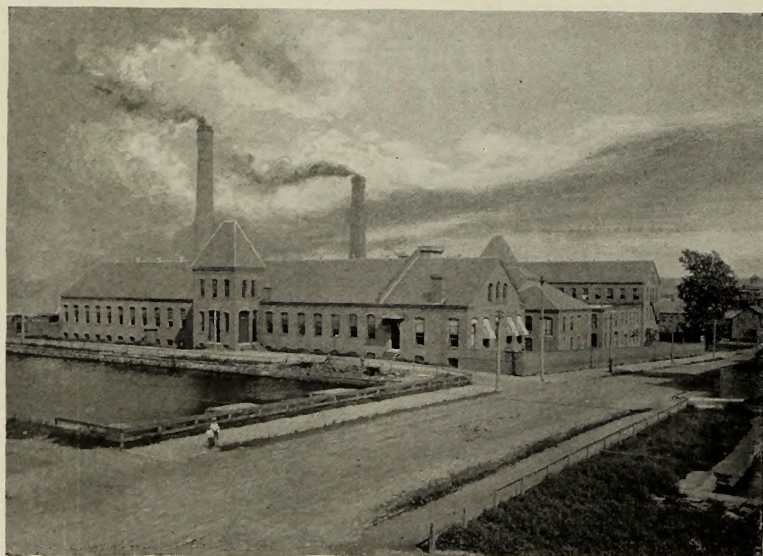
The officers of the company are: E. C. Rogers, president, and C. B. Wells, secretary and superintendent. Mr. Rogers is a resident of Springfield, a director of the John Hancock national bank and the Electric Light Company of that city. Doubtless as much could be said for many of the paper-making corporations of Holyoke, but the Massasoit company has a specially strong reputation for the superior class of workmen it employs and the liberal treatment they receive from their employers—and this all redounds eventually to the benefit of customers.



BEEBE, WEBBER AND COMPANY, WOOLEN MANUFACTURERS, HOLYOKE.



LINDEN PAPER COMPANY, HOLYOKE. CAPACITY TEN TONS DAILY, LOFT-DRIED PAPER.—PRESIDENT, J. S. MC ELWAIN; TREASURER, H. E. MC ELWAIN.



MILLS OF THE GEO. R. DICKINSON COMPANY.

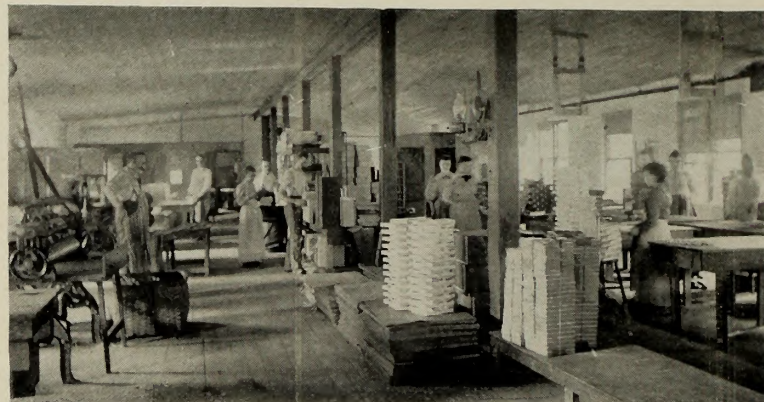
GEO. R. DICKINSON PAPER COMPANY.

The late George R. Dickinson, who died in 1887, was the founder of this corporation, with a capital of \$150,000. The premises have always been quite extensive, but additions have been made within a few years, until it is now the best equipped mill of its kind in Holyoke, and its productive capacity ranks with the five largest in the United States. The equipment originally included twelve rag engines, two Jordan engines and two Fourdrinier machines of 84 and 88 inches, respectively, but the extension in 1890, of the engine room 60 feet and the finishing room 70 feet, allowed of additional machinery. Four 2,000-pound engines, two calenders, two cutters and one 110-inch Fourdrinier have been added.

The product of the mill is twenty-three tons of book and engine-sized writing papers daily, and the mill is run day and night to fill orders. Henry S. Dickinson is president and treasurer, and I. Warren Bullens secretary.

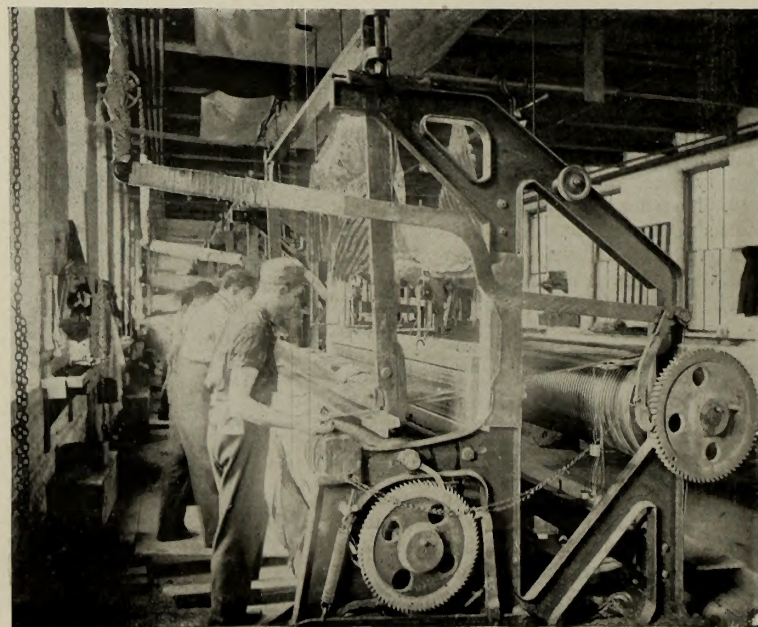
BROWN & SELLERS.

Among the manufacturing industries of interest, are the Wire Cloth works of Brown & Sellers at Holyoke. After many years of experience in this line of business, this firm established their works in this city in 1888; and by the introduction of new and improved machinery, made from their own designs, have produced a superior quality of fabric, which commends itself to the trade, and accounts largely for the success they have attained. Here the brass wire is drawn and woven into Fourdrinier wires, a fabric used largely in the paper mills throughout the country, for forming the sheet of paper. This firm are the owners of valuable patents, among which is the Sellers' Patent Truss Dandy Roll, valued for its lightness, strength and exactness of form. Many of the beautiful water-marks seen in



FINISHING ROOM OF THE TAYLOR MANUFACTURING COMPANY, MANUFACTURERS OF PAPETERIES AND ENVELOPES, HOLYOKE, MASS.

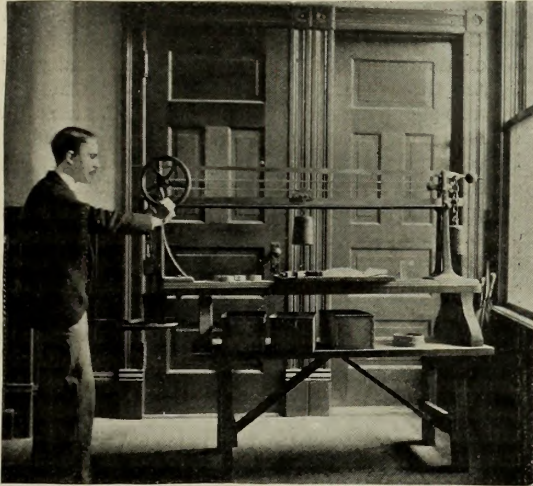
sheets of paper are made from the water-marked dandy rolls made in these works. The interior view, representing looms in operation, gives but a faint idea of the interesting process of manufacturing these wire fabrics.



THE WIRE CLOTH LOOMS AT BROWN & SELLERS'.

ASHLEY B. TOWER, ARCHITECT.

A description of the most magnificent of the paper mills of Holyoke, as given in the preceding pages, would be incomplete without some reference to the architectural genius which planned and built them, especially when one firm of architects has had a hand in all of them. The architects D. H. & A. B. Tower are the men whose engineering skill of construction have thus placed their impress upon the great mills of Holyoke, and Ashley B. Tower, who succeeded the old firm this year (the former junior member of it), after a partnership of fourteen years, has the proud distinction of standing unquestionably as the foremost paper-mill



TESTING CEMENT.

architect, builder and designer in the world. Of all the many hundreds of paper mills in this country, no two are built alike, nor would uniformity of construction be possible, unless the mills were to stand upon a dead level and use steam power. Where, as almost invariably in paper making, water is the power that drives the wheels, the location in reference to such power is the first subject to receive consideration. Another factor that comes into account at the same time is the amount and kind of product that it is desired to turn out. Given these, the architect either himself makes or has carefully made a survey of the site, while he determines the machinery that will be required to meet the purpose of the contemplated mill, the power which will be requisite, and how it is to be transmitted. It is at this time that the question of economy of construction, and of operation afterward, comes in, and it will be at once apparent how valuable wide experience in the laying out of similar plants may become. An error of judgment, which none but a trained builder could detect,

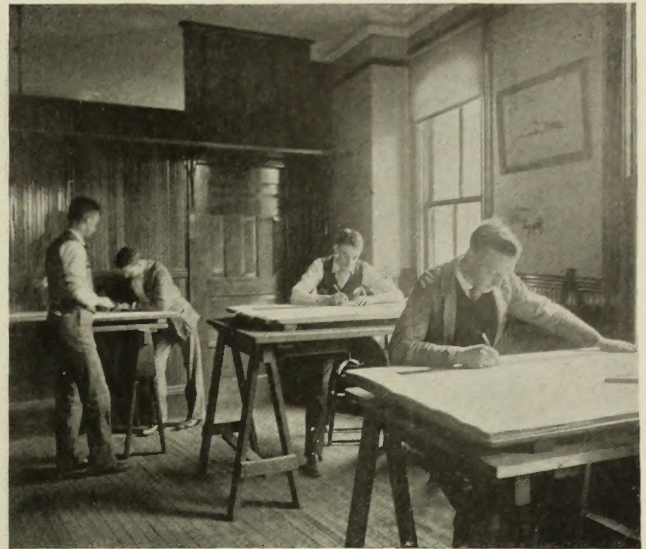
might cost the operators of the mill thousands of dollars, which more careful planning would make available for the dividend list.

Mr. Tower's office itself is one of the best possible for its purposes. It is located in what is known as the "Flatiron Block," at the junction of Main and Race streets, a few rods from the passenger station of the Connecticut River railroad, and occupies the northern portion of the second story. On the eastern side, with entrance near the head of the stairway, is the suite of apartments occupied by Mr. Tower and his draughtsmen and assistants, beyond which is a private apartment or consultation room. A long-distance telephone is at hand in a convenient closet. The draughtsmen's room is on the west side of the block, into which one steps directly from the general offices, and is one of the finest apartments for the purpose imaginable.

The planning and erecting of wood pulp, sulphite and soda fiber mills is made a feature of the business, and it is a very important part of the work, a large proportion of these mills in this country having been erected by Mr. Tower.

We might pursue this subject to great length, but the space taken and hints afforded by the illustrations on this page must suffice.

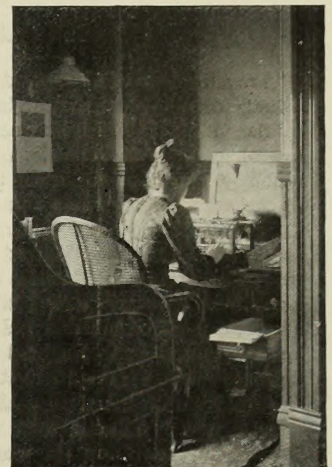
Sufficient has been written to show the importance of the business of which Mr. Tower is at the head, with the admirable equipment for its transaction and continuance, as well as the enviable reputation which has reached from this office, not only to all patrons of our own country, but to lands that are far away.



A CORNER OF THE DRAUGHTING ROOM.



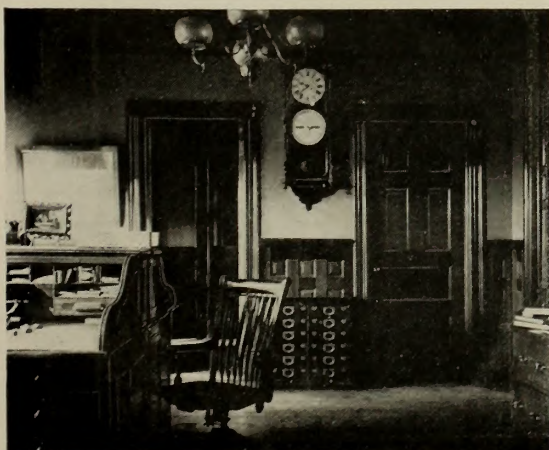
DRAUGHTING ROOM.



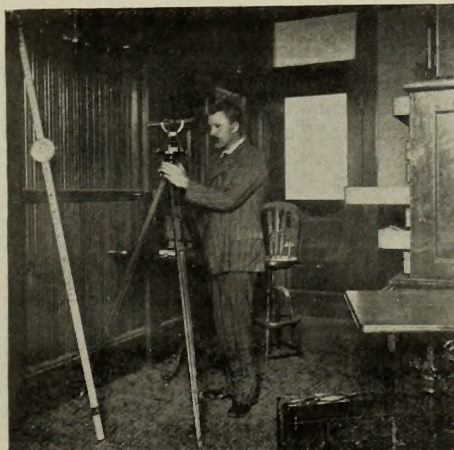
THE STENOGRAPHER.

Incidentally mention should be made of the care taken of patrons' work. As the drawings and plans are completed, they are stowed away, and large safes contain the most valuable plans and specifications. An apartment for the preparation of blue prints is one story higher in the building.

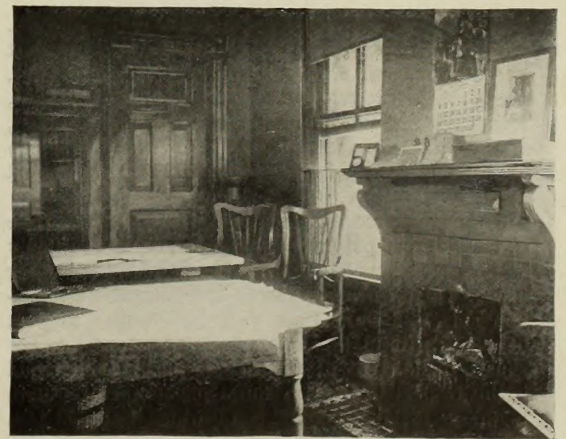
Nearly eight thousand drawings of mills, machinery and water-power improvements are on file in the offices.



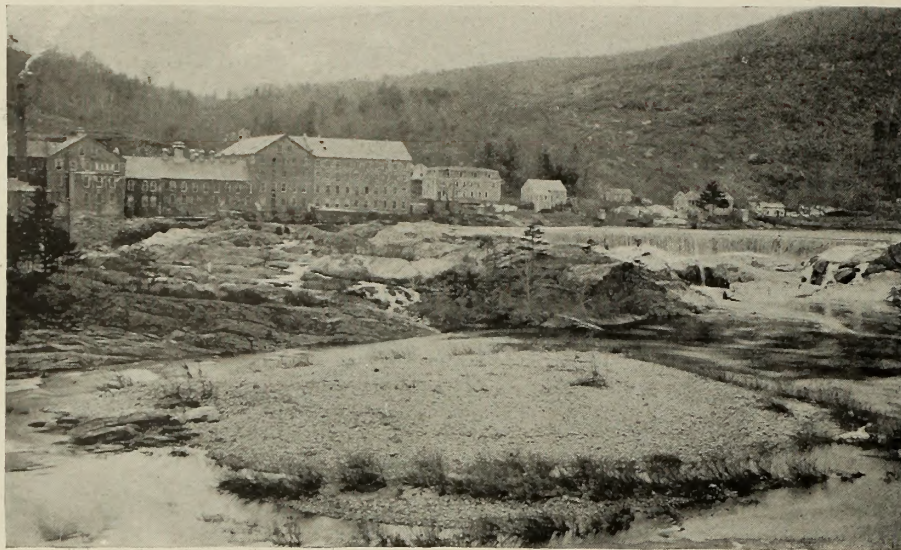
THE OFFICE.



CIVIL ENGINEER'S ROOM.



PRIVATE DRAUGHTING ROOM.



VIEW OF THE MILL AND SALMON FALLS.

THE FAIRFIELD PAPER COMPANY.

Traveling westward from the flourishing town of Westfield, following the highway which leads on to the village of Fairfield, one encounters a succession of pleasing surroundings. These run from the well-kept streets of the town to the rugged wildness of the valley, upon which the mountains known as Tekoa and Nero look down with their less noted brethren. The traveler is not looking for the achievements of human kind, if unacquainted with the valley, till he winds about the foot of a hill and beholds before him the typical New England village and the factory which gives life to it.

Prosaic business and the genius of manufacture never found a field more richly dressed by nature, and the wonder is that Col. R. M. Fairfield and his happy assistants at the paper mill in this picturesque region are not distracted by the natural beauty of their surroundings. The scenic beauties of this part of the county will be found described in the main part of this work, while the engravings on and fronting this page give further evidence of it.

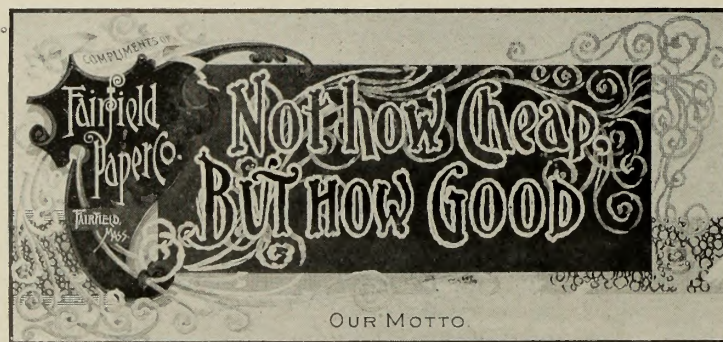
It has remained for Roswell M. Fairfield, formerly of Holyoke, to bring this place to its full development as a paper manufacturing point, and his adherence to the motto on this page explains much of his success. Fortunately he has been aided by nature in his design of furnishing the very best goods in the market, for here crystal water, of superfine purity, has been placed at his command. Taking this place—in 1887, Mr. Fairfield began improvements which eventuated in the present complete equipment and better means of traffic and communication with the outside world. A handsome stone depot was erected on the Boston & Albany railroad and a bridge was thrown across the river.

The purchase included not only the mill buildings, with the massive stone dam and water power at that point, but as well 1,000 acres of land in the vicinity, the right to draw additional water from Hazard pond, located among the mountains at a height of 667 feet, with an unused water privilege below the mill, which might be utilized to run another establishment of equal capacity.

Although there are in the mill two Hyatt filters and one of the National pattern, their task is very light, as may be imagined from the remarkable purity of the water used. This water comes from springs upon the mountain side, and flows into the mill without pumping, having a natural pressure of ninety pounds to the square inch. It is of remarkable purity, fully equal in this respect to the very finest paper-making waters of the Berkshire mountains of which Fairfield is a

part, insuring for the finished paper a beautifully clear and perfect tone.

The new company is satisfying the claims of nature by making also wedding papers of spotless purity, providing linens of the finest texture, tempting the taste of the fastidious with Woronoco linen and ledger papers, "Fairfield" superfines, and making glad the hearts of the stationers throughout the land with its lines of pasted bristol boards for wedding cards, flat



papers and ruled goods. One of the specialties is a very fine line of typewriter linens, which holds a high place in the market.

At the mills of this company whatever will conduce to the manufacture of the highest grades of paper is carefully and scrupulously adhered to, and nice regard is paid to educating the employes to a high order of production, not only by providing for them every convenience and comfort, but also by inciting them to cultivate habits of cleanliness and neatness in the execution of their duties. There are those employed about the mills whose sole work is to maintain constant cleanliness, an object lesson to the many workers. One hardly knows which to admire most, the thorough cleanliness and brightness maintained everywhere, or the convenient arrangement of the different rooms for forwarding the work of manufacturing. "Forward to Excellence" is the motto from the time that the teamster unloads his rags, and is echoed back all along the line.

One department in this section of the works is deserving of special mention, as it is peculiar to this company—the manufacture, upon their own premises, of the fine pasted bristol board for which the Fairfield company have so gratifying a reputation.

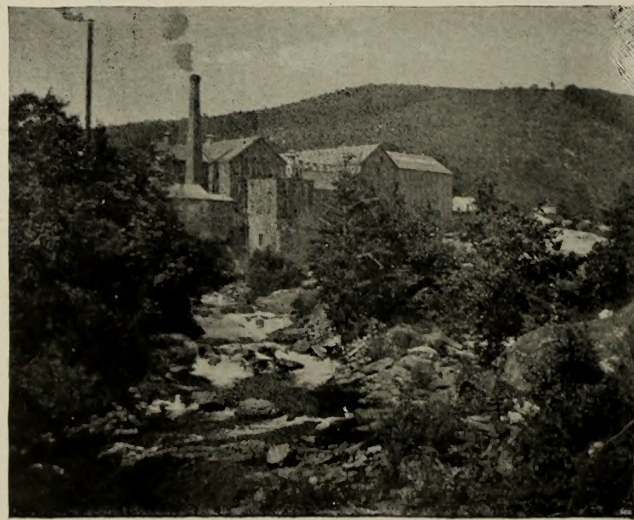
The finishing department is admirably lighted, and completely adapted in all respects to its purposes. Its outfit of machinery is ample, including eleven calenders, three presses, four large trimmers, a large breaker and two fine plates of the latest pattern, for use on wedding goods and the like. There is everywhere the most thorough precaution against fire. The spring water which is used in the engine room comes to the mill with such a head that it will deliver a stream over the highest of the buildings with gratifying force, and with this, hose ready for immediate use is connected in every room. There are also sprinklers, fire pails, and the like, while fireproof doors shut each building from its neighbors, so that the spread of the flames ought to be confined to any section in which they might originate.

The establishment employs some 250 hands, and for their comfort every arrangement has been made which thoughtful care could employ. The mills are lighted throughout by electricity, a 250-light Mather dynamo supplying current; in addition to this a second dynamo is used to supply the magnetic current for the large patent iron extractors or separators (patented and controlled by Mr. Fairfield) which are attached to each machine and by the use of which all the fine particles of iron are separated from the rag fibre, thus overcoming absolutely one of the paper manufacturer's most serious difficulties, namely, the prevention of rust spots in the paper.

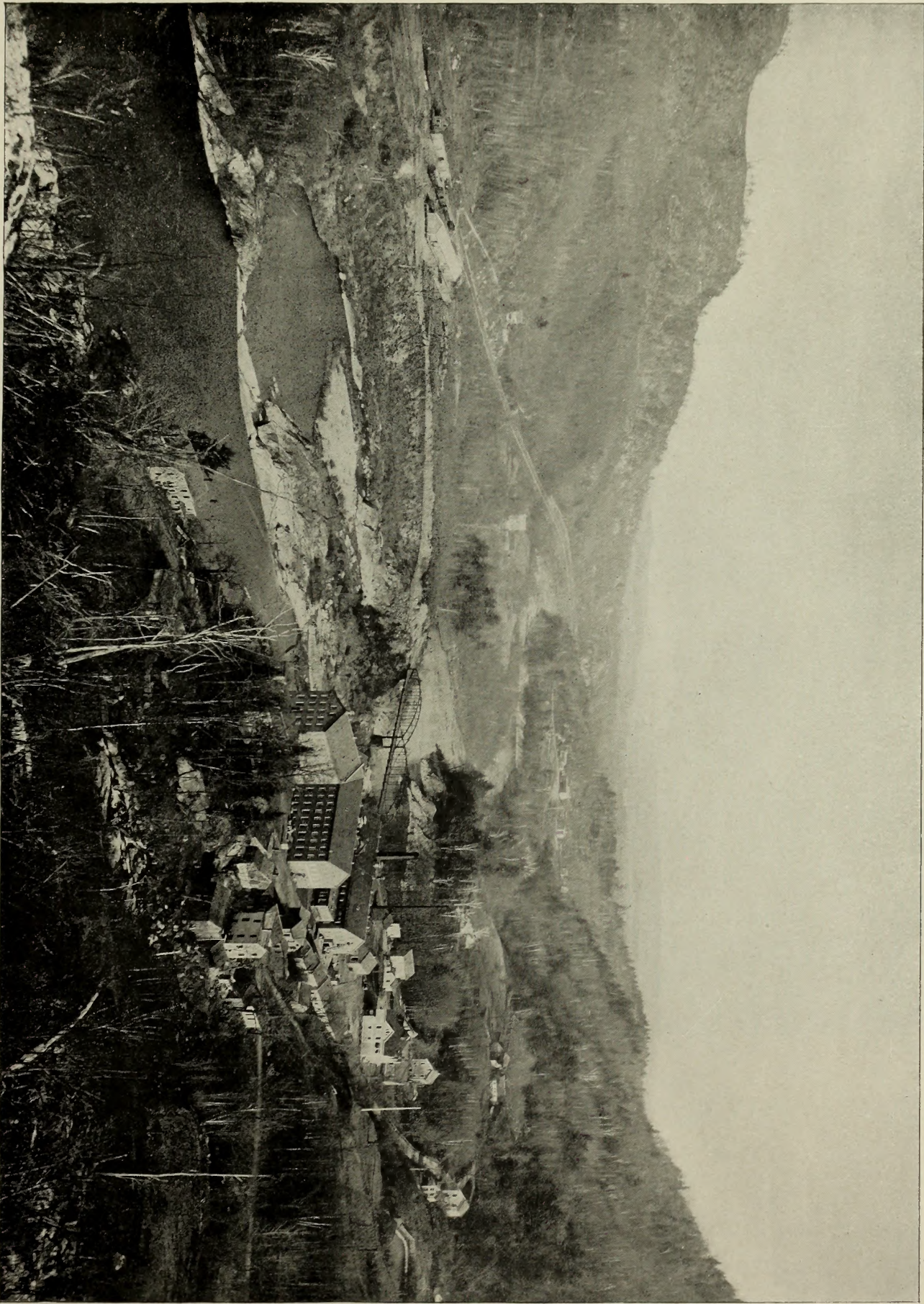
On the first floor of the main building are the general executive and typewriting department, immediately connected with which is the private office of the president and treasurer, the suite being fitted throughout with an eye to convenience and a perfect system in the transaction of business. The remainder of this floor is occupied by the sorting, cutting, packing and shipping departments, the calenders being on the same floor in the new addition. The second and third floors throughout both portions of the building are devoted to the drying lofts—in all establishments of this kind an important portion of the plant.

The spring water which is used in the engines is brought to the mill through an eight-inch pipe and six-inch pipe, and the supply would be adequate for several times the present demand. For turning the wheels of the mill the whole power of the Westfield river is available, but if that should prove inadequate, there is a double Corliss steam engine of 300-horse power waiting to lend its strength.

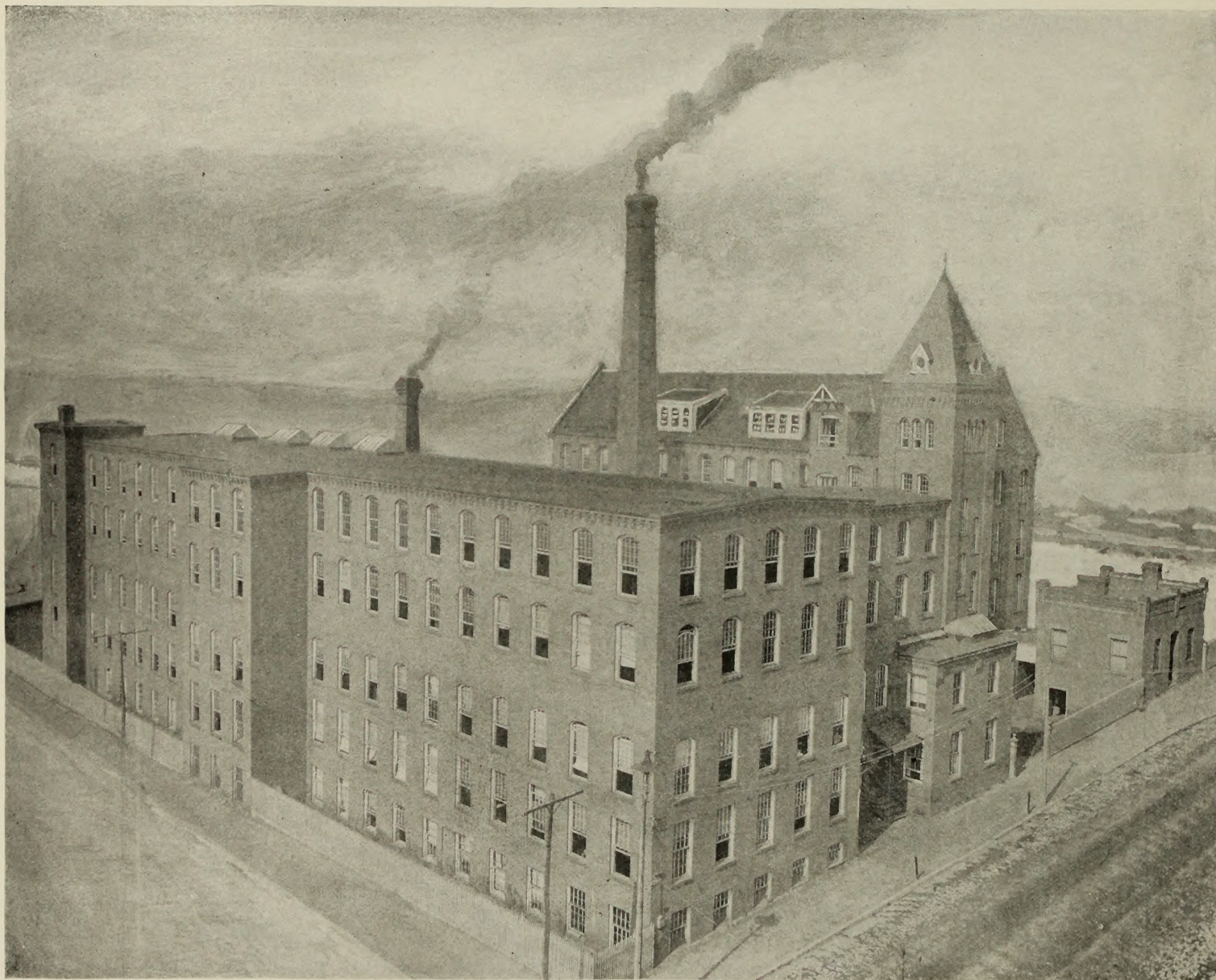
Mr. Fairfield is president and treasurer of the company, Oscar S. Greenleaf of Springfield is secretary; and these two gentlemen, with Thomas A. Mole of Adams, form the board of directors. It would probably be difficult to find three men better fitted by natural bent and mature experience for the successful conduct of a paper mill of the highest class.



PICTURESQUENESS ON THE STREAM.



MILLS OF THE FAIRFIELD PAPER COMPANY, FROM MOUNT TEKOA.



MILLS OF THE WILLIAM SKINNER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

The William Skinner Manufacturing Company was established in 1848, and incorporated in 1889, at Holyoke. The company manufactures satin sleeve linings, pure dye silk braids, mohair braids, silk serges, colored and black; machine twist,

button hole twist and sewing silks. It has salesrooms at 508 Broadway, New York; 18 Summer street, Boston, and corner of Fifth avenue and Adams street, Chicago.

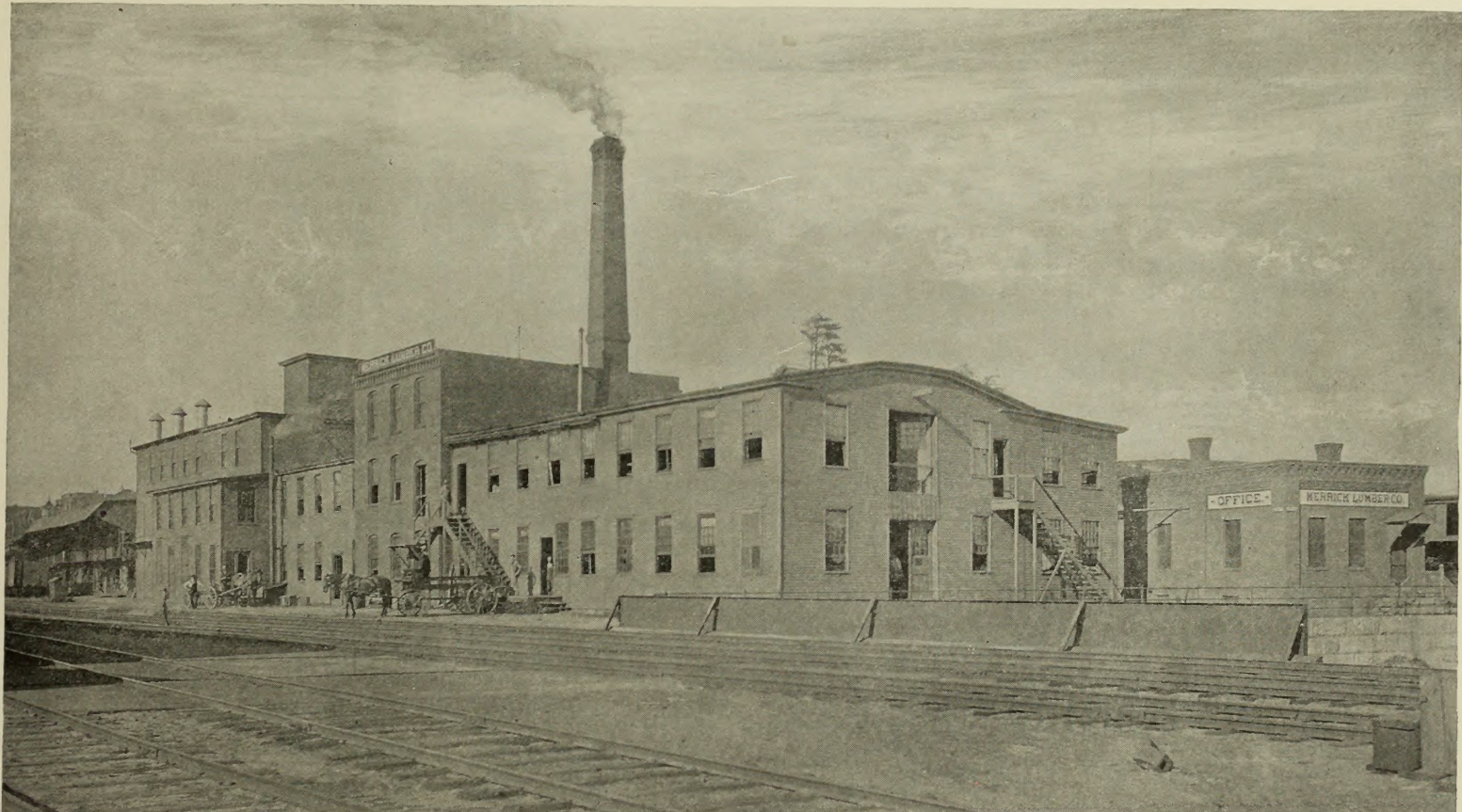
MERRICK LUMBER COMPANY.

Holyoke is celebrated not alone for its paper mills, but the ease and perfection with which her mechanics can assemble everything together for construction of anything, especially in the building line, and one of the foremost and best known mediums in the latter respect is the Merrick Lumber Company, with its yards and offices at Holyoke, Westfield and Northampton.

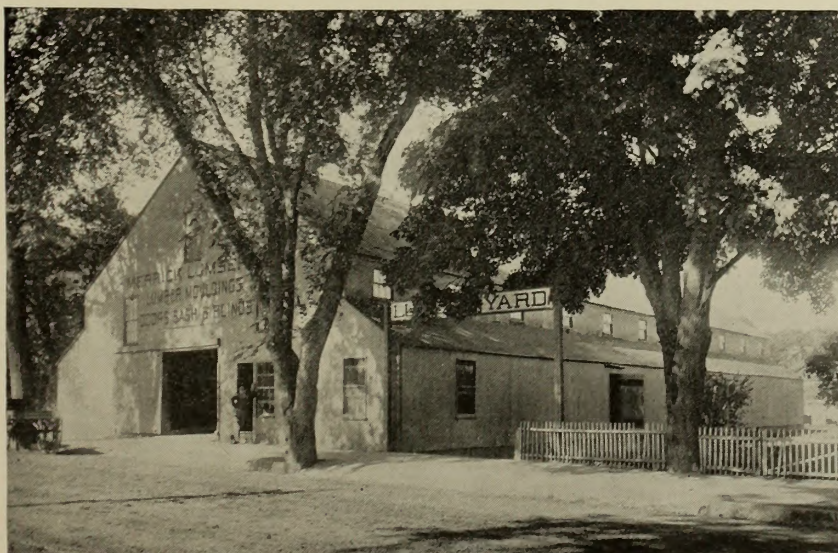
The name of Merrick has been inseparably connected with the lumber business in Holyoke for many years. John Merrick was the pioneer for his name, in 1869, starting at South Holyoke. A. J. Merrick joined him January 1, 1873, and the firm of J. Merrick & Company thus continued until May 1, 1875, when a new partnership was formed, with the admission of Timothy and J. S. Merrick to the firm. In 1884 a stock company was organized, with Timothy Merrick as president and Edwin Bradley as treasurer, under the name of the Merrick Lumber Company, and with a capital of \$75,000. This



BRANCH YARD—NORTHAMPTON, MASS.



MERRICK LUMBER COMPANY—MAIN YARDS AND SHOPS—HOLYOKE, MASS.



BRANCH YARD—WESTFIELD, MASS.

form of corporation has continued since with great success, until to-day the company employs 75 men and its pay roll annually amounts to \$50,000.

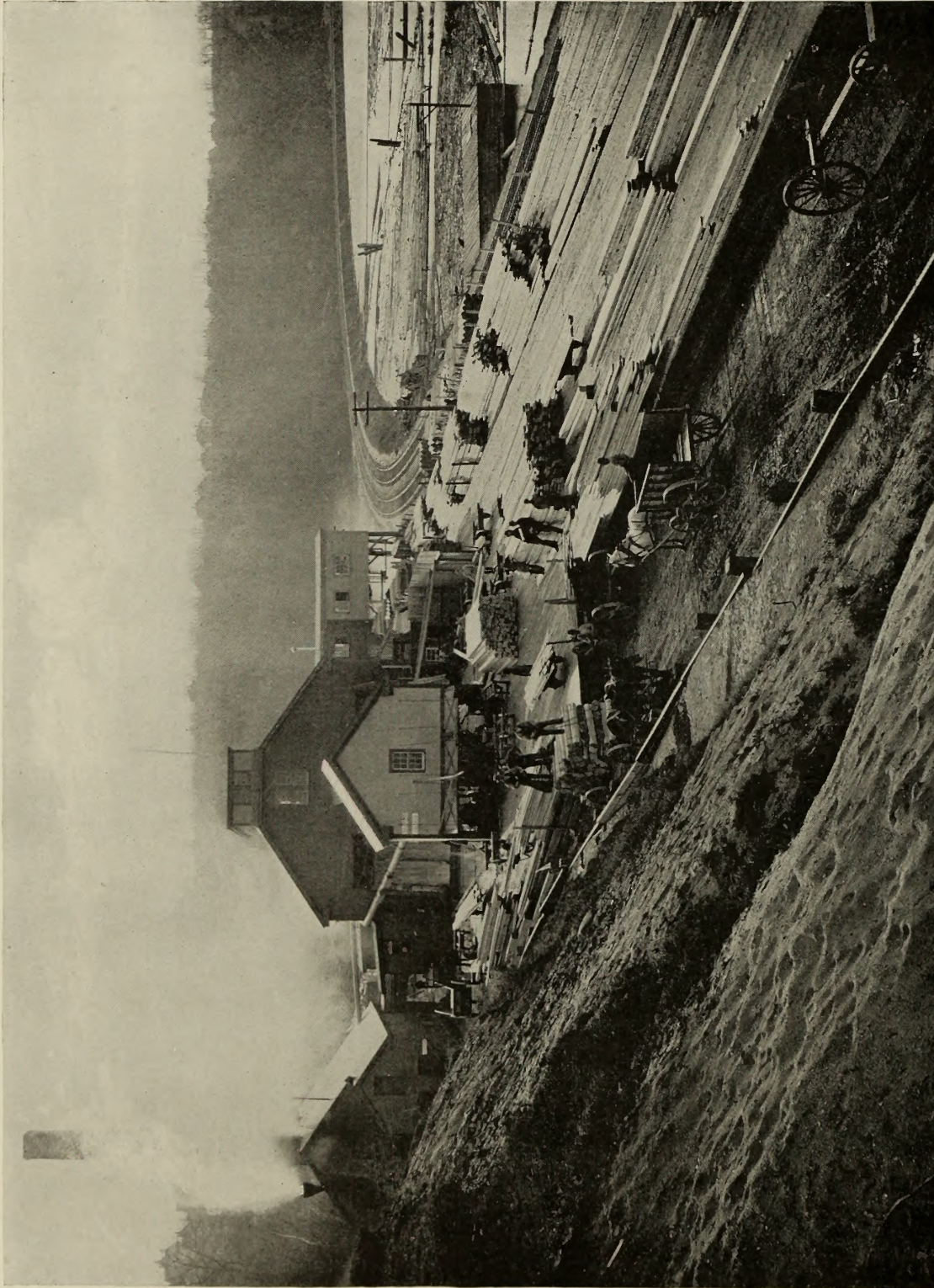
The well equipped and methodically arranged lumber piles of the company in Holyoke are a familiar sight to the traveler on the cars, and the business there, as well as at Westfield and Northampton, has grown to great proportions.

The Merrick Lumber Company are not only dealers in all kinds of lumber, but they are wood workers. They furnish cabinet and stair work, fine finish, hand carving, veneered doors, panel work, mouldings, doors, windows, blinds, stuff chests, dye tubs, water-tanks, window and door frames and paint, oils and glass. Estimates are gladly given on these items at short notice.

Many varieties and all thicknesses of lumber are carried in stock, such as Norway pine, cherry, black walnut, white oak, maple, birch, white-wood, brown and white ash, quartered oak and sycamore, etc. These woods are all thoroughly kiln-dried and ready for working up at quick notice. One of the largest buildings on the premises at Holyoke, 40 x 80 feet and three stories high, is used for kiln-drying the timber and storing it after drying, and thus is insured absolute perfection in this important item. White-wood, maple and ash squares are also kept in stock, together with lath, pickets and shingles.

The company claim to have the largest and best equipped wood-working shops in their part of the State, and appearances seem to indicate the justice of their claim.

Orders may be left at the branch yards in Westfield and Northampton, for anything which is to come from the main yard and shops at Holyoke.

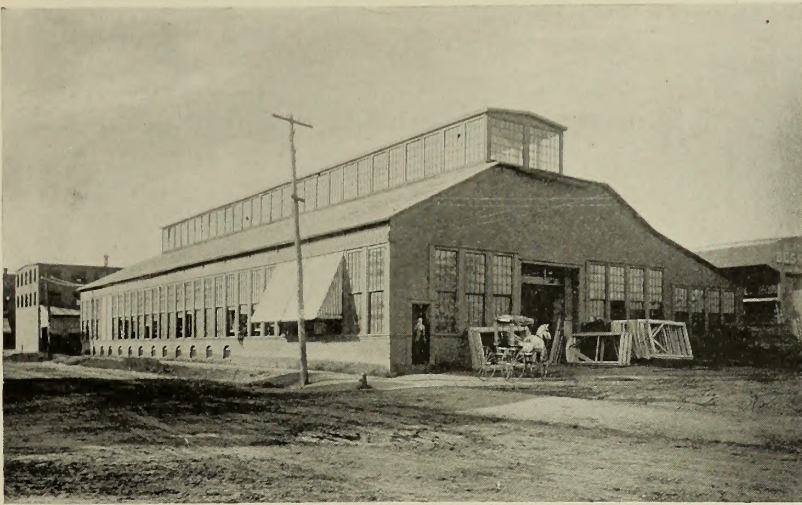


MILLS OF THE CONNECTICUT RIVER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, HOLYOKE, MASS.

Manufacturers of Lath, Shingles, Clapboards, Spruce Lumber and Spruce Piles. Mills at Hartford, Conn.; Holyoke, Mass.; Mount Tom, Mass.; McIndoes Falls, N. H.; Zealand, N. H.

GEORGE VAN DYKE, PRESIDENT.

BOSTON OFFICE, 17 DOANE STREET.



SHOPS OF WATSON ELY & SON, HOLYOKE.

WATSON ELY & SON.

The name of Watson Ely is synonymous with the erection of many of the best buildings in the city of Holyoke. He has grown up with the city, has assisted materially in its remarkable development, through his diligence and skill as a large contractor. Although now sixty-seven years old, he is still in daily attendance upon business and can give points to many men younger in the trade, for, as we say, has he not seen the city rise and become great? He built the Windsor hotel and Opera house block and the noble City hall, while many of the finer residences of the city, such as those of R. Crafts, J. G. Mackintosh, Messrs. Whiting and Perkins and others, are his handiwork. Mr. Ely has "worked for himself" over thirty years, and about twenty years since, with his energetic son Franklin W., "a chip of the old block," literally entered upon a new lease of business life, for the two are a strong business team.

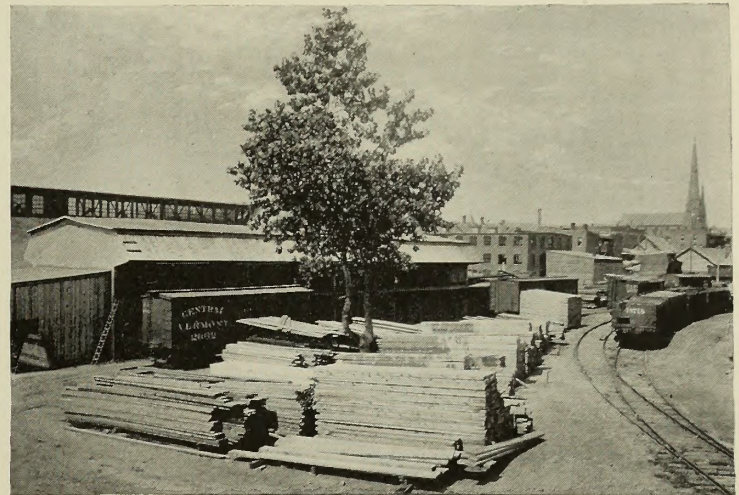
The firm was formerly on Front street, but in April, 1891, moved to their present commodious and convenient quarters on the corner of Canal and Cabot streets, where they employ fifty men. The buildings and premises show in the engravings, and are

the best arranged of their kind in the city of Holyoke, fronting about two hundred feet on Cabot street and about one hundred and fifty feet on Canal street.

Entering the large, well-lighted establishment, one is sure to notice two things if he is an observing person—the flood of light and the absence of interfering shafting. The value of light for the production of good workmanship is generally well understood, and the danger and often useless friction of unnecessary shafting is equally appreciated. In this place the shafting is all stowed away in the basement and a 75-horse power engine and 100-horse power boiler supply the motive power for the many useful machines which in these days make wood working an easy task.

In addition to their workshop and lumber yard, the Messrs. Ely have a three-story dry kiln, indispensable for the class of work they do, and insuring that very important quality—thorough dryness—which is often lacking, to the permanent injury of woodwork.

The firm do all kinds of mill work and sell all kinds of lumber. They build electric cars, water tanks, stuff chests, dye tubs, make mouldings, house finishings and window frames. In short, there is little in the way of the best quality of woodwork that they are not familiar with.



LUMBER YARD OF WATSON ELY & SON.

T. F. KEGAN'S SONS, STEAM AND GAS FITTERS.

T. F. Kegan's Sons of Holyoke, as steam and gas fitters, are one of the best-known firms in the business in New England.

The business was established in 1878 by Thomas F. Kegan, who conducted it with remarkable success up to the time of his decease, about three years ago, since which time his two sons, H. C. and W. E., have carried on the business. The former was with his father nearly all the time after the business started, and W. E. came here in 1890.

The firm occupy for their business a large part of the brick building Nos. 12 and 14 Appleton street—the whole of the first floor and basement—and the place is thoroughly equipped and supplied with steam and water power.

Messrs. Kegan's Sons carry on a large business as dealers in plain galvanized and enameled wrought iron pipe, steam and gas fittings of every description, and are considered experts in the steam heating line, being employed by nearly all the large corporations of Holyoke. The house carries the largest stock of pipe and steam fittings outside New York city, and commercial men often speak of it as the best equipped place of the kind in New England.

A business which has grown

largely within the past few years, and which this firm make a specialty of, is the furnishing of Grinnell automatic sprinklers for extinguishing fires. They are also sole agents in this vicinity for the New York Safety steam-power engines, of which there are now over forty in use in this city.

Employing a staff of thirty-five experienced men, and supervising personally all the operations of the business, it is not surprising that the Messrs. Kegan have now in control such a large and successful business. It has the enviable reputation of doing the best work of its kind, and this accounts for the fact that its contracts extend all over the New England states and into New York, Pennsylvania and Maryland.

Messrs. Kegan's Sons desire to have it particularly understood that they make a specialty not alone of steam heating, but also hot water heating, and they would be pleased to furnish plans and estimates on application. They will also gladly supply catalogues and price lists when called for, and it is considered by them no trouble to make estimates on any class of work, upon short demand, by correspondence or otherwise.

At the time of writing the company was carrying out a larger number of local contracts than any firm in Hampden county, and had orders for several months ahead.



FACTORY OF T. F. KEGAN'S SONS, HOLYOKE.

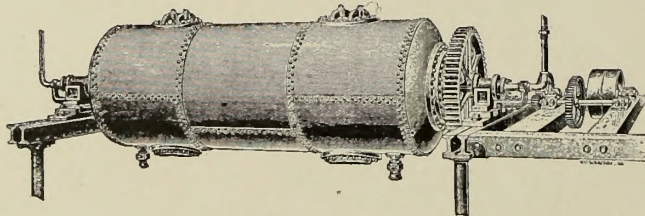


THE HOLYOKE STEAM BOILER AND IRON WORKS.

THE HOLYOKE STEAM BOILER AND IRON WORKS.

To describe Holyoke from an industrial point of view, without treating of the great boiler works under the present management of T. H. Sears, as well as under the one who largely made them what they are—the late David F. Coghlan—would be almost unpardonable. The engraving which is shown at the head of this page is the representation of a picture familiar to every Holyoke mechanic and most business men, and here has been built up a business that is known in

nearly every state of the Union, while even the "Paper City," with its great water power, has been forced to make frequent drafts upon these works for boiler aid to supplement the work of that sometimes capricious servant, water, and the great mill corporation interest of the city has been the mainstay of the Coghlan works generally, because its output included such mill necessities as tanks, penstocks, standpipes, smoke flues, rotary bleachers for paper mills, water heaters, dry-



IMPROVED ROTARY BLEACHER.

ing pans, sand heaters, tar kettles, barlow keirs, wheel cases, iron doors and shutters, and in short almost every useful device into which hammered and rolled iron can be worked.

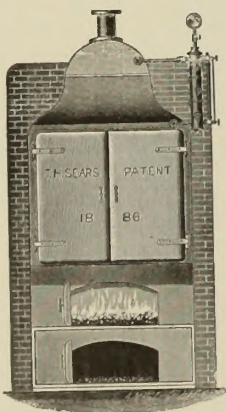
It is but twenty-three years since the late David F. Coghlan began the manufacture of boilers under the firm name of Coghlan & Mullen. He had previously been foreman in the Roach Brothers' establishment at Springfield, and long before this, in his apprenticeship in East Boston and his subsequent travels to gain experience, had developed those characteristics of ingenuity in construction, progressiveness in method and faithfulness in detail which later on were exemplified in the productions of his own works, and which made the Coghlan boilers and other iron products from his place standards of comparison wherever his name was known.

"The production of honest work," was Mr. Coghlan's motto, as it is that of his successors to-day, and he expected and required as much faithfulness of purpose from the men in his

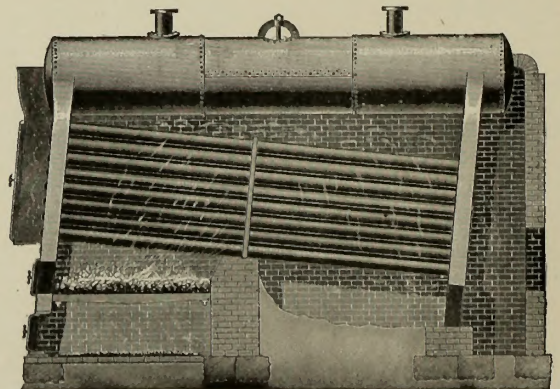
employ as he was willing to give himself. People who needed such things as he made soon ascertained this fact and showed their appreciation in such a substantial manner that within a period of five years he was twice compelled to move by the increasing exigencies of his business, before he at length decided, in 1880, to purchase the site now occupied by his works. Mr. Coghlan died April 28, 1891, and the American Boiler Makers' Association, of which he was an honored member, issued in

the following summer a memorial testimonial to his worth.

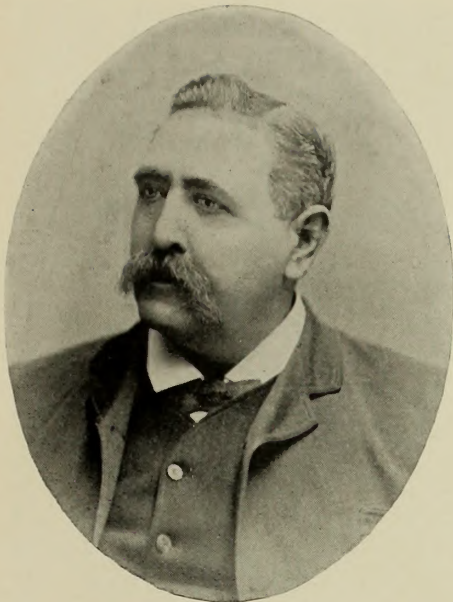
For four years previous to Mr. Coghlan's decease the management of the works had been, as it now is, under the direction of T. H. Sears, of whom this can be said,



FRONT OF THE SEARS RETURN WATER TUBE BOILER.

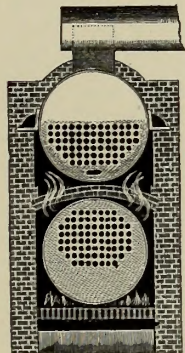


SIDE ELEVATION OF THE SEARS RETURN WATER TUBE BOILER.



THE LATE DAVID F. COGHLAN.

without equivocation: He is a practical boiler-maker, who knows his business "from A to Z,"—from rivets to combustion chamber. Beginning in 1870, he has worked twenty-two years at boiler-making, and with more than ordinary practical results, as his own well-known patents, illustrated in these pages, will show. In 1876, he assumed the position of foreman for Mr. Coghlan, who reposed implicit confidence in his integrity as a man of business. That his confidence was wisely placed has been proven by the success achieved under Mr. Sears' management the past five years.

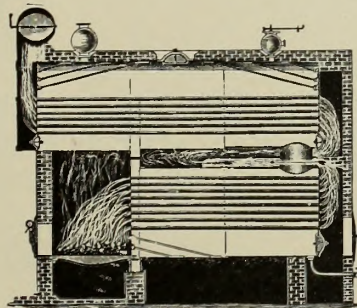


END VIEW OF THE SEARS DOUBLE-DECK TUBULAR BOILER.

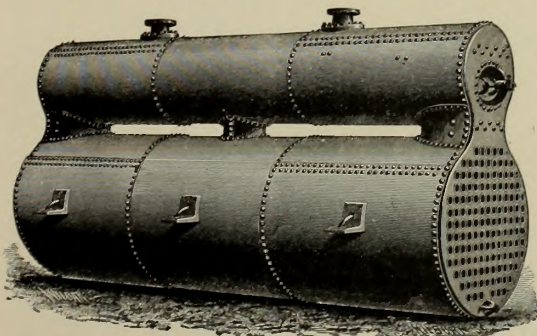
The Holyoke steam boiler works are situated in convenient proximity to the railroads running through Holyoke and cover an area of nearly 30,000 square feet in a triangle formed by the conjunction of Park and Crescent streets.

We read that Jubal Cain was "a man of might," and his prototypes of the present age at these works are mostly after his pattern, though they have

the aid of modern appliances to swing the heavy plates of iron about with ease. When a car with a load of plate-iron runs up alongside the shop, a huge crane seizes the metal and swings it around to the bench where the preliminary marking is done before it goes to the punch.



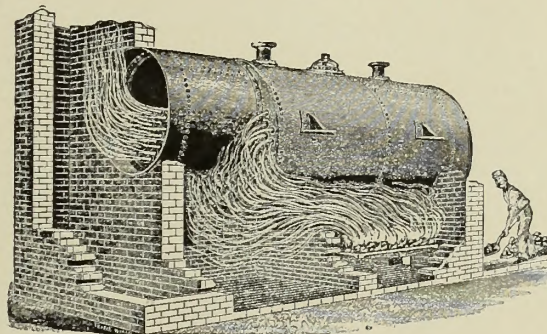
SIDE ELEVATION OF THE SEARS DOUBLE DECK TUBULAR BOILER.



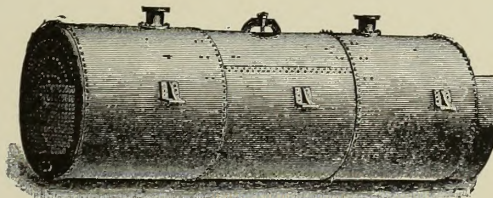
COMPOUND TUBULAR STEAM BOILER.

From the punch to the planer, where the rough edges are taken off, and thence to the rolls to be bent, are steps in sequence. When the rolls have turned the plate to its proper circle, it is placed on the floor and connected with the other parts which go to form the completed structure, and the seams are riveted together. The tube sheets are now flanged, drilled and riveted into place, and the castings of the nozzle for the steam outlet, the manhole and the wall brackets to support the boiler are attached; the braces to hold the unsupported part of the tube sheets are riveted on, and finally the tubes are placed in the boiler and carefully expanded.

After the tubes are set and the boiler joints calked, an inspector of the Hartford Steam Boiler Inspection and Insurance Company is called in, and in his presence the boiler is filled with cold water and submitted to a hydrostatic pressure of two hundred and twenty-five pounds. If by this severe test no weakness is discovered, the boiler is certainly safe, and it is a fact that no explosion, rupture or strain, which sometimes result from poor construction and bad material, has ever occurred in the Coghlan boilers. Among paper makers throughout the country the rotary bleacher manufactured at Coghlan's has found especial favor, and while it is so nearly perfect to-day that it seems as if the limit has been nearly reached, yet it is continually being subjected to improvements, so that while the rotary of five years ago was the best of its kind then on the market, the rotary of to-day is far better than that, and the rotary of five years hence will be in advance of this. The important particulars in which the



IMPROVED TRIPLE DRAUGHT TUBULAR BOILER.



PLAIN HORIZONTAL TUBULAR BOILER.

and fire tubes by which the water in the former incloses the fire space in the latter, constituting a "central-fire tube water-tube boiler."

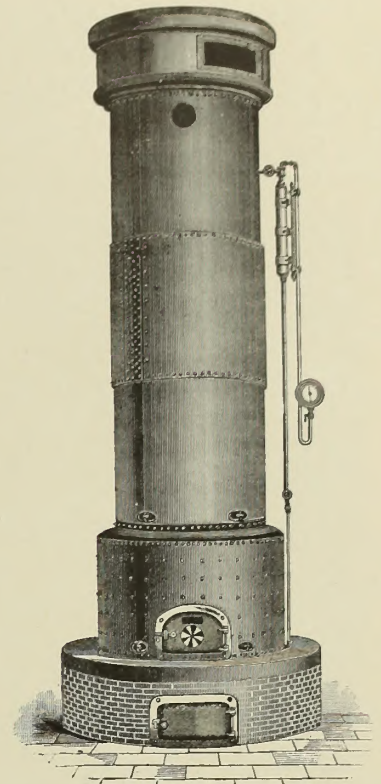
The triple draught boiler offers easy accessibility for cleaning and repairing, and as its name indicates, the heat from combustion is so utilized that the gases make three turns from the fire-bed to the flue, thus bringing the greatest possible extent of tubing surface in direct contact with the heat.

Repair and inspection work anywhere, but especially in New England and eastern New York, form no small part of the business at Coghlan's. The former is intrusted only to skilled mechanics, while to the latter

Mr. Sears gives his own personal supervision, and in both cases the demands of the highest standard are exemplified in the results attained.

The facilities of the concern for doing everything in first-class plate iron work are so well known that it has been crowded to overflowing, through the past season, with the accumulation of orders, and the concern now has more workmen employed than at any time in its history, probabilities being that its number will be still further increased.

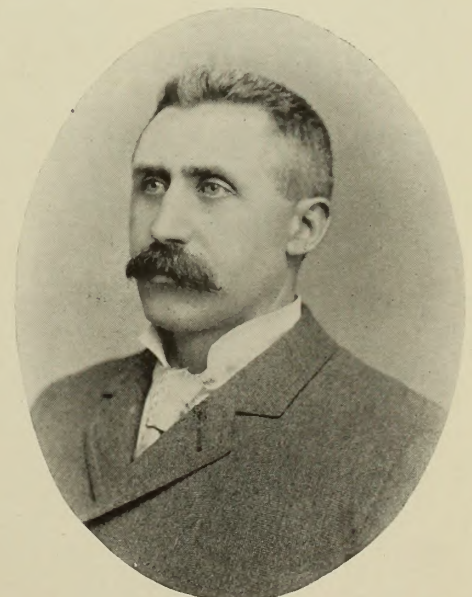
About 65 men are employed in the Coghlan boiler works, and the pay roll amounts to about \$3,600 a month.



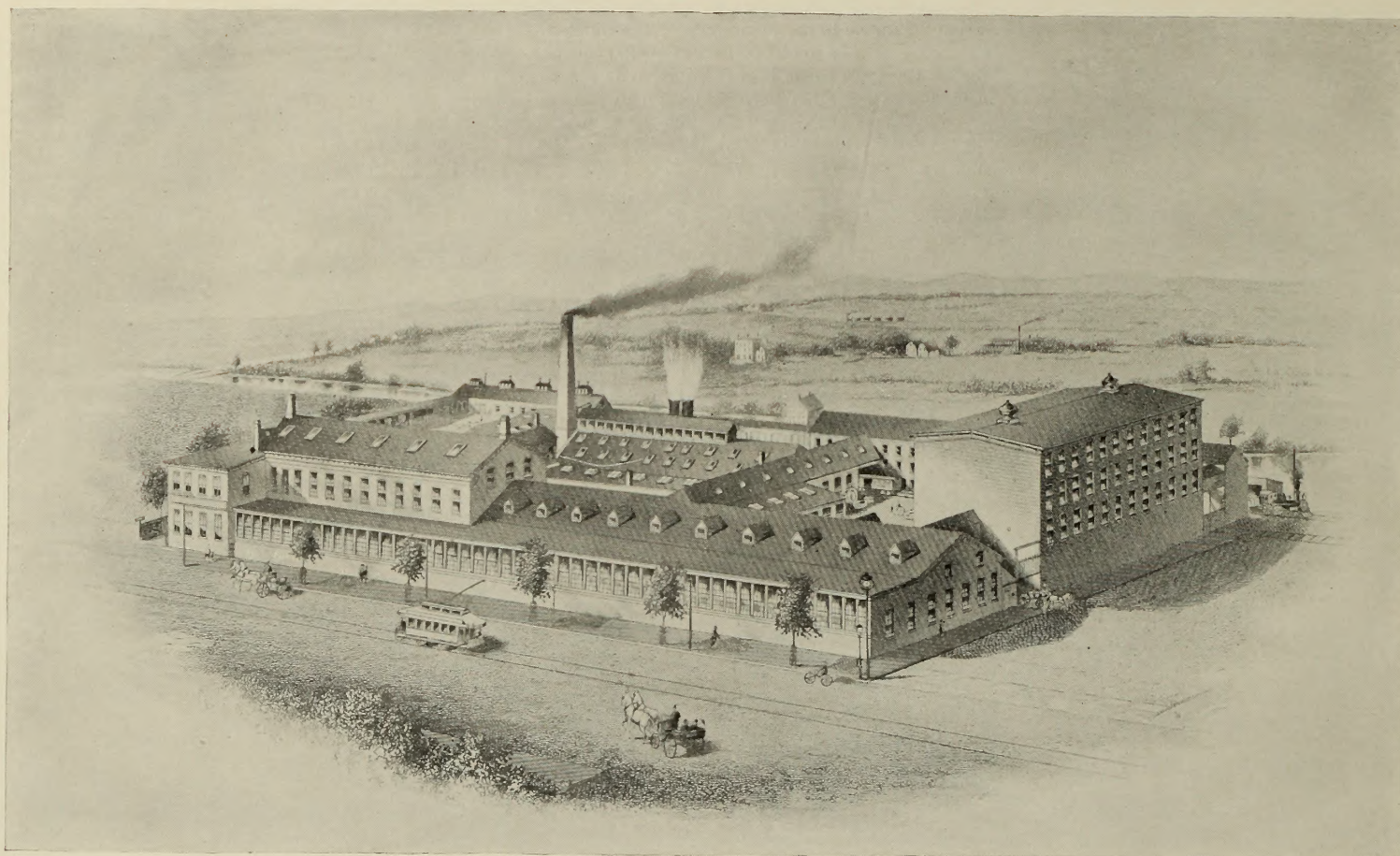
HIGH-PRESSURE MANNING BOILER.

present differs from the old style of rotary bleachers are the substitution of the full plate for the sectional head and the application of a patent blow-off and strainer, together with the method of connecting the rag-pins, which is covered by letters patent. The spur-gear system or driving apparatus of this machine makes it the easiest running rotary extant.

This establishment also builds a compound tubular steam boiler, a horizontal tubular boiler, the Manning vertical boiler, a triple draught boiler and Sears' Water-Tube Boiler. The latter is the invention of Mr. T. H. Sears, who obtained a patent for it in 1886 on the points of heat conservation and the means of preventing the collection of sediment in the tubes. These ends are accomplished by a peculiar and ingenious alternation of water



T. H. SEARS, MANAGER OF THE COGHLAN BOILER WORKS.



HOLYOKE MACHINE COMPANY, HOLYOKE, MASS.

Turbines, Gearing, Improved Paper Machinery, Pumps, Hydraulic Presses, Elevators, Etc.

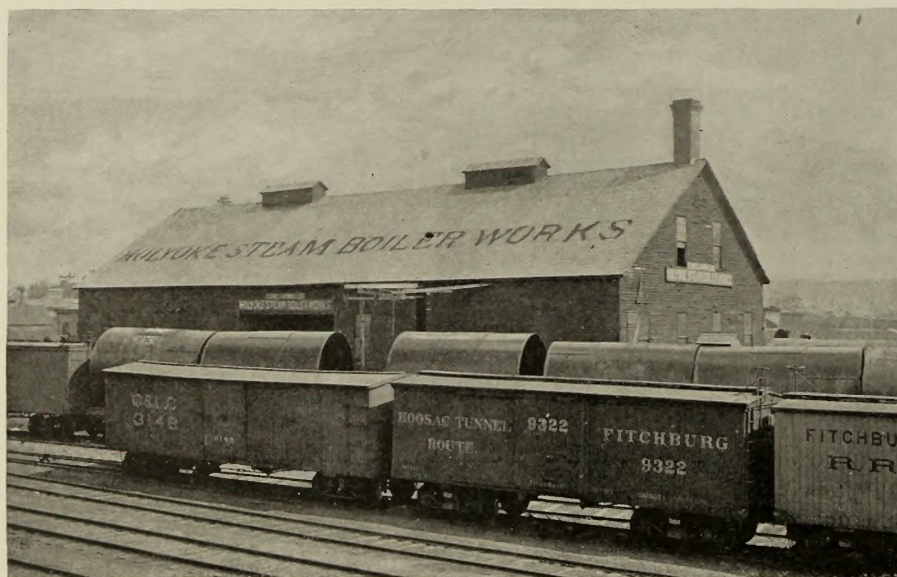
N. H. WHITTEN, PRESIDENT.

S. HOLMAN, TREASURER.

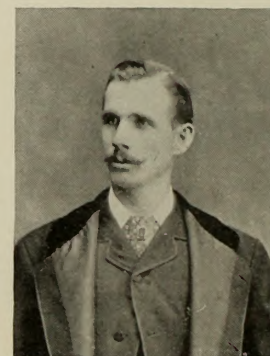
C. H. HEYWOOD, ASSISTANT TREASURER. H. J. FRINK, AGENT.



THOMAS J. LONG.



WORKS OF LONG & WALSH.



THOMAS S. WALSH.

LONG & WALSH STEAM BOILER WORKS.

The growth of the city of Holyoke brought forth the new firm of Long & Walsh not quite two years ago, and there has proved to be room, enough for them as well as others, in the manufacture of rotary and steam boilers, penstocks, etc.

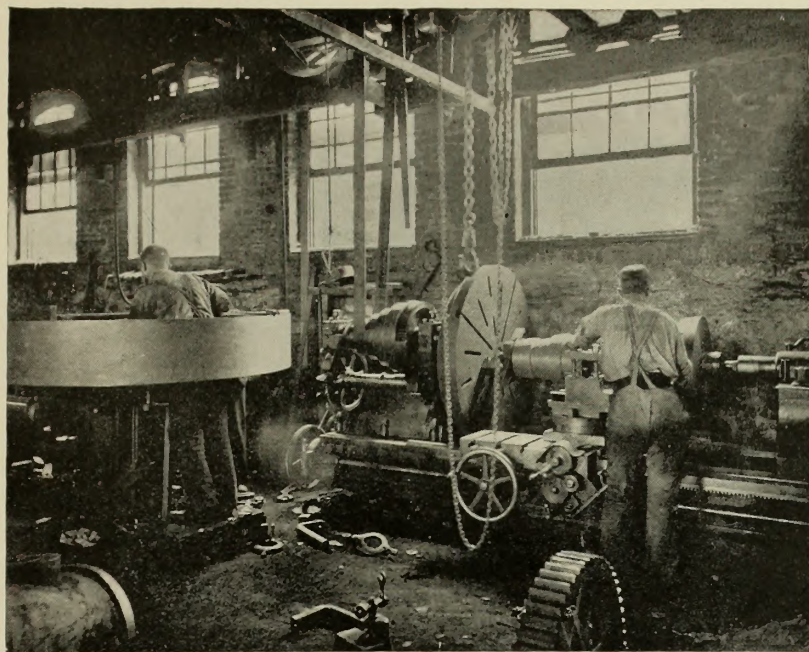
Mr. Long is a native of Holyoke, is about thirty-two years of age, was educated in the "Paper City," and worked in the Coghlan shops for fifteen years, also with R. F. Hawkins of Springfield. Mr. Walsh, his partner, is thirty-five years of age, a native of Hartford, Conn., and received a large part of his education in the evening schools of Springfield. In 1875 he began to learn boiler-making in the Boston & Albany Railroad shops, working there five years. He then went into the shop of the New York Central

Railroad Company, and finally closed his trade education as a journeyman in the shops of R. F. Hawkins of Springfield.

Now, as master workmen, Messrs. Long & Walsh have achieved signal success, for several good reasons. Both are young men who understand their business, of excellent reputation, which they are anxious to even improve. So satisfactorily has all their work been done that its fruits are seen to-day in a rush of orders that has kept them running day and night. Some of their more recent contracts may be summed up as follows: Flume, T-center and draft tube for the Farmington River Paper Company, Hartford, Conn., penstock for the Chase Turbine Company of Orange, Mass.; flume and draft tube for the Glasgow Manufacturing Company, South Hadley Falls; 150 feet of penstock, seven feet in diameter, for the Carew Paper Company, South

Hadley Falls; 1,050 feet of penstock, equally divided into diameters of seven, nine and ten feet for Riverside Mill No. 2, Holyoke; one boiler for the Appleton street school, Holyoke, and two boilers for the new Young Men's Christian Association building in the same city.

One of the boilers recently made for the Merrick Lumber Company, is a fine specimen of Messrs. Long & Walsh's work. It is of the triple butt joint type, the joint being sextuple riveted, the rivets passing through a double strap and giving the joint a resisting strength equal to ninety-five per cent. of that of a whole plate. When it is considered that in all boilers the joint is the weakest spot, and as ordinarily riveted is capable of withstanding only about sixty per cent. as much as the plate, the utility of these six rows of rivets will at once be apparent.



WORKING ON KEY-SLOTING MACHINE AND TURNING LATHE.

J. & W. JOLLY, MACHINISTS.

It is a more than ordinarily interesting series of illustrations that are shown on this page. The public never tire of watching mechanics at their work—like to “boss” them, as it were—and pictures of the more intelligent sons of toil at their tasks have more or less of the same charm to the un-initiated.

The Messrs. Jolly, whose main works show on this page, are expert jobbers, machinists and manufacturers of paper-making and other machinery at Holyoke. They established this business in 1881, and have brought it to great proportions, employing at times nearly 200 workmen. Being experienced and practical mechanics themselves, everything goes through their works under their own personal supervision, and they thus insure the setting up only of such machines as will stand the most critical tests.

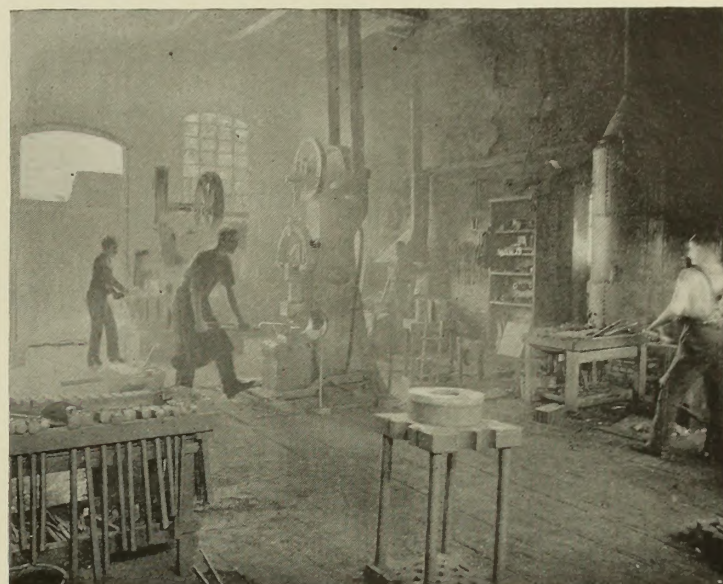
The premises occupied include not only the building shown in the center of this page, but a foundry in the eastern part of the city, which the brothers purchased a few years since of the late firm of Munn & Baush. This step has proved of great advantage to the brothers, as they are now enabled to make



J. & W. JOLLY'S SHOPS ON FIRST LEVEL CANAL.

not only all their own castings, but to do also a vast amount of business in this line for others. The making of heavy castings for store fronts is a large part of the work and the foundry turns out about seven tons of cast iron a day.

The building, pictured on this page, is on the first level canal, between Appleton and Cabot streets, and is a two-story brick building 25 x 120 feet in dimensions, fully supplied with all the modern tools and machinery known to the trade. This is in decided contrast to the small one-story wooden affair in



A GLIMPSE THROUGH THE SMOKE OF THE BLACKSMITH SHOP.

which they began business, considerably smaller than their present blacksmith shop. In January, 1881, the Messrs. Jolly bought out the firm of Roby & Saunders, who were running a small repair shop employing five men.

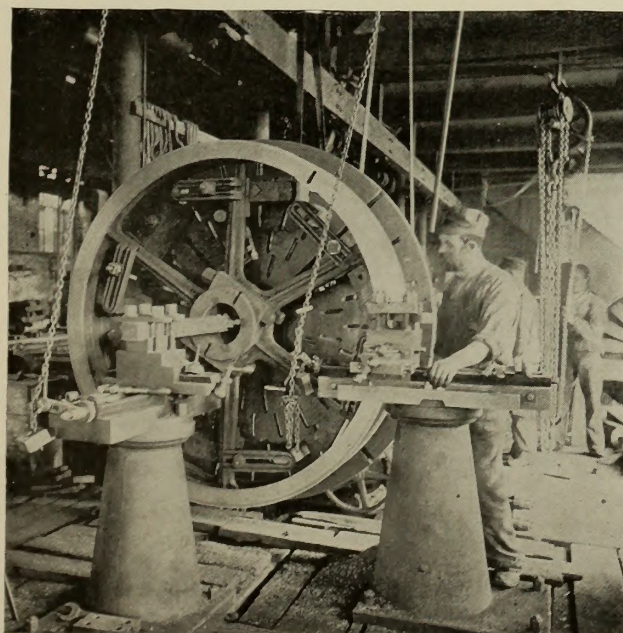
From the earliest commencement of their enterprise, the growth of its various departments has been constant and healthy, and yet it is crowded to such an extent to-day that for two-thirds of the time the foundry and machine shop have been obliged to run sixteen hours a day.

The machinery is operated by water power, and among the specialties manufactured are Manning's patent combination winder, screens and vats for paper machines, Ferry's patent star duster, etc. The firm also promptly refill Jordan engines and engine rolls and make elevators, power boiler pumps, paper calender rolls, stuff pumps, pulleys, shafting, hangers and gearing. Iron

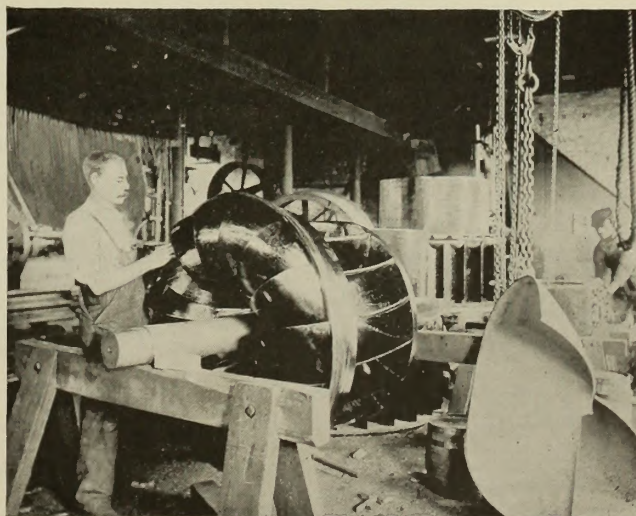
and steel forging, model and pattern making are also attended to promptly.

But the most important of the specialties manufactured by the Messrs. Jolly is the McCormick Holyoke Turbine Wheel, a machine which has revolutionized the use of water power, and to which the city of Holyoke is indebted for no small share of its prosperity. This wheel is manufactured by the Messrs. Jolly under a limited right, and Mr. McCormick, the inventor, has quarters on their premises. When it is considered that 17,000 horse power in the mills of Holyoke are dependent upon this turbine wheel, the value of Mr. McCormick's invention may be partly estimated.

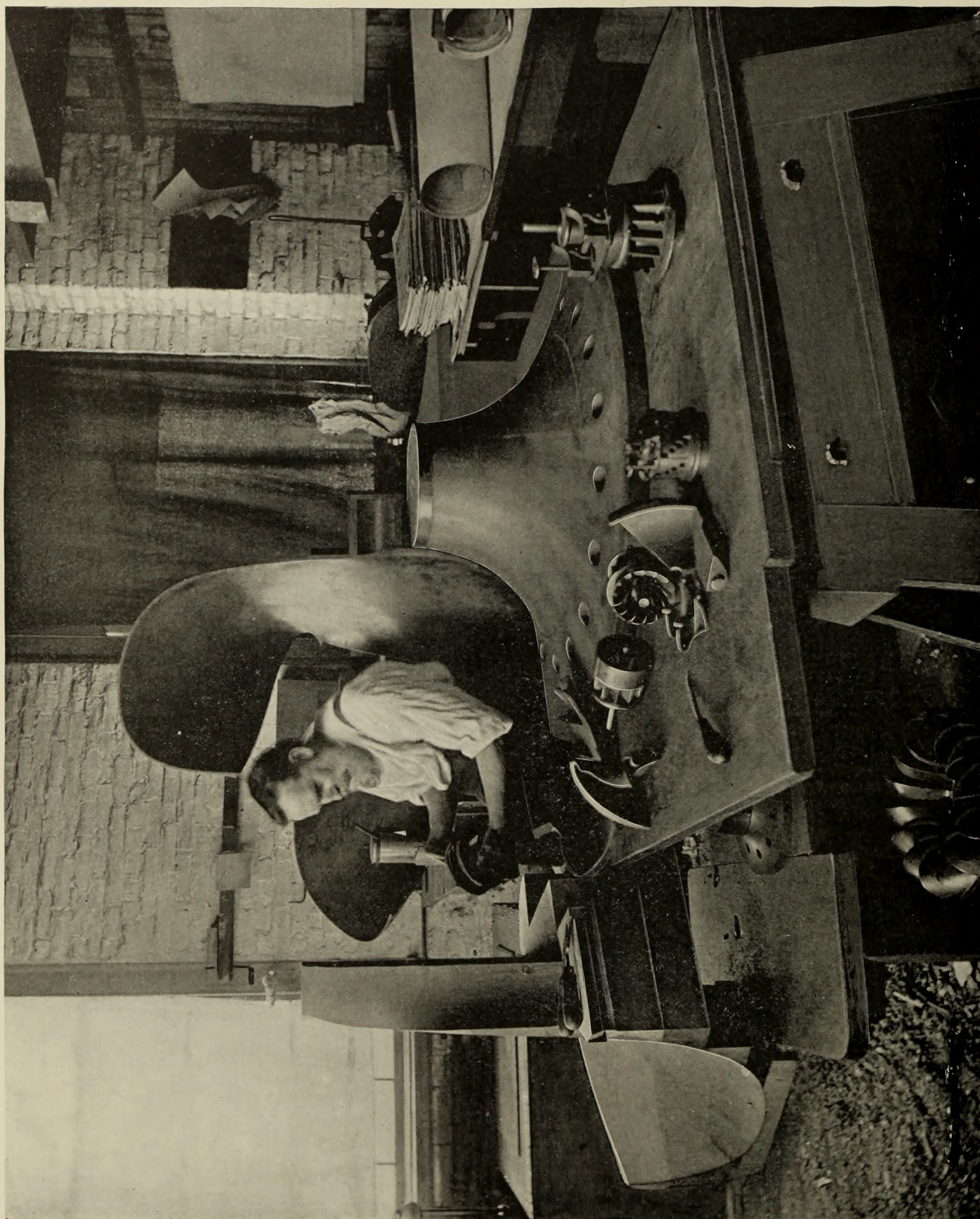
From all the publishers of this work can learn, the productions of the Jolly Brothers are unsurpassed for quality of materials and workmanship, and for durability and excellence they seem to be undisputedly inferior to none.



TURNING AND BORING A LARGE PULLEY.



FINISHING A TURBINE WHEEL.



JOHN B. MCCORMICK IN HIS WORKSHOP.
THE MAN WHO REVOLUTIONIZED THE TURBINE WHEEL BUSINESS OF THE WORLD.

THE PERFECT TURBINE WHEEL.

SOMETHING ABOUT "McCORMICK'S HOLYOKE TURBINE WHEEL," AND THE MAN WHO DESIGNED IT AND MADE IT WHAT IT IS TO-DAY.—MAKING THE MONEY WHICH PRODUCED THE WHEEL BY TEACHING MUSIC.—THE INVENTOR DAILY WITNESSING THE TRIUMPHS OF HIS OWN INVENTION.

Just before closing the last few pages of this work, the editor happened to discover, in a purely incidental way, one of the mainsprings of the remarkable success which has attended the industrial life of Holyoke.

Entirely without premeditation on the part of either, the writer was introduced to a gray and grizzled mechanic, to whom, there is no reason to doubt, the industrial world is greatly in debt, for the saving of power he has given it. This man is John B. McCormick of Holyoke, a relative of the McCormicks of reaper fame, and that the Holyoke man has attained as much excellence in the line of hydraulic motors as his relatives have in reapers, it is believed the public will grant when the story is told; although limited space must be an apology for greatly abbreviating the description of a remarkable invention and its inventor.

Away back, in a little corner room of the Messrs. Jolly's machine shop in Holyoke, the persevering inventor of "McCormick's Holyoke Turbine Wheel" chips away and carves upon his patterns. The man is a study; he talks as he works, and no matter how interested he is in what you have to say, he cuts and sandpapers the patterns of his turbine buckets as carefully and lovingly as if he were handling things of life—and things of life, or those which sustain life, the steel, brass and iron prototypes of the patterns will surely be when they are completed; for the blades, or buckets, which he fashions, will indirectly furnish bread for thousands of families. Therefore, the more graceful the curves, according to underlying mechanical truths, the higher the efficiency produced—the faster the wheel will revolve, owing to the continual impinge from the power of the on-rushing water.

The more correct those lines of beauty, the better you say? Ah! there's the rub. Mechanics have experimented for years, and for aught we know, in centuries long gone, the secret of the best wheel power was barely missed; that it was ever found, before the present century, we certainly have no evidence. But in the present age, the strife to build a racing boat on such lines that she will easiest glide through the water, has not been more spirited or determined than the contest of American mechanics, in their endeavor to make iron and steel bands hold and embrace best, for the brief necessary instant, the flood of waters purposely directed against them.

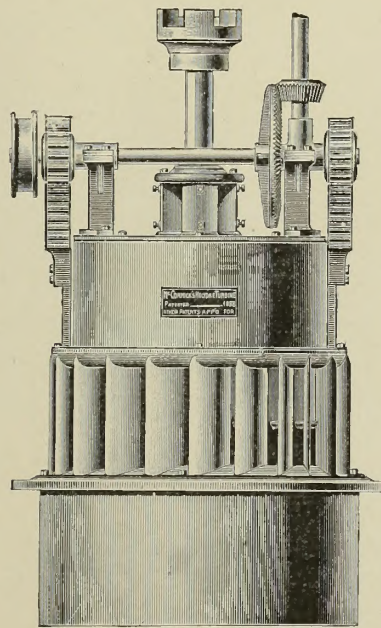
Has the best American turbine wheel been found? James Emerson, the hydraulic engineer and mechanical expert, of Willimansett, the inventor of that sailors' godsend, the ship's windlass and the Emerson car heater, says yes. The late General Ellis of Hartford, Conn., and Samuel Webber of Manchester, N. H., both hydraulic engineers of reputation, who acted as a committee in testing many turbine wheels with Mr. Emerson, also said yes, and decided with him in favor of Mr. McCormick's "Hercules" turbine wheels. Mr. Emerson says, in his interesting work on hydrodynamics (and a good many other things!) that—

"In 1876 several wheels were brought to the Holyoke testing flume, to be tested by me. The builders, Messrs. McCormick and Brown, made such extravagant claims that they were laughed at as visionary cranks of the then usual hydrodynamic species. A week spent in testing, re-testing, changing wheels and again testing, proved the claims of the builders to be well founded. Leading turbine builders were called in to assist in making the tests, for it was evident the wheel marked a new era in hydrodynamics."

Like other inventors, however, Mr. McCormick has had to take his share of ridicule and derision, and he has been jumped upon and his wheel has been called all sorts of hard names by slack-baked engineers. Such pet names as the following have been freely used: "The great monstrosity," "The Herculean water-eater," "The lake-devourer, or dryer-up of the nine-

teenth century." Mr. McCormick has been many times twitted regarding his knowledge of hydraulics and matters pertaining thereto, but in the writer's opinion, most of the inventor's opponents would be worsted if engaged with him either in the discussion of hydraulics or leading questions of the day; for Mr. McCormick, though of American birth, has the hard head of his Scotch-Irish ancestors, and is somewhat of a student of political economics as well as his special line of mechanic art. And after all has been said, it was the introduction of Mr. McCormick's wheels which made it possible for Holyoke paper mills to double and almost treble their output without materially increasing their flume area. Mr. McCormick can well afford to bear patiently the sneers and ridicule of the mechanical ignoramuses, for his wheels at one leap produced three times the power of former makes as to diameter, and the best partgate results ever attained, and changed the entire aspect, as far as water powers are concerned. He has lived to see the manufacturers of wheels change their power tables from time to time to correspond as nearly as possible to what he established.

He has lived to see the principal manufacturers of turbines in the United States (except three) ask for the privilege of manufacturing "McCormick's Holyoke Turbine," and no doubt they would but fear the effect



MCCORMICK'S HOLYOKE TURBINE.

produced thereby, providing they should not succeed in obtaining the privilege.

He has lived to see manufacturers throw aside their double wheels, register gates and swing gates, and purloin and adopt his ideas and plans almost in toto, or as near as they dare go without infringing patents, and at this time there are some who are very near the danger line, if not there altogether, while others have undoubtedly crossed over.

As showing how widely the merits of "McCormick's Holyoke Turbine Wheels" are recognized, the history of the day on which this subject was discussed by Mr. McCormick and the writer may prove interesting. It was the day on which the Parsons Paper Company started up with a wheel having a capacity of four hundred horse power. Three men left for Dalton, Mass., the same day, to put in two of these wheels at Crane's government mill. The same day, also, a contract was closed with the town of Easthampton, for a wheel to be placed in the pumping station of the water works, and an order was received the same morning from Glasgow, Scotland, for a thirty-inch wheel. The same week a wheel was shipped to the European agents of J. & W. Jolly, and the new Linden paper company made a contract with them for a pair of horizontal wheels and one vertical, having a total capacity of nearly one thousand horse power.

A few words about the inventor of the Holyoke Turbine Wheel seem called for in this connection, although anything like a comprehensive sketch of the man's life, it is simply impossible to produce here. John B. McCormick was born November 4, 1834, in the little town of Sinking Valley, near what is now known as the city of Altoona, in Huntingdon, now Blair county, Pa. The advantages afforded for education in the retired little community where Mr. McCormick lived, were meagre enough, and he picked up most of his knowledge piecemeal, while all his life long experience has been his best teacher. When he became old enough he worked at cabinet and chair making, in an old-fashioned hand shop, thoroughly mastering the trade. At the same time he cultivated a taste for music, which he afterward turned to advantage. In later years some of the best old church tunes were the result of his inspiration, and his music books are now published by Bigelow & Main of New York.

For five months in the year, for twenty-two years, Mr. McCormick taught music in the country school houses and churches, and thus it was that in Indiana county and adjoining counties, the name of McCormick became as familiar as a household word. Trudging from place to place, the inventor estimates that he actually traveled in this way, in the twenty-two years he taught music, 42,000 miles. It was in this manner he saved the money which afterward enabled him to develop and bring forth his turbine wheels.

Mr. McCormick came to Holyoke in 1877 and entered the shops of the Holyoke Machine Company, to perfect his turbine wheel, remaining there about eleven years. While here he brought out the "Hercules" wheel which Mr. Emerson so highly commended, but which is now superseded by "McCormick's Holyoke Turbine," which is from ten to twenty-eight per cent. greater in power as to diameter. Here again it should be said that anything like a detailed history of this remarkable invention it is impossible to give. This must be reserved for some future mechanical history. Suffice it now to say, that the inventor's final triumph was made in the Messrs. Jolly's shops, and he has now lived to see many of the wheels that gave from thirty to sixty per cent. useful effect, displaced by his, which give over eighty per cent.

The engraving upon the opposite page represents "the little corner room" where John B. McCormick designs and perfects the Turbine which, with the culmination of his ripe experience, is now being completed in its various sizes.

Mr. McCormick has lived in Holyoke comparatively unnoticed, yet he is a saviour to the manufacturing interests of this country, of a mass of power and energy which, if exerted as it had to be exerted with the old-fashioned wheels, the cellars of the mills in Holyoke would not be large enough to contain such wheels. All the improved wheels of to-day are the offshoots of Mr. McCormick's invention, which is one of the most important labor-saving triumphs of the age—the absolute financial value of which no man can estimate or compute, and which, of course indirectly, must amount to billions of dollars, for that which makes the product of the mills less costly to the manufacturers makes that product cheaper to consumers.

Does not the inventor deserve to feel a solid sort of satisfaction when he wends his way home at nightfall and reflects that with the 17,000 horse power given through his turbine wheels (about nine-tenths of the whole) in the "Paper City," so much of a load is lifted from the shoulders of labor, and he has inasmuch helped to make the burden of the world lighter?

He has been esteemed a great benefactor of his race who could make two blades of grass grow where one grew before, and why should not the same hold true of him who makes easier the productions of the mechanical world? Certainly, were Murray's New Zealander to view the ruins of Holyoke, one thousand years hence, he could not fail to see a useful lesson if the dismantled turbine triumph of the nineteenth century civilization turned up; and the spirit of the inventor—if it were then allowed to hover near—might well exclaim, with proud Æneas of Troy, "All of which I saw, and a great part of which I was."

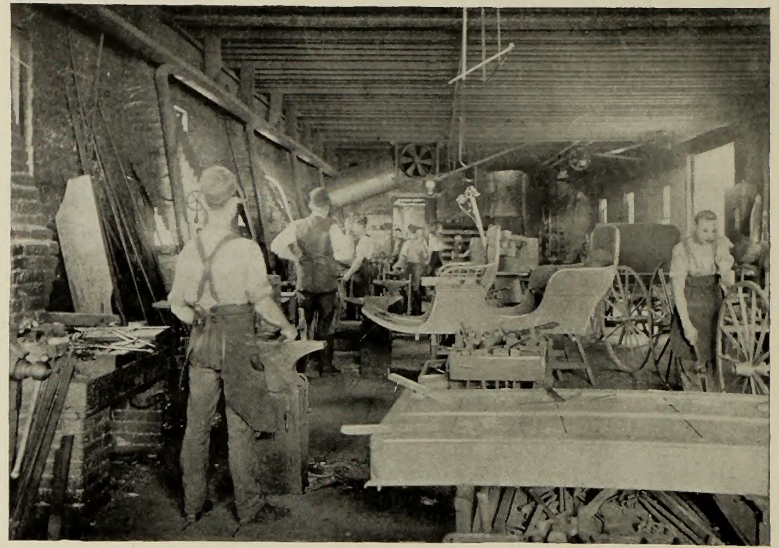
FENTON & DUNN, CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS.

Among the carriage makers of New England, one of the youngest, and yet one of the most prosperous and popular is the firm of Fenton & Dunn of Holyoke. Established but nineteen years since, they have reached a position in the trade which many older concerns have failed to attain, and this is mainly because of the best workmanship and constant, close, personal attention of both members of the firm to those many details which go to make up the business.

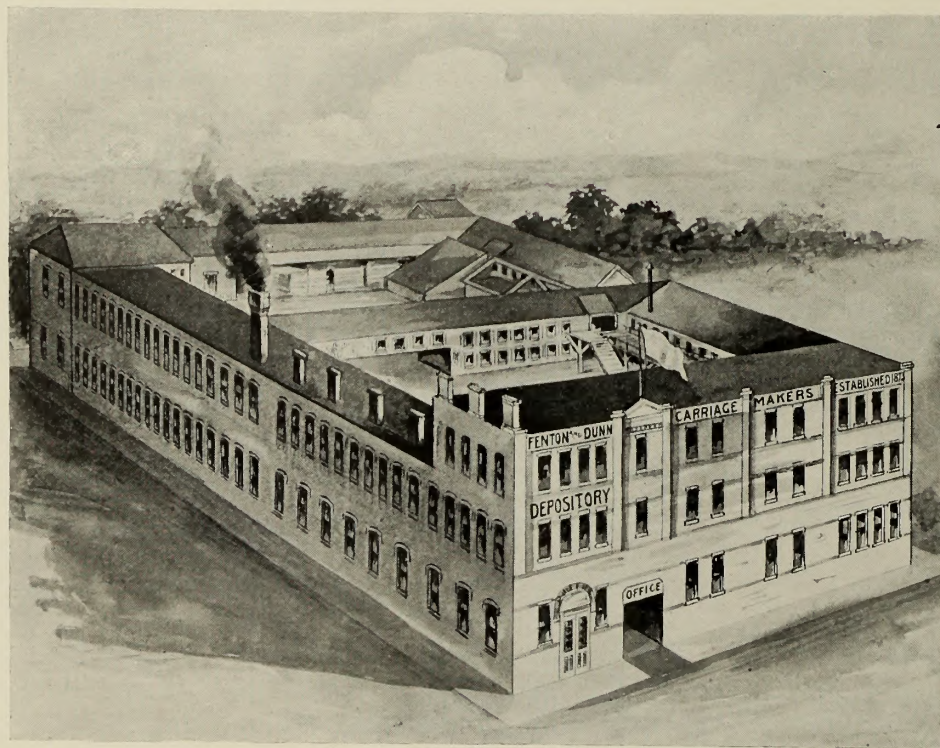
The firm occupies to-day the same lot of land it started upon in 1873, at the corner of Walnut and Hampden streets—only it uses more of it. The one small shop the company used at first is now occupied as a barn, and the premises were enlarged four times to accommodate the constantly increasing business, until in 1888 the plant reached its present dimensions of about 40,000 feet of floor space.

Both Messrs. Fenton and Dunn are practical mechanics, and started at the anvil and forge, making carriage irons. Mr. Fenton came from Maine, of which state he is a native, and where he began an acquaintance with his trade, and coming to Holyoke he met Mr. Dunn (a native of this state), in trade acquaintance and further apprenticeship until the two felt able to "paddle their own canoe,"—something which subsequent events have shown they could do most successfully.

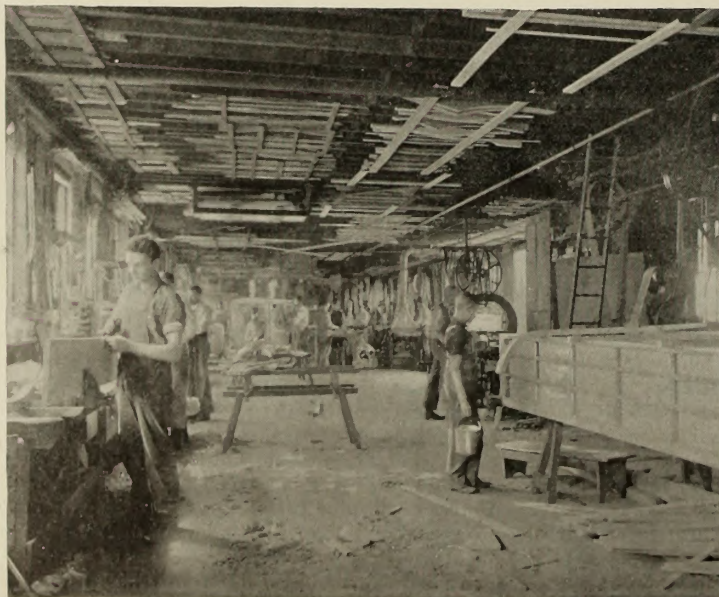
Both gentlemen are now about forty years of age, evidently fairly established in a successful business career, and an adherence to their business practices



A SECTION OF THE BLACKSMITH SHOP.



FACTORIES OF FENTON & DUNN, CORNER HAMPDEN AND WALNUT STREETS, HOLYOKE.



A SECTION OF THE WOOD-WORKING DEPARTMENT.

and customs in the past would seem to be all that is needed to insure the crowning triumphs of a diligent business life. We speak advisedly when we say that this company make only the finest of work—their reputation all through the line of their patronage bears out this statement. All parts of their carriages and wagons are put together to stay; the irons are wrought with care and the wood is the most select, choice and toughest of stock, so that when one hears of any part of Fenton & Dunn's carriages breaking or wearing out, he may be pretty sure it is not the fault of the stock, and that no other carriage maker's work could have stood the same amount of strain any better. This company never sold any carriages not made by themselves, and customers, therefore have their carriages practically built to order. The works are running full at all seasons of the year—something which cannot be said of carriage makers' shops generally. They average an employment of one hundred men and these workmen are the best mechanics of their class in New England.

The shops are equipped with a steam plant and all needed modern machinery, and sections of two of the most interesting departments are shown in engravings on this page. The wood used in the productions of this establishment is picked up with great care all over New England, and consists almost entirely of hickory, oak and ash.

New England furnishes most of the customers for Fenton & Dunn's work, but one of their specialties, hose wagons, is called for all over the country. In this line they turn out a machine which delights the heart of a fireman.

A visit to the warehouses of the company by prospective customers is always welcomed by the firm, and the pride which the proprietors show in their productions, with their evident conscientiousness, generally impresses one so favorably, that if one is earnestly desirous to buy, he is likely to make a bargain; for it is something, in the midst of much sham and pretense, to find two young business men who have built up a reputation for producing the best, so wide and far-reaching that no one questions it.

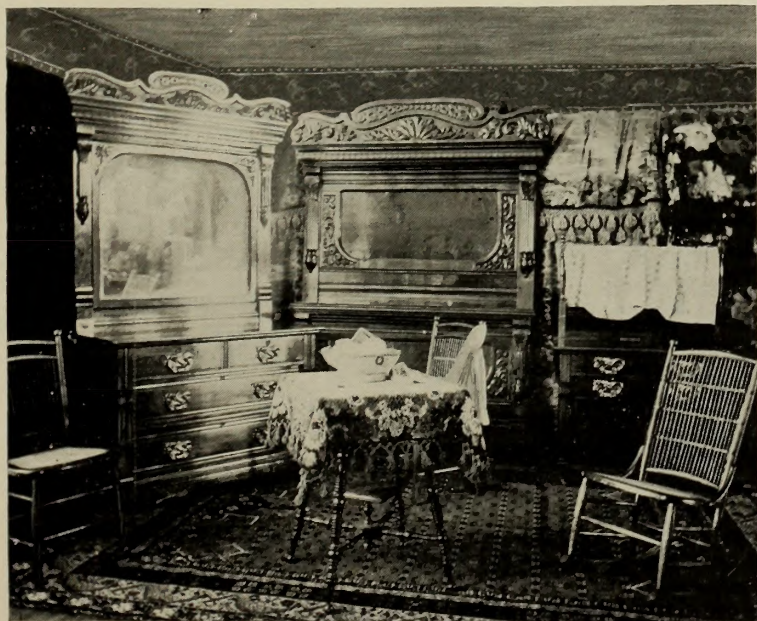


BUSINESS BLOCK OF JOHN TILLEY & COMPANY, HIGH STREET, HOLYOKE.

JOHN TILLEY & COMPANY.

John Tilley & Company are the oldest established firm in the furniture business in the city of Holyoke. They occupy the handsome block which shows in the above engraving, having been in this location for nearly five years. It stands on High street nearly opposite the city hall. This neighborhood is the business heart of the city and the store could hardly be more favorably situated. Before coming to the present building Mr. Tilley for sixteen years did business on Main street.

The new block was specially erected by Mr. Tilley for his business. It is about 50 x 100 feet and, including the basement, is five stories in height and throughout is handsomely fitted up with all the attractions of house furnishing. On the first floor is displayed a fine assortment of desks suitable for both offices and the home, bookcases, baby carriages, carpets, curtains, draperies and upholstering goods. On the second floor may be seen an elegant showing in parlor furniture of artistic design and superior workmanship. Particularly worthy of mention are the parlor suites, the couches and bed lounges, the odd chairs in plush and satin, with their varied and rich decoration, and the popular willow goods. The third floor is filled with bedroom sets and dining furniture and an interesting display of hall stands. The top floor is utilized as a storage



A BEDROOM SET AT TILLEY'S FURNITURE STORE.

place for mattresses, bedding and extra chamber sets. Here, too, are the workshops of the carpenter, upholsterer and finisher. In all departments are first-class workmen, and the goods are offered at prices that should keep trade at home. Customers have the privilege of purchasing for cash or on easy installment payments. A large trade is given to the firm, extending to all parts of Holyoke and to towns neighboring within a radius of twenty-five miles.

The members of the firm are John Tilley, S. E. Montague and C. F. Tilley. All have a high standing in the business world. The senior member of the firm has a large farm in Granby, which he makes his home. Thence come some notable small fruits which are worthy remark, both for size and quality. From that region, too, he brings perhaps the earliest and finest trout caught in Hampden county, trophies of his skill as a fisherman. Mr. Tilley deals largely in wood and woodland and real estate for building purposes. Recently he has purchased a handsome site on Northampton street in Holyoke, where he proposes soon to build a permanent home for himself. He owns the large block on High street, in part occupied by the Home National and Savings banks, in the former of which he is a director. Mr. Tilley served in the late war, and in 1882 his fellow citizens honored him with a term in the Legislature.



THE TRANSCRIPT BLOCK.

THE HOLYOKE TRANSCRIPT.

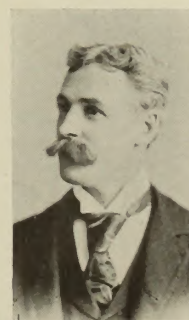
The Holyoke Transcript is the oldest paper in Holyoke, both in its weekly and daily editions. The weekly Transcript received its name from its owners, Burt & Lyman, in 1863, who at that time purchased the old Holyoke Freeman, that had come up by slow gradations from birth as the Hampden Union in 1849. Like all pioneer newspapers in new towns it was a "struggle for existence," and many times there were great hunts for the "missing link" to keep the chain of life unbroken. The Transcript's real success dates with the proprietorship of W. S. Loomis, that began in 1869, and continued to January 1, 1888. The Daily Transcript was started by Loomis & Dwight, October 9, 1882. It was the first daily paper Holyoke ever had and has ever been a healthy enterprise. It has been enlarged three times in this decade.



WINDSOR HOTEL.

THE WINDSOR HOTEL.

Holyoke is in no respect behind cities of her size as to hotel accommodations, and the Windsor Hotel, built by Wm. Whiting but a few years since, will compare more than favorably with many houses in the large cities. A. H. A. Mortimer, the present landlord, succeeds H. C. Ferguson, and has a reputation as manager for some of the best houses in the country. He has held the position of steward in the Hygeia Hotel at Point Comfort, Va., at the St. James Hotel, Jacksonville and Ocean House, Swampscott. He was superintendent of the Eastern Yacht Club of Massachusetts, at Marblehead; the Tiffin and Yacht clubs of Boston, and has an excellent record generally as purveyor to the wants of the traveling fraternity. The house has all the conveniences of the times, sample rooms, etc., and patrons will find a free carriage at the depot.



A. H. A. MORTIMER.



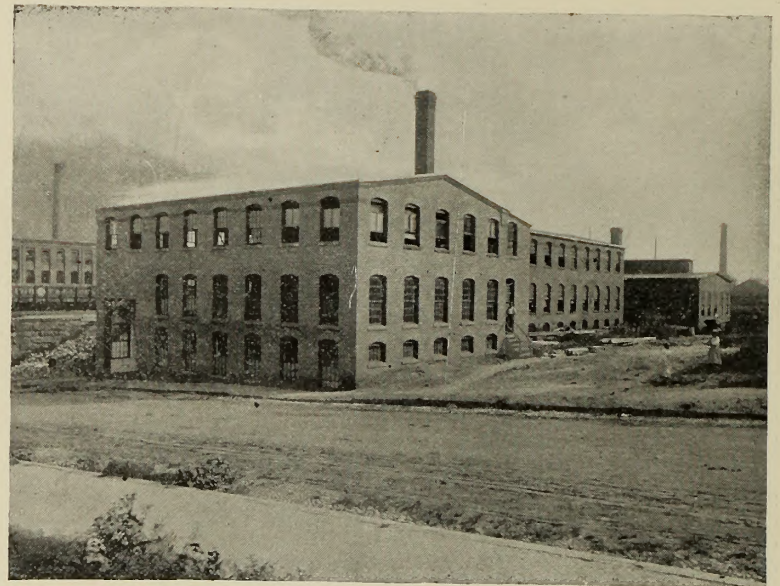
NEW BUSINESS BLOCK OF C. P. LYMAN, MAIN STREET, HOLYOKE.

C. P. LYMAN.

C. P. Lyman, whose soon to be handsome remodeled business block shows on this page, is an extensive dealer in stoves, ranges, furnaces, etc., at 129 and 141 Main street, Holyoke. The business was originally established by S. T. Lyman & Son, who were succeeded by the present proprietor in 1888. From the very first the house has been a success, starting with only three men, but employing now twenty and sometimes more. Mr. Lyman keeps in stock a complete stock of stoves, ranges and furnaces, embodying all the latest styles and most popular patterns, together with a varied line of kitchen furnishing goods, tin and copper ware, etc. Plumbing and gas fitting in all its branches is a special feature of the business. He accomplishes the best and most thorough work to be found in any locality, and with the completion of the new block he will be in better condition than ever to meet the increasing demands made upon him.



BUSINESS QUARTERS OF THE HOLYOKE DAILY DEMOCRAT.

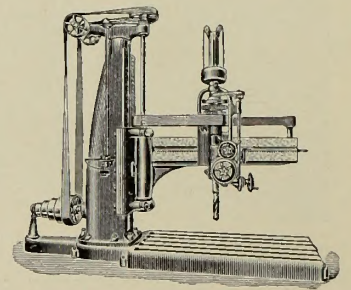


WORKS OF C. H. BAUSH AND SONS, HOLYOKE.

C. H. BAUSH & SONS.

Prominent among the machine manufacturing interests of the city of Holyoke is the firm of C. H. Baush & Sons, who have just completed, at a cost of \$10,000, an addition to their works, making now in use about 24,000 square feet floor space and available for the development of their business. The building shows in the above engraving. The firm consists of C. H. Baush, four sons and a daughter, a combination which ought to win success as it deserves to.

The business was organized in 1888, and the firm make all kinds of castings, but their specialty is machine tools.



POST RADIAL DRILL.

The Post Radial Drill, shown herewith, is one of the most successful of their inventions and is made in various sizes, from 2,500 to 24,000 pounds.

CASPER RANGER.

One of the best illustrations of Holyoke's prosperity is Casper Ranger, the contractor and builder, and self-made man. A native of Alsace, he came to this country in about 1864, and was first foreman for Watson Ely, superintending the building of the Windsor Hotel, alterations in the old Holyoke House and the completion of the City Hall. He remained with Mr. Ely until about 1874, when he began a business for himself, which has constantly increased, until now,

it covers the large premises on Appleton street, as shown in the engraving.

Mr. Ranger has had a hand in much of the mill work in Holyoke. He built the Syms & Dudley mill and Geo. R. Dickinson mill and has made extensive additions to the Lyman, Albion, Valley, both Whiting mills and the Beebe & Webber factory. He also built a large paper mill at Haverhill, is now building a monster cotton mill for the Hathaway Manufacturing Company at New Bedford, to cost \$175,000, and next April expects to finish the new mill for the Riverside Paper Company of Holyoke.

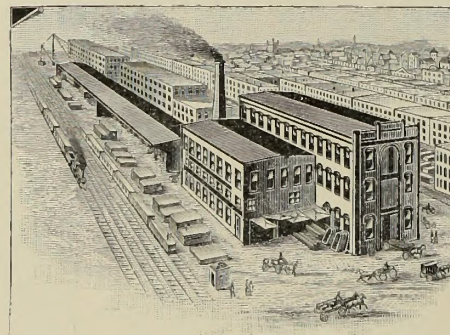
Some triumphs of Mr. Ranger's work on the best Holyoke residences may be seen in the fine work done on the establishments of Wm. Whiting, E. C. Taft, Wm. H. Brooks and William Skinner, to say nothing of his own elegant residence on Appleton street, which represents an outlay of about \$15,000 and is furnished throughout with all modern improvements.

Since 1879 Mr. Ranger has greatly increased his buildings and yard room, and employs constantly sixty men, the number running up to 175 in the busy seasons.

Outside of the mill and residence building already mentioned, Mr. Ranger does a large business in selling lumber and supplying house finishing of every description. Every variety of lumber is supplied and a large quantity of building material is carried in stock.

THE HOLYOKE DEMOCRAT.

The Holyoke Democrat was established in 1886 by the Democrat Publishing Company, consisting of C. J. Bellamy and P. J. Kennedy. Six months later the latter bought out Mr. Bellamy's interest. Two years ago The Democrat moved into its present commodious quarters, and gave a Christmas eve banquet to many leading citizens. It then put in a Goss perfecting press that will run 15,000 papers an hour, and now has the best newspaper office in Holyoke. The Democrat is known as one of the best penny papers in the country, outside the large cities, and it is quite widely quoted. It is very closely identified with Holyoke's interests, is remarkably enterprising, clean but lively in style, and prosperous. Its circulation is more than 4,000, and its advertising columns are crowded. The Republicans say it's The Democrat that keeps Holyoke's Democratic majority around 1,000. Its readers are very strongly attached to The Democrat.



WORKS OF CASPER RANGER, HOLYOKE.

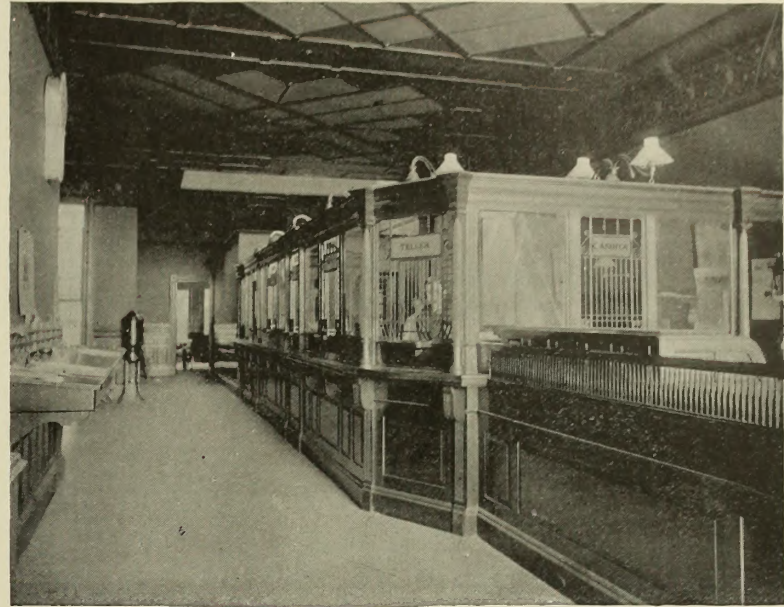
THE HOLYOKE NATIONAL BANK.

The Holyoke National Bank opened for business in February, 1872, and quickly acquired a fair portion of the custom and good will of the community, which for many years before had but one bank of discount to supply the local needs. No other National bank entered the local field until the fall of 1879. The Holyoke National, then well established in public favor, had for several years been paying six per cent. a year in dividends and had on the first of October, 1879, a surplus of \$22,500 and about \$5,000 in other profits. The history of a live bank can best be given in a few facts and figures. In the thirteen years since October 1, 1879, the bank has, out of current net earnings, cleared off all losses, over \$29,000 premium on United States bonds and made improvements in furniture, fixtures, etc., and added over \$62,000 to its surplus (which is now \$85,000) and besides that has paid from the net earnings of this same thirteen years, now just ended, \$218,000 in regular dividends on its \$200,000 capital. Beginning in October, 1880, it paid 7 per cent., in October, 1882, 8 per cent., and in October, 1885, and every year since, 9 per cent., *i. e.*, \$18,000 per annum from net earnings. These figures clearly attest that it has maintained a popular, progressive and strong position in the active competition the past dozen or more years.

The aim of the management is to give the patrons of the bank liberal treatment and the stockholders good returns upon their capital. The officers are: C. H. Heywood, president; R. B. Johnson, vice-president; Wm. G. Twing, cashier.

The last statement (September 30, 1892) makes the following exhibit:

Loans.....	\$662,774.91	Capital Stock.....	\$200,000.00
United States Bonds.....	100,000.00	Surplus.....	85,000.00
Other Bonds.....	3,450.00	Other Profits.....	3,947.91
Overdrafts.....	1,891.69	Dividend.....	10,000.00
Banking House, Furn. and Fix'ts..	28,000.00	Circulation.....	87,050.00
Premium on United States Bonds..	13,000.00	Deposits.....	530,506.90
Cash.....	57,353.65	Due Banks.....	19,355.00
Due from Res. Banks, N. Y. & B..	63,505.69		
Due from other Banks.....	383.87		
Due United States Treasurer.....	5,500.00		
	\$935,859.81		\$935,859.81



INTERIOR OF THE HOLYOKE NATIONAL BANK.

The statement for July 1, 1892, is as follows:

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
Deposits.....	\$2,665,997.10	Ln's R'l Est.	\$1,273,396.00
Interest.....	64,450.94	" Per.	392,460.00
Guarantee Fd..	75,000.00	" Pub. Fds.	600.00
		" Bk. S'k... ..	6,400.00
		State Bonds ..	13,000.00
		City, Co. Bds. ..	90,500.00
		R. R. Bonds..	561,800.00
		B'k. Stock	252,700.00
		Fur. and Fix. ..	2,000.00
		Premium.....	6,445.00
		Expense	3,564.40
		Cash	202,582.64
	\$2,805,448.04		\$2,805,448.04

The rate of interest paid to depositors since the organization is as follows:

April, 1856, to April, 1867, 5 per cent.; April 1867, to October, 1868, 6 per cent.; October, 1868, to July, 1877, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; July, 1877, to January, 1880, 5 per cent.; January, 1880, to January, 1881, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; January, 1881, to date, 4 per cent.

The amount of the first year's dividend was \$51.48, and that of last year was \$96,761.01.

The total amount of dividends paid to depositors since organization is \$1,380,136.52.

The present officers are:

President—George W. Prentiss.
Vice-Presidents—Wm. Whiting, J. F. Allyn, C. H. Heywood.

Trustees—M. H. Whitcomb, Levi Perkins, W. S. Loomis, L. A. Taber, W. A. Prentiss, L. M. Tuttle, C. H. Prentiss, Robert Russell, James E. Delaney, F. E. Nourse, A. L. Shumway, F. A. Whiting, A. Higginbottom, Thomas Dillon, J. F. Sullivan.

Secretary—C. W. Johnson.

Treasurer—R. B. Johnson.



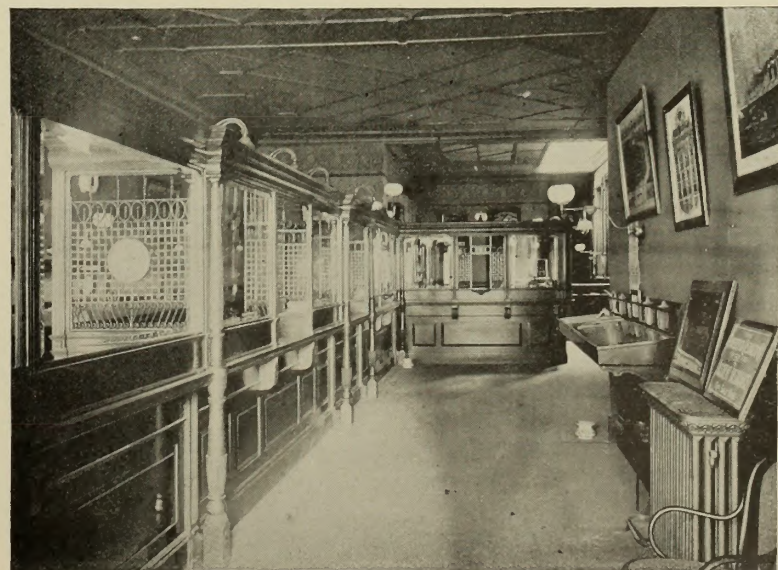
FRONTS OF THE HOLYOKE NATIONAL AND SAVINGS BANKS.

HOLYOKE SAVINGS BANK.

The Holyoke Savings Bank was incorporated February, 1855, and began business May 1, of the same year, with Cyrus Frink president and S. A. Boothby secretary. The first treasurer was Gustavus Snow. The trustees were Jonas Kendall, Warren Chapin, J. C. Parsons, Joseph Carew, Joel Russell, A. O. Colby, E. H. Ball, T. D. Somes, R. G. Marsh, William Melcher, A. Bardwell, E. H. Flagg, J. D. Emerson. The first place of business was at the store of Gustavus Snow at the corner of High and Dwight streets. Mr. Frink held the presidency until 1859, being succeeded by D. D. Crombie, who resigned after one year's service; his successor, Joel Russell, was elected in 1866 and held the office until his death in 1884. The present president, Geo. W. Prentiss, was elected in 1884. Mr. Snow resigned the position of treasurer in January, 1866, at which time the present treasurer, R. B. Johnson, was elected. At this time the bank was moved to the office of R. B. Johnson, on the second floor of the Carter block at 205 High street. The bank was again moved, to its present location, in 1870. The present quarters were enlarged and entirely refitted in 1888-89.

The statement at the end of ten years, viz., September 30, 1865, was as follows:

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
Deposits.....	\$65,893.28	Bills receivable.....	\$38,165.00
Interest.....	3,831.38	Government Bonds and Stocks....	21,517.71
		Expense.....	305.18
		Cash on hand.....	9,736.77
	\$69,724.66		\$69,724.66



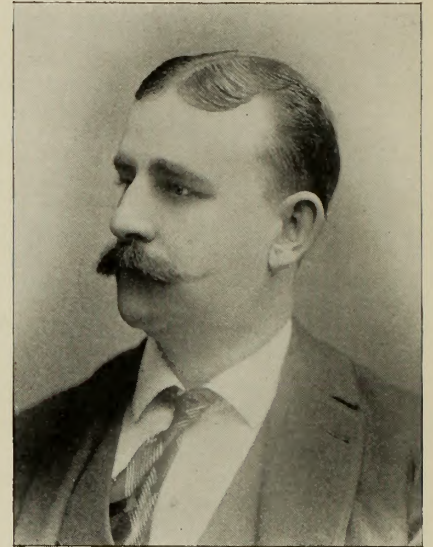
INTERIOR OF THE HOLYOKE SAVINGS BANK.

PARK NATIONAL BANK.

The Park National Bank of Holyoke is the youngest institution of the kind in the city, having been organized February 20, 1892, and opened for business March 8. The bank's quarterly statement of September 30 last shows that it has been signally successful, a dividend of six per cent. having been paid on the capital for the first six months, which gives the bank rank with only five or six similar institutions in the State. The Park National began business with a capital of \$100,000 and a paid-in surplus of \$50,000, and its

centrally located quarters on High street, near the City Hall, show in the engraving herewith. They are on the first floor and handsomely fitted up with every requisite for carrying on banking business. The officers of the institution are as follows: President, E. L. Munn; vice-president, Wm. F. Whiting; cashier, George W. Parker; directors, Joseph Crafts of Northampton; M. M. Belding, Jr., New York; Wm. H. Brooks, Holyoke; Wm. F. Whiting, Holyoke; Jas. T. Abbe, Springfield; H. D. Bradburn, Holyoke; E. L. Munn, Holyoke.

E. L. Munn, the president of the Park bank, has the



E. L. MUNN, PRESIDENT PARK BANK.



BUILDING OCCUPIED BY THE PARK NATIONAL BANK, HOLYOKE.

rather unusual distinction of being the organizer of three national banks. He is a native of Greenfield, being born there March 4, 1854. He entered the Franklin County bank in that town in 1869, and served therein as bookkeeper and teller about seven years. In 1876 he became cashier of the Conway bank and remained there two years. In 1878 he came to Holyoke and organized the City National Bank, taking the position of cashier, which he held four and a half years. In March, 1884, he organized the Home National Bank of Holyoke and held the position of cashier eight years, leaving that to organize the Park bank, as already narrated. Following is the statement of September 30 last:

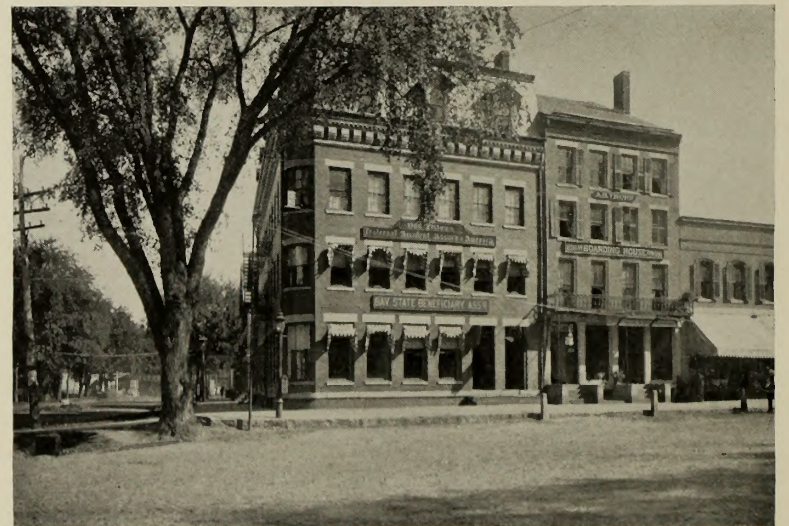
RESOURCES:		LIABILITIES:	
U. S. 4 per cent. Bds...	\$25,000.00	Capital Stock.....	\$100,000.00
Loans.....	423,950.80	Surplus Fund.....	50,000.00
Premiums.....	4,093.75	Profits.....	13,606.86
Furniture.....	3,071.11	Circulation.....	22,500.00
Expenses.....	5,099.36	Deposits.....	252,044.20
Due from Banks.....	1,438.34	Due to Banks.....	10,442.12
Due from U. S. Treas...	1,125.00	Re-discounts.....	43,701.48
Due from Reserve Agts.	14,867.39		
Cash and Cash Items...	13,048.91		
	\$492,294.66		\$492,294.66

ODD FELLOWS' FRATERNAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION.

The accompanying cut represents the home office of the Odd Fellows' Fraternal Accident Association of Westfield, Mass., the pioneer and leader of all purely accident associations of the world, which confine their membership to any particular Order or Fraternity; obtaining its charter from the State under date of April 12, 1887, its progress from that date has been steadily onward and upward. Its success has excited the admiration and envy of many would-be imitators, but it has steadily and unwaveringly maintained its enviable position as the acknowledged head of all institutions of a similar character, having long ago, by its conservative yet liberal management and honorable business methods established for itself the fitting cognomen of "The Old Reliable." Guided, since organization, by the clear head, careful hand and keen business ability of H. N. Kingsbury, its secretary and treasurer, as well as business manager, whose brain conceived and carried into successful execution this then new idea relative to accident insurance; it stands to-day pre-eminently at the head and is recognized as such.



BUILDING OCCUPIED BY ODD FELLOWS' FRATERNAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION AT WESTFIELD.



HOME OF THE BAY STATE BENEFICIARY ASSOCIATION, WESTFIELD.

BAY STATE BENEFICIARY ASSOCIATION.

The above named association was founded upon principles "as solid as Plymouth Rock," June 2, 1881, its object being to furnish its members with reliable insurance at a moderate rate of expense.

The association started in a modest way, and although forced to meet with bitter opposition from all sides at the outset, it has, by push and perseverance, succeeded to such an extent that it has silenced all criticisms and now bears the proud distinction of being the third largest of the regular natural premium companies of the country.

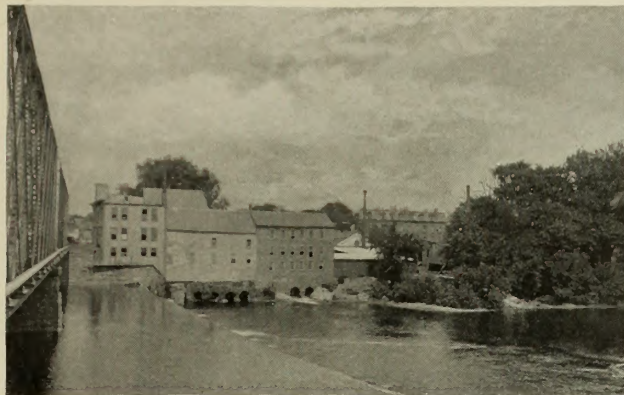
"Quality and not quantity" has been their motto from the first. They have been unusually careful in selecting their business, until now they have a membership composed of more representative business and professional men than is to be found with any other company. It is an honor to Westfield that such a thoughtful and well-posted body of men should show their confidence in providing for their families by placing their insurance with an association organized within her limits. The officers are: John R. Reed, president; J. W. Colton, vice-president; R. W. Parks, secretary; H. L. Parks, assistant secretary; H. Hooker, treasurer; C. M. Goodnow, assistant treasurer; H. Gamwell, M. D., medical director.

The following record speaks for itself: Certificates written, over 25,000; losses paid, over \$3,000,000.00; insurance in force, over \$5,000,000.00; emergency fund, over \$200,000.00.

THE FOSTER MACHINE COMPANY.

This corporation was formed early in 1891, with a capital of \$150,000, removing from Springfield, where only a dozen men were employed. But since the plant was moved to Westfield and to the commodious brick buildings especially erected for it, sixty hands have been employed.

The officers of the company are: President, W. P. Warren; treasurer, G. E. Manning; superintendent, John Foster; assistant superintendent, A. W. Warren. The output of the works is special textile machinery, such as patented cone and tube winders, quill winders and twistors used in cotton, silks, worsted, wool and linen mills. All the various machines made by the company are patented inventions of John Foster, the superintendent, who is a genius in this direction. The



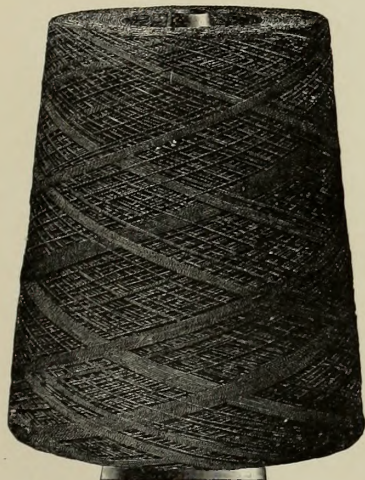
W. WARREN THREAD WORKS—VIEWED ACROSS THE RIVER.

W. WARREN THREAD WORKS.

This is the title of one of Westfield's most enterprising and prosperous manufacturing concerns. The business was established at Westfield in 1880, by William Warren, on the upper floor of a small building near Elm street bridge, and rapidly developed. Five years later his son, W. P. Warren, was taken into partnership and for some years has managed the financial affairs of the firm with G. L. Manning as superintendent of the manufacturing.

From an upper floor in a small building the business has grown, to occupy seven buildings within a stone's throw of the passenger stations and freight houses of the Boston and Albany, and New York, New Haven and Hartford railroads; and from employing six hands to employing ten times that number in Westfield and some two hundred at the mill in Rhode Island where the yarn is made which at Westfield is converted into thread. For quite a

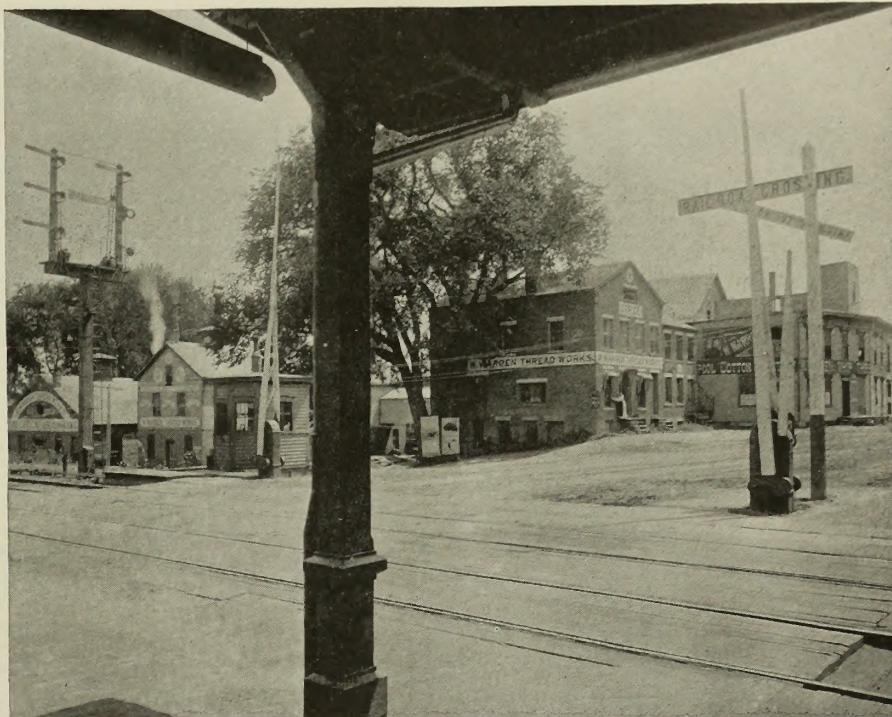
time after the industry was started only whip thread was made, and although this branch is now but a small part of the business, the factory turns out fully nine-tenths of all the whip thread used in the United States. Cotton yarns, threads, cords and spool cotton of every description used by manufacturers in making underwear, boots and shoes, clothing, hats and ribbons and a variety of



A CONE OF THREAD.

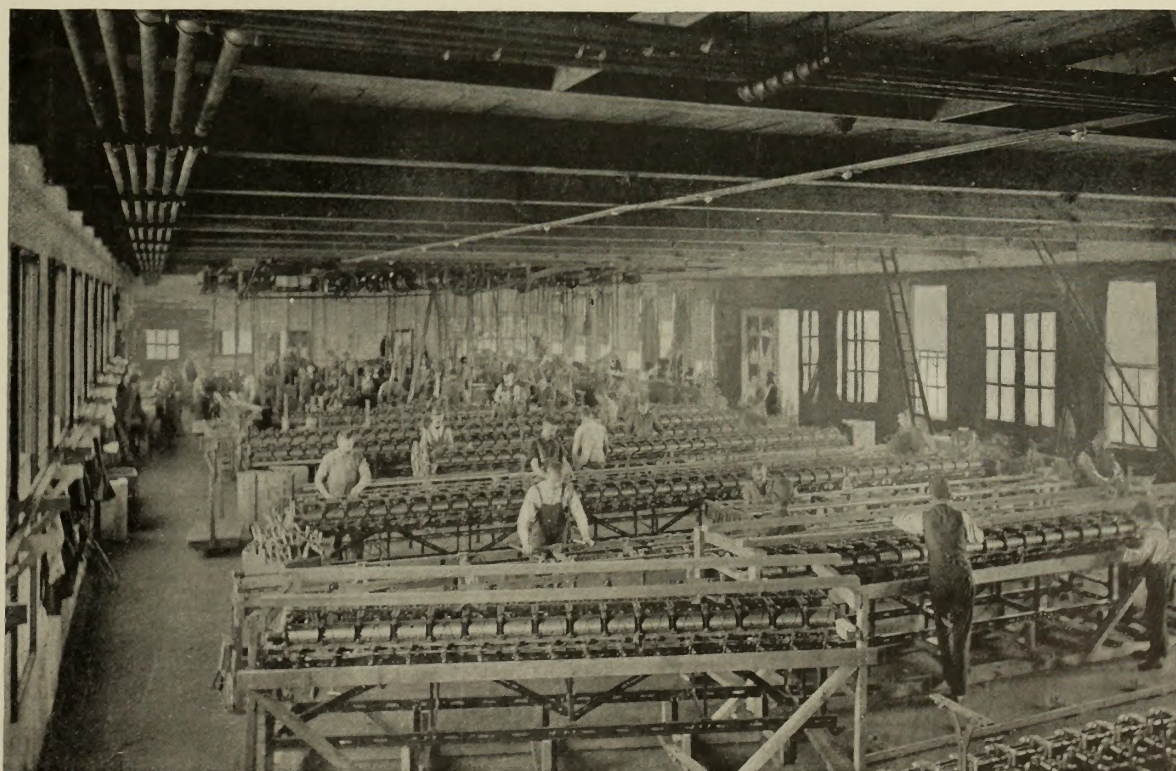
other articles forms the bulk of the factory's product. Within the past two years a dyeing department has been added to the plant, admitting of the firm not only dyeing their own cotton yarn, but also large quantities for other mills. Robert Irving, an experienced Scotch dyer, has charge of this department.

This was the first concern in Westfield to put electric lights into their buildings and a phonograph, typewriter and electric clock into their office. It indicates their progressive character and constant watch to secure every modern improvement in their business. Before locating in Westfield the senior partner was for a dozen or more years engaged in thread manufacturing in Worcester, and the junior partner managed the New York city salesroom. Superintendent Manning is one of the oldest thread makers in the country, in point of service, having been engaged in the business since 1850.

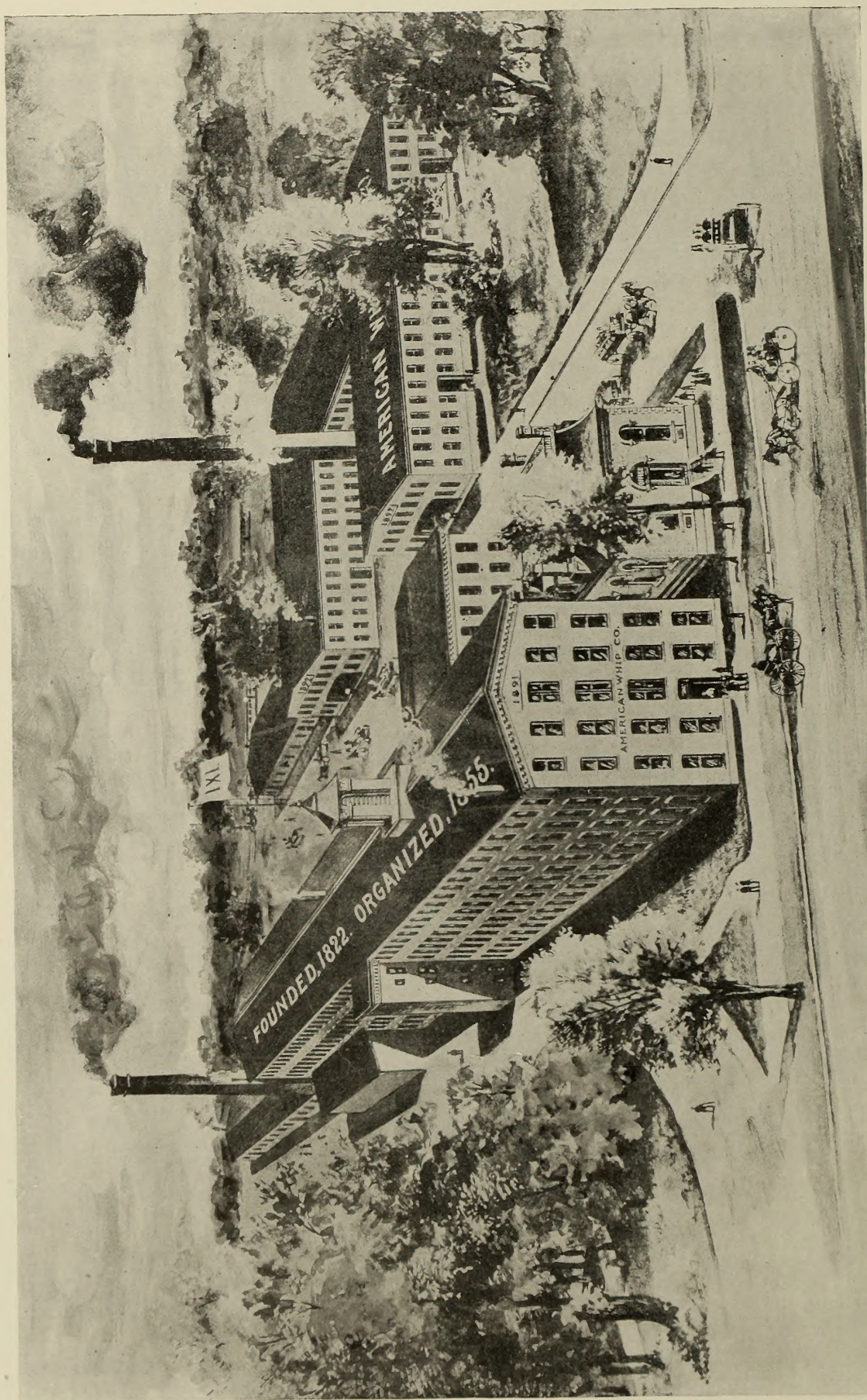


W. WARREN THREAD WORKS, WESTFIELD.

company has recently purchased from Brooks & Doxie of Manchester, England, the sole right to manufacture in this country the Brooks Cone and Tube Winder. The English concern has a large business in the United States, which the Foster company will now control and thereby be greatly benefited, as the English machines for this country will be made in the Foster company's shops. A new machine has been lately perfected by Mr. Foster that will be much appreciated by yarn manufacturers, when placed on the market. The machine will twist from bobbin, cap or spool direct on to paper cones or tubes, all in one operation. The growth of the business has even exceeded the most sanguine expectation of its projectors and next spring a two-story brick building is to be added to the plant. The illustration shows the interior of the setting-up department 50 by 100 feet, and a cone of yarn on a paper cone as wound on the machines manufactured at these works



INTERIOR OF A ROOM IN THE WORKS OF THE FOSTER MACHINE COMPANY, WESTFIELD.



WORKS OF THE AMERICAN WHIP COMPANY, WESTFIELD, MASS.

WESTFIELD, THE "WHIP CITY." *



WHY WESTFIELD IS SO NAMED.—SOME ACCOUNT OF THE INGENUITY YOU BUY WHEN YOU BUY A WHIP.—AN ENTERTAINING HISTORY OF THE RISE OF THE BUSINESS AND WHAT HAS LED TO ITS PRESENT DEVELOPMENT.

In the beginning you will be inclined to exclaim: "Few things are so simple as a whip!" Not many articles of commerce have so ancient a lineage, though, that can be directly traced.

Of the thousands who buy whips to sell again, of the millions who buy whips to use, few are there among them who have the simplest comprehension of the processes involved in their manufacture.

A whip looks so simple when made that it is dismissed from further thought, as merely a whip!

If we go backward along the lines of the

HISTORY OF THE RACE,

the record of Babylonian cylinders, Assyrian monuments, Egyptian tombs, Grecian bas-reliefs, Roman Parthenon friezes, and middle age art, all bear evidence to the use and importance of the whip in the unfolding of the life of the people of various countries.

But of whips, as of so many other things, it was left to American genius to evolve a rude, simple thing into a highly organized product, requiring capital, machinery and skilled labor to bring about the perfection of seeming simplicity of the American whip.

I say American whip advisedly, because the result of this evolution of ingenuity has been the production of a type that is purely national. What is technically known as the "bow" whip is

A RESULT OF YANKEE THOUGHT

and it is pre-eminently the whip of this country.

An Englishman, German, Spaniard, indeed, any foreigner, requires a shrub, a bit of rawhide, a knife and patience and he can produce a goad of one sort or another to suit his fancy or needs. The more highly organized mechanical faculty of the American, to produce a whip to his liking, demands a whale, a ship and sailors to hunt it, the gut of the cat, a rattan jungle in India, a hickory grove in his native country, a cotton plantation, mulberry trees and silk worms, a forest of rubber trees, the hide of the buck, fossil gum from Africa, linseed oil, iron, paint, the art of the turner and designer in metal, the tusks of the elephant, gold, silver and various alloys, the hoofs of animals, the product of the flax field, precious stones, the genius of the mechanic in the invention of strange and novel machinery,

THE ACUTEST BUSINESS AND EXECUTIVE ABILITY;

then he goes to work to produce that simple article of trade—a whip!

When put upon the market it can be bought for twenty-five cents, or you can run to the extremes of luxury that are represented by hundreds of dollars, but the essential principle of manufacture is the same in either case.

Burns wrote his immortal verse on a plain deal table; Seneca extolled the blessings of poverty, preparing his argument on a solid gold table. The means used to produce the expression did not modify the genius in either case. The whip costing a dollar will last as long, produce as stinging a blow, and be as use-

ful an instrument in conveying your sentiments to the cuticle of the animal, as one costing a hundred times as much.

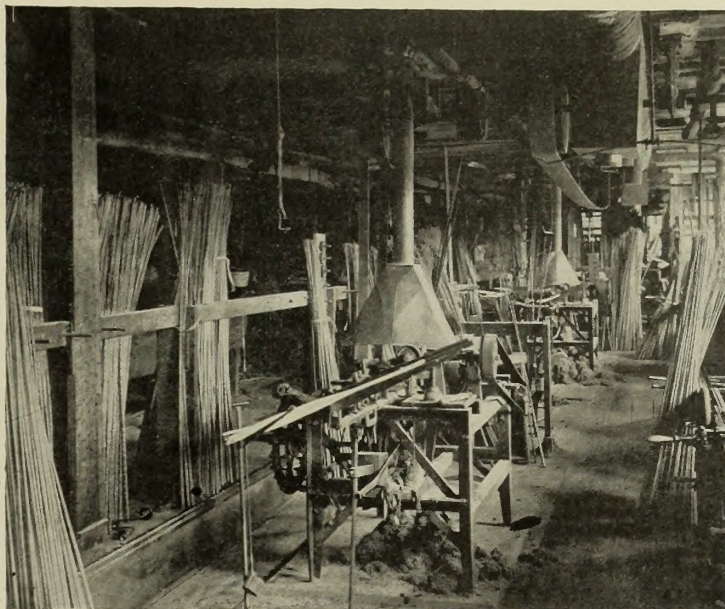
It would appear, then, that the manufacture of a whip is a very interesting process, well worthy of investigation. Let us look into it.

To do this thoroughly and understandingly it is necessary to journey to a small town in western Massachusetts, Westfield by name, that is

THE CRADLE OF THE INDUSTRY,

and to-day stands forth without a rival in all the world as the whip center.

Here we see a flourishing town, whose chief and practically whose only industry is the making of whips. It has no parallel that we know of in this or any country in the civilized world.



THE AUTOMATIC ROUNDER.

And this great business has all been evolved in so short a time as that which elapsed between the year 1808 and the present! In this connection we quote from a trade periodical a little of the history of the early years. It reads:

"At this time (1808) there lived in Westfield a man named

JOSEPH JOKES,

who happened to become the owner of a choice lot of hickory. His many friends frequently called on him to be obliged with a piece of this wood for whip-stocks, whips being then home made. Finally Jokes made some of these stocks and offered them for sale. A little later he conceived the idea of putting a lash on the stock. The lash consisted of a heavy strip of horsehide, which was made fast to the stock by a 'keeper,' and thus we have the first whip made in Westfield.

Jokes did quite a business, and

OTHER MEN BEGAN IMPROVING ON THE STOCK

by boiling the wood in a preparation of oil and coloring. The recipes for making these preparations were secrets among those who made whips, so each one had a preparation of his own; but some were much better than others.

Five years later lashes were made, by narrow strips of raw, horse or cow hide, and plaited into cords, very much the same as at present. A piece of leather, rolled round and beveled, to make the swell, was inclosed in the center. The lash was rolled between blocks, and then varnished. In 1820 the experiment of plaiting a covering of cotton thread over the stocks was tried, but was only partially successful, as it was done entirely by hand, holding the stock on the knees.

At this time different materials began to be used for stocks; rattan, and the best of all for the purpose, whalebone.

WHEN WHALEBONE WAS FIRST BROUGHT INTO USE the entire stock was made of it, a thing rarely afforded at the present time. Whalebone is now used in manufacturing the drop, on account of its tenacity. After some degree of completeness had been acquired in plaiting over the stock, an attempt, with success, was made to bring into use the drop whip, which, of course, was only a combination of stock and lash, and covered the entire length, thus dispensing with the 'keeper.' This was a decided improvement, and many whips, in a small way and slow process, were made and offered for sale.

About 1822 an invention was brought into use for whip plaiting by Hiram Hull, father of an ex-president of the American Whip Company at Westfield. Mr. Hull was the first man to start what could well be called a factory, when this invention was used. It resembled a barrel in appearance from its shape, and was also called a barrel. The whip to be covered was suspended by the top, and hung down in the center of the barrel. A number of threads were attached to the top of the whip, and hung over the edge of the barrel, with weights to keep them in position. These weights were worked by the hand, throwing them in opposite directions, thus

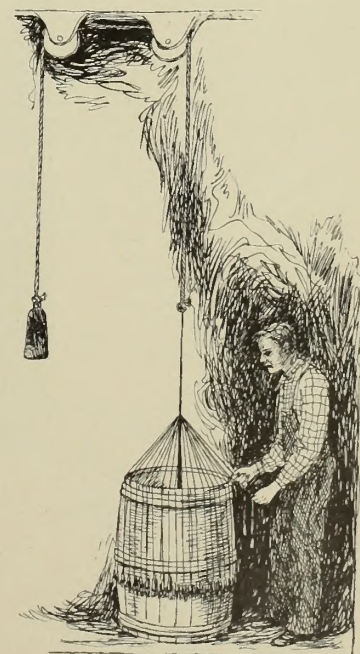
PLAITING THE WHIP

almost as perfectly as at the present time, though the process was a very slow one. This invention was in use through a number of years, and an expert at working it was looked upon as a good tradesman. Women are said to have attained quite a speed in working the threads with their nimble fingers. The process is shown in the engraving entitled 'The old-fashioned plaiting machine.'

The plaiting of to day is made on the same principle as the one just described.

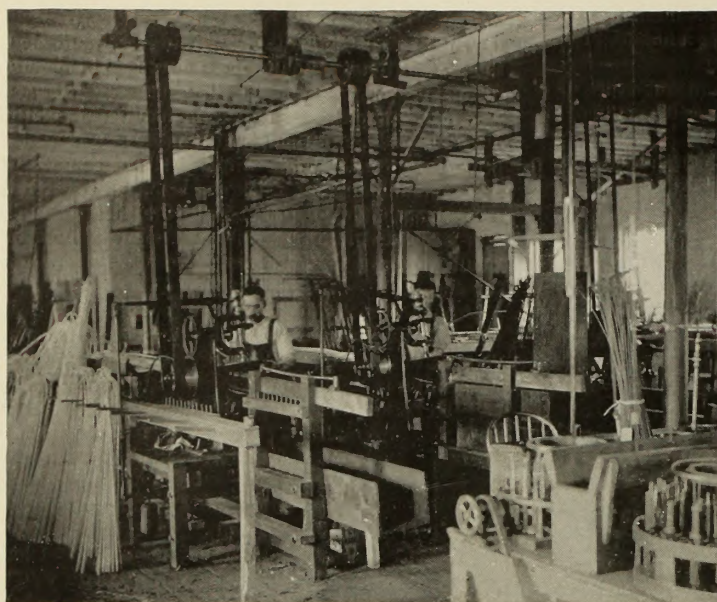
The drop whip passed through quite a number of years unmolested; then the drop began to decrease, and finally a whip was made perfectly straight, and took the name of the bow, or the trotting whip; thus the three kinds of whips were in use that are now, viz.: Whips with lash and keeper, drop whips, and bow or trotters' whips.

In 1855, a self-plaiting machine turned by a crank, came into use by American design and ingenuity. This improvement tended to increase the whip industry about a third in five years, and during the next



THE OLD-FASHIONED PLAITHING MACHINE.

* Adapted from "Harness" (trade magazine), New York. Engravings made expressly for this work.



THE ROLLING MACHINE.

semi-decade this invention was largely improved upon, and in 1865 Westfield produced about one-half a million dollars' worth of whips. Trade in whips largely increased, companies were formed, and a year later statistics showed that

WESTFIELD LED THE WORLD

in the extent of her whip industry."

So great has been the advance in the value of the product that what stood for the sum of it in 1865, does not now serve to represent the sales of more than one factory!

Hiram Hull, spoken of in the quotation above, is practically the inventor of scientific whip making, as he was the founder of the American Whip Company, which under his guidance pioneered the industry and later, through the energy and tact of Ira Miller, its present chief officer, has assumed a leading position, with the enormous output of over two million five hundred thousand whips per annum!

As the experiments, trials and successes of Mr. Hull were actually a part of the history of the American Whip Company, under the various firm and corporate names, it is fitting that we take this great factory as typical of the growth of whip making, and in detailing its progress and methods of manufacture we shall really be

GOING TO THE FOUNTAIN HEAD
FOR FACTS.

The process I shall describe will be confined to the "bow" or straight whip, because it is typical, although the American Whip Company makes a great variety of all merchantable styles of whips.

The bow whip is simplicity itself. It is composed of what is technically known as the "stock" and a "snap," but the processes that are gone through to produce this simplicity are really quite intricate.

Entering the office of the American Whip Company, I first note that the clerical force in the office department does not seem to be numerous. Here is the first evidence of a carefully evolved system that grows on one as he proceeds. No superfluous persons hold down office stools; no unnecessary employees stand around to block progress.

For convenience I will suppose I am

AN ORDER FOR ONE HUNDRED DOZEN

of whips, and will go through the factory, much as such an order would go, skipping now and then some details, for the sake of brevity and continuity of narrative. The order tag never skips, as you may judge when I tell you that this tag is handled some one hundred and fifty times before it is filled on the completion of the order.

When the tag is duly filled in with the particulars of the order, the first step is in the direction of the rattan house. This is a storage building situated

to one side of the main factory, in which is stored thousands of dollars' worth of Singapore rattan. It is unassorted just as it has arrived from the vessel that landed it in New York.

It is one man's duty to select it, grade it and pass it on into the works. This seems simple, but it is a work of nice discrimination, perfection in it only being acquired by long practice in handling the bundles.

Meantime, in a large room, that is the basement of the front building of the works, are men employed selecting the whalebone, which is here stored in bundles in racks that look like nothing so much as the pigeonhole contrivance they have in hotel coat rooms for stowing away one's baggage. The contents of these racks, however, mount to thousands of dollars in value.

A POUND OF WHALEBONE

does not amount to much in bulk; neither does a ten-dollar bill, which is its equivalent.

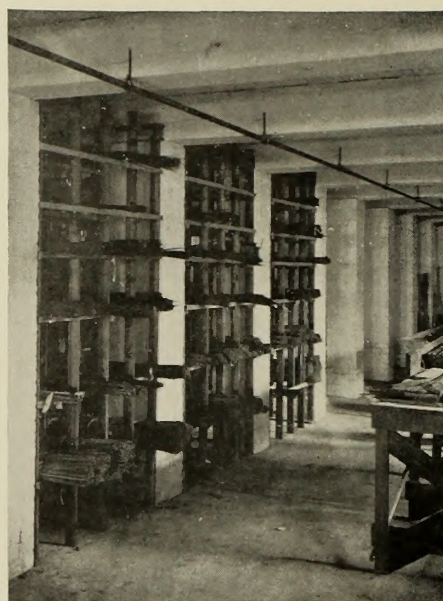
The bone, as it is called, is not as straight as the narrow path, at first, but it must be made so before it can become fitted to its use. This is where you come into contact with the first expert. Men take the slender wands, and by careful manipulation, using heat, sandpaper and patience, finally square, round, taper and point the bone, until its condition is perfect for whip purposes.

Some of the whips in my order call for hide "centers." The raw hide is twisted into long, thin sticks that in form resemble the bone. When dry it is sandpapered and polished and pointed with the same care and accuracy as the bone.

The center, I should perhaps explain, is that part of the stock that extends upward, making the tip end. It gives the flexibility and snap that a good whip possesses. The depth of these centers varies. A "full bone" whip has a whalebone center extending nearly or quite to the butt end, or handle. A quarter bone, of course, does not go down so deep:

THE PRICE GOVERNS THAT.

While they are working away at these "centers," the rattan, in another section of the works, has



THE WHALEBONE RACK.

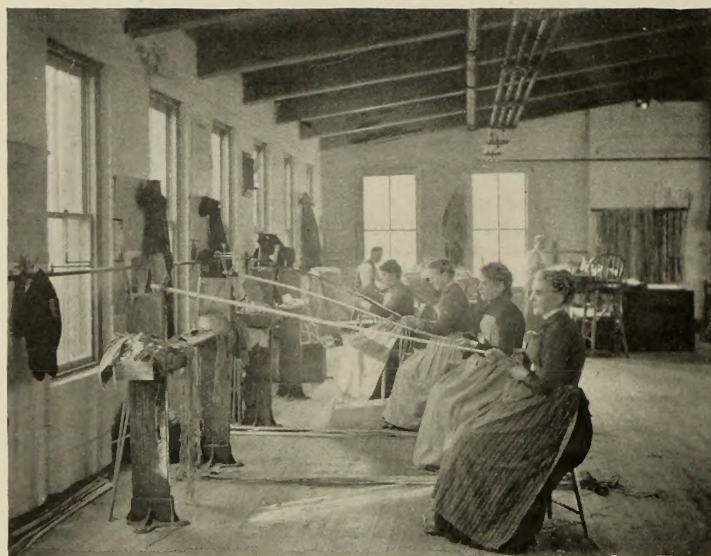
gotten into trouble. The man who selected it and passed it on from the storehouse, merely took off the rough edge, so to speak, in his work, careful as it was. Passing into other expert hands, it is re-assorted as to size, length and quality, and then for the first time gets really down to business. It is put through machines that split it accurately into triangular pieces that are called "wedges," and into other pieces named "sidings." A stick of rattan is not of large diameter, as you know, but these machines cut it as perfectly as if it were as large as a saw log.

At this initial stage of the proceedings the "stock" begins to evolve. It is a sort of natural selection process. These wedges and sidings are assembled in a particular manner so as to form a long stick with a merely nominal taper at one end. They form this stick in a manner that gives it

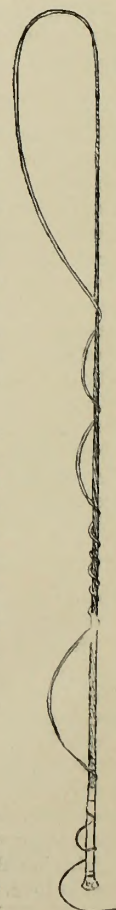
strength. An iron spike is inserted in the hickory "butt," a part that becomes the handle of the whip. This spike stays just where it is placed, during the whole performance, and is the weight producer, without which there would be no balance or proper "feel" to the whip. There is

NO PARTICULAR MAGNETIC ATTRACTION

that will keep iron and rattan together without something to make them stick. This brings us to the "stocking" process. Large troughs full of real nice glue, looking like pea soup, are near by, and in it the bundle of sticks and iron are soured. As they emerge, men on both sides the trough get at them with pieces of rope and, aided by some revolving machinery, itself most



BRAIDING LEATHER LASHES.



interesting on account of its ingenuity, around whizz the sticks and on coils the rope with a tightness of grip that would give points to a boa constrictor. In this rope they remain until dry. A little matter of a barrel of glue a day is required for this work, while two hundred and fifty tons of rope a year is alone sufficient for the winding act. But, then, five thousand pounds of rattan a day are served up to feed the maw of this voracious glue tank! Great, isn't it?

These "stocks" are a very rough, gummy looking lot of sticks when the rope is unwound and it is now requisite that they be smoothed. This is done in a turning lathe. They emerge looking quite fine, but they have got to be woven about, later on, with threads of many colors, so the surface must be nearer like polished metal. In they go the second time, into a "rounder." It would make the whip cost too much to have a nurse follow it through all the stages of its infancy, so a whip genius invented for the American Whip Company an automatic "rounder." An armful of these sticks are stood up within reach of the "rounder," a belt is shifted on, the man goes away and

THE "ROUNDER" DOES THE REST.

The "stock" is now ready to go up stairs. It is smoothed, it has its appointed quantity of whalebone or rawhide, and it now requires a suitable covering.

This is given it by the plaiting machine. It would be as useless to attempt description of this intricate mechanism as to try to skate in July. Moreover, any one attempting to explain the machine room would rupture the larynx. It is as noisy as a political primary in a tough ward. But the work is beautiful!

Again the whip gets a rounding and a polishing until the thread covering becomes as smooth as glass and

AS HARD AS THE WESTMINSTER CATECHISM.

It passes through a number of manipulations to secure these qualities. But it is not glossy and pretty as you see it in the store. This finish is had by varnishing. But before this it has a "button" woven on it if it should demand that style of finish.

Here the young ladies come to the front, and by their deftness of finger weave on what is called a button, but which we should say was linen thread glued into strips that look like nothing so much as shavings of whalebone. These buttons are what you admire as ornaments near the butt of the whip, and further up the stock so placed as to define the handle.

At this point the order for that hundred dozen has become scattered all over the works, because the finish and ornaments called for are various.

While the buttoning is going on some others require metal "caps" and "ferules."

Off in one corner is a little factory that is doing business on its own account. Here the metal, precious and common, is spun up, impressed by steel dies carrying a multiplicity of patterns, and made into ferules and caps.

There are thousands of dollars' worth of property in expensive dies, and the precious metals here worked up, and

ALL IN THE SOLE INTEREST OF ORNAMENTS.

Sometimes it is expensive to please the eye in whips as in other things.

These ornaments are applied and again this simple whip is treated to waterproofing and varnishing, and hung up by its neck for a long dry.

I forgot to say that damp is the kind of gripe that is fatal to whips. And somewhat ahead of the processes last described, it is treated for damp by practitioners of experience.

No fond mother could rear up its child any more carefully than is this whip encased in buckskin, or rawhide, or metal foil to keep the damp away from the interior. No lead filling, waterproofing, varnishing, is omitted that will stand between "its little insides" and the cold, cold world.

It is truly wonderful, when you think of it, what you buy in a dollar whip!

Finally it is ready for the snap. A snap is a simple thing—to look at. It would astonish you to know the

trouble it formerly gave the whip maker. After he learned the trick of weaving it, it had to be learned to put it on so that it would stay put. Tie it, you say. Certainly, and that is what they did. But it had an unpleasant habit of coming untied and dropping off. Here again the ingenious mind got in its fine work. An old employe studied the problem, and by a simple little turn and twist of the snap or lash made a peculiar knot that will wear out a whip in durability.

An interesting circumstance about this great factory is called to mind by the snap incident. It is the fact that whole families have, in some instances, to the second and third generation, been employed in this one factory, and thus

LONG AND INTELLIGENT FAMILIARITY

with whip making has led to the overcoming of obstacles, the invention of devices and machinery that could hardly otherwise have seen the light. Who can say how far we would have been from the twenty-five-cent whip, but for this intelligent Yankee thought that is never content unless "improving" something?

The whips on my order are now beginning to come into the reservation down stairs in dozens, and are being accounted for by their tags and a perfect record that appears in a book in the shipping room. They have been labeled with fancy names, meantime; some even have the name of the dealer to whom they are going woven in by the deft fingers of those young ladies who are so expert at "buttoning," and now, by quarter dozens, they are wrapped in manilla papers, assembled, marked, boxed and shipped.

I return to the office with the tag I started out with, the tag now looking like Jacob's coat of many colors, and I rest myself by asking a few simple questions. I want to know, for instance,

HOW MANY DIFFERENT STYLES OF WHIPS

the American Whip Company make. I am told upward of one thousand. I also want to know the greatest number of whips finished in one day; that is, how many come out of the factory, ready to ship. The answer is 1,226 dozen, that 4,200 dozen come out in a week, and 15,000 dozen in a month.

I thought I had enough of statistics, the figures were getting too bewildering; but I feel sure all who read of what I saw, when next they see, buy, handle or sell a whip, will have a higher regard for the genius that could make its existence possible.

C. H. E. R.

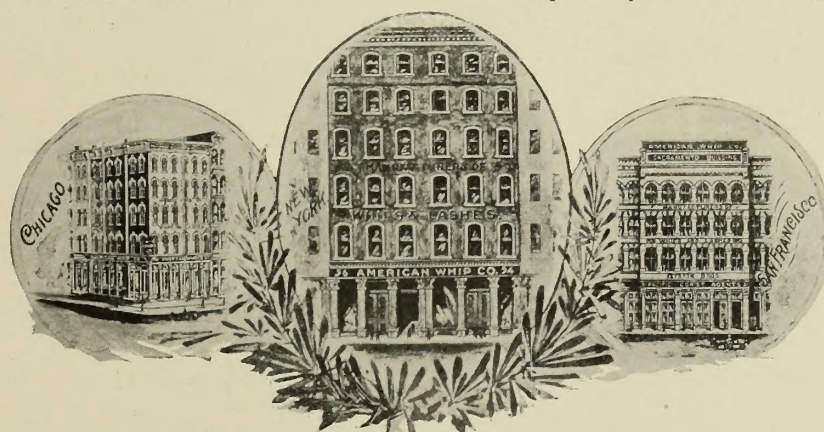
In closing the pages devoted to this most remarkable corporation, it may be of interest to many to know the names of men not already mentioned, who assist in directing its affairs. The New York store is under the management of W. J. Cassard, also a director of the company, with N. J. Davis, T. J. Horan and J. H. B. Dawson on the road, assisted in the office by George Wright as bookkeeper.

The Chicago store is presided over by W. C. Pease, also director (a veteran salesman), with L. W. Jones whose headquarters are at St. Paul, Mich.; Chas. F. Clark of Belvidere, Ill.; W. F. Baker, Greenville, Ohio; J. A. St. Clair, Kansas City, Mo.; W. E. Hall, Evanston, Ills.; F. S. Clements, Jackson, Mich., with C. W. Cleveland in charge of the office.

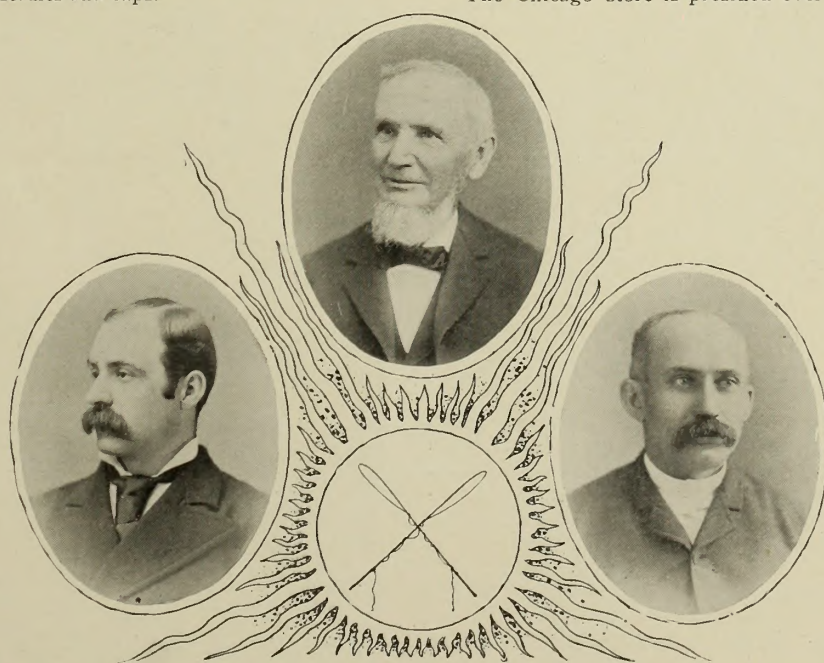
The San Francisco house is managed ably by the Keystone Brothers, who were formerly in the employ of the company in their boyhood, at Westfield.

The traveling salesmen are Curtis Nelson (over forty years a traveler and stockholder of the company); D. F. Dunham, Boston, Mass.; F. A. Nelson, Buffalo, N. Y.; D. R. Putnam of Brandon, Vt.

For the past five years the officers and directors of the company have been: L. R. Norton, Hon. E. B. Gillett, D. L. Gillett, Horace W. Avery, C. F. Shepard, D. C. Hull, L. M. Osden, R. T. Sherman, Lewis Parker, Ira Miller, all of Westfield, Mass.; W. Pease, Chicago, Ills.; C. W. Darling and W. J. Cassard of New York.



OFFICES OF THE AMERICAN WHIP COMPANY.



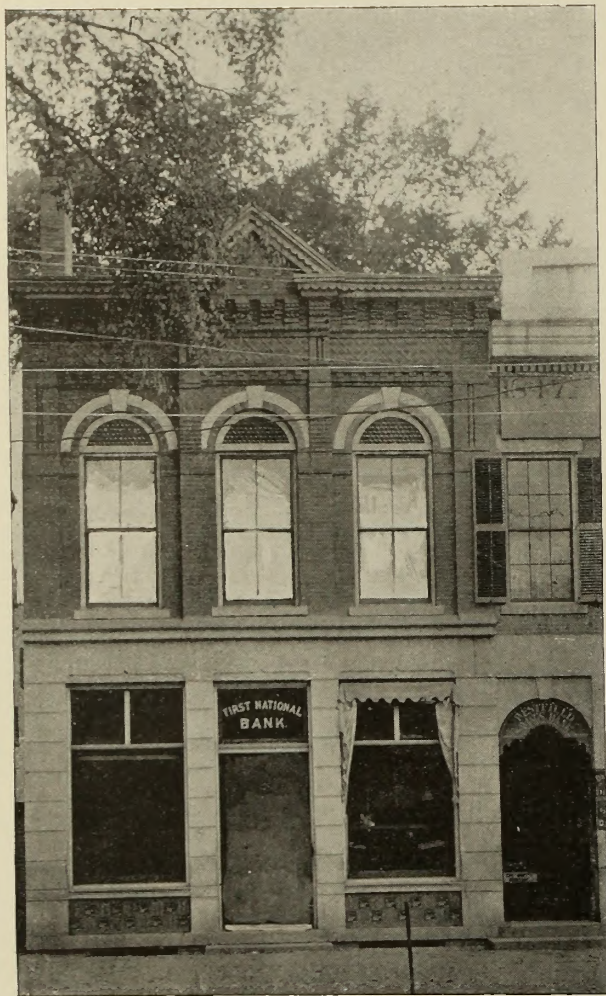
IRA MILLER, Pres.

D. L. GILLETT, Vice-Pres.

LEWIS PARKER, Treas.

OFFICERS OF THE AMERICAN WHIP COMPANY.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, WESTFIELD.



FIRST NATIONAL AND WESTFIELD SAVINGS BANK.

HAMPDEN NATIONAL BANK.

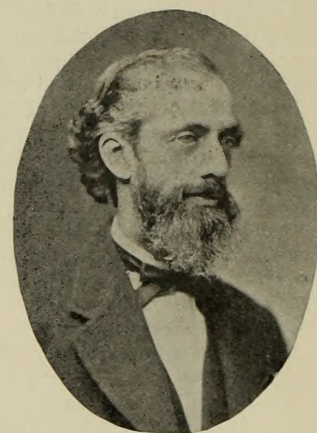
The old Hampden Bank was the pioneer financial institution of Westfield, organized under the State banking law, August 29, 1825, when James Fowler was chosen president. The board itself was composed of James Fowler, Simeon Collins, Thomas Sheldon, Ira Yeamans, Thomas Ashley, Abner Post, and Augustus Collins, not one of whom survives. From the first the Hampden Bank was a useful and successful institution and conferred many substantial benefits upon the community. The capital stock was \$100,000, and the management was such that in the various monetary crises that occurred during its history the Hampden always came forth unscathed and stronger than ever. In 1865 the concern was reorganized and chartered as a National bank, with paid-up capital stock to the amount of \$150,000. As reorganized E. B. Gillett was the first president and Royal Weller the first cashier. Reuben Noble succeeded to the presidency and filled the position ably and well until 1882, when L. R. Norton was elected. The board of directors is exceptionally strong, comprising such influential names as L. R. Norton, James Noble, jr., O. R. Noble, D. L. Gillett, E. B. Gillett and E. L. Sanford. The president is L. R. Norton, vice-president, Jas. Noble, jr.; cashier, Chas. L. Weller; assistant cashier, Fred H. Sackett. President Norton was postmaster of Westfield under the Cleveland administration, and has held many offices of trust and honor locally and upon State appointed commissions. The Hampden National Bank building is a substantial structure on Main street and shows in the engraving.

WORONOCO SAVINGS BANK.

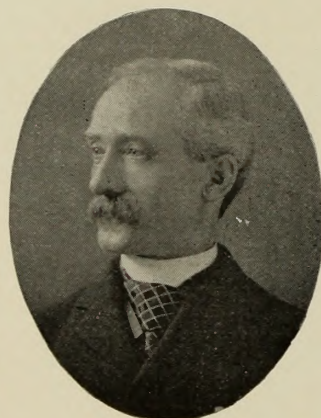
The Woronoco Bank was incorporated May 5, 1871, and commenced business July 1, the same year. The first president was Samuel Horton; first treasurer, Royal Weller, cashier Hampden National Bank; first secretary, Edward B. Gillett. L. R. Norton succeeded Mr. Horton as president in June, 1882, and Darwin L. Gillett, the present president, succeeded Mr. Norton in June, 1886. There have been but two treasurers of the bank, Mr. Weller and his son, the present incumbent, Charles L. Weller. The confidence of the community in the financial ability and integrity of the first treasurer gave the bank an impetus which has continued to the present time. The bank has never turned away an applicant for a loan for the want of funds, and has always paid every depositor upon request the funds standing against his name. The present officers of the bank are: President, Darwin L. Gillett; vice-presidents, E. R. Van Deusen, William Provin, John Fowler and J. S. Clark; Trustees: D. L. Gillett, Thomas Kneil, L. R. Norton, M. L. Robinson, O. B. Parks, J. R. Reed, Henry Fuller, O. O. Granger, C. R. Fowler, S. B. Campbell, L. F. Root, W. C. Clark, S. A. Allen and F. S. Dewey, Jr. Secretary, Henry Fuller. The deposits now amount to \$1,069,163.71.

Westfield's First National Bank dates its establishment back to the old State bank times, when it had the name of the Westfield Bank. It was chartered under the new order of things in 1864 and a year later the consolidation was consummated with a combined capital of \$250,000. It has been a flourishing institution from the start, having the quarters shown in the accompanying engraving, located on Elm street, in the heart of the business part of the town. Many of the flourishing industries of Westfield owe no small part of their success to the liberality and public spirit of the First National's officers, whose very act, while tempered with sound conservatism, has ever been characterized with a high regard for the general welfare and a desire to encourage in a substantial manner the establishment and prosecution of legitimate business enterprise. The first president of the Westfield Bank was William G. Bates, still remembered for his many acts of generosity and lofty personal character, while Cutler Lafin was the first president and G. L. Lafin the first cashier of the First National. The original capital of the first was \$100,000, of the latter \$150,000.

The directors of the bank now are: M. B. Whitney, C. N. Yeamans, F. S. Egleston, Merritt Van Deusen, Henry G. Taylor, F. F. Van Deusen, S. A. Allen. The officers are: President, W. B. Whitney; vice-president, C. N. Yeamans; cashier, Henry Hooker, who succeeded G. L. Lafin, making thus but two cashiers since the organization of the present bank.



HENRY H. HOOKER.



V. W. CROWSON.

THE WESTFIELD SAVINGS BANK.

The Westfield Savings Bank is located over the First National Bank. It received its first deposit July 1, 1853, and the account of that deposit was open at the time of writing, September 30, 1892. Deposits to the usual limit are received at any time, and are put on interest quarterly from January 10. The bank has earned and paid two per cent. interest semi-annually (four per cent. per year) for many years. The officers are:

President, Merritt Van Deusen, vice-presidents, Henry Hooker, John W. Colton, Reuben Loomis, Clinton K. Lambson. Trustees: Milton B. Whitney, Henry Holland, Merwin Loomis, Robert H. Kneil, Lucius F. Thayer, Alfred F. Lilley, Charles H. Snow, Alvan L. Sprague, Henry M. Miller, Anson C. Barnes. Auditors: Robert H. Kneil, Alfred F. Lilley. Finance Committee: Merritt Van Deusen, Reuben Loomis, Robert H. Kneil. Secretary and Treasurer, V. W. Crowson.

The deposits now amount to \$1,134,939.57.



HAMPDEN NATIONAL AND WORONOCO SAVINGS BANKS—WESTFIELD.

CRANE BRO'S, PAPER MANUFACTURERS.



CRANE BROTHERS' name has become indelibly associated with the work of paper manufacturing in Western Massachusetts, and this is solely because of their superb Ledger and Record papers, which have no superior in their kind, while many consider them immeasurably beyond anything elsewhere produced. The first paper maker of this now notable family, Zenas Crane, established his mill in Dalton in 1801, and they are his grandsons, J. Arthur and Robert B. Crane, who are now keeping green the family name in Westfield. They are paper makers by hereditary liking, having mastered the rudiments of the trade in the mills of Crane & Co. They began business in a modest way at Westfield in 1868, and have been continually enlarging their mills, this year making still another important addition, which, partially completed, shows on the right of the upper engraving on this page. The capacity of the original mill has been more than quadrupled.

The main group of mills is situated two miles from the Boston and Albany, and New York, New Haven and Hartford station in Westfield, while the smaller mill is a mile or so farther up the stream, a small river having its source in the hills at the west. A spur track connects the mill with railroads running to all points of the compass. The central building of the main group is the original mill known as the "Japanese" mill. The manufacture of the famous "Japanese Linen" is now, however, carried on at the "Glen" mill, as also is the "Warranted All Linen" brand, while the Japanese mills are used exclusively for the Gold Medal Linen Ledger and Record papers. This mill is shown separately.

All rags used are cut by hand, as the quality of goods made require this treatment, machine cutting being available for lower grades of paper only. The proper length of fibre can only be obtained by this process of hand cutting. The usual processes of dusting prevail, but after the last dusting, still further inspection by hand is necessary to ensure perfection before the alkali is applied for bleaching. Special attention is given in the beating engines, after the pulp has been washed, according to the paper to be made, five to ten hours being necessary in ordinary writing paper and from twelve to twenty-four hours when Ledger and Linen papers are made. When the pulp goes into the stuff-chest it represents the sum of all that human knowledge, patience, ingenuity and watchfulness can do toward the preparation of the material for a paper that shall be clear, even and solid in its substance, strong in its fibre, with an easy writing surface, and, what is of great importance in ledger and record books, capable of erasure without destruction of the writing surface; and it is one of the achievements on which Crane Brothers especially pride themselves that an erasure on their ledger and record paper requires no pumice or rubbing to smooth it for rewriting. The Ledger and Record papers are made in all the stand-

ard sizes and weights, from 15 x 19 inches, and weighing 22 pounds to the ream, through the different sizes and weights of Demy, Medium, Royal, Super Royal, Elephant, Imperial, Double Cap, Double Demy, Double Medium, Double Royal, Colombier, Atlas, and Double Elephant, the latter 27 x 40 inches and weighing 125 pounds to the ream, while a still larger and heavier size is Antiquarian, almost as thick as cardboard, 31 x 53 inches and weighing 200 pounds per ream.

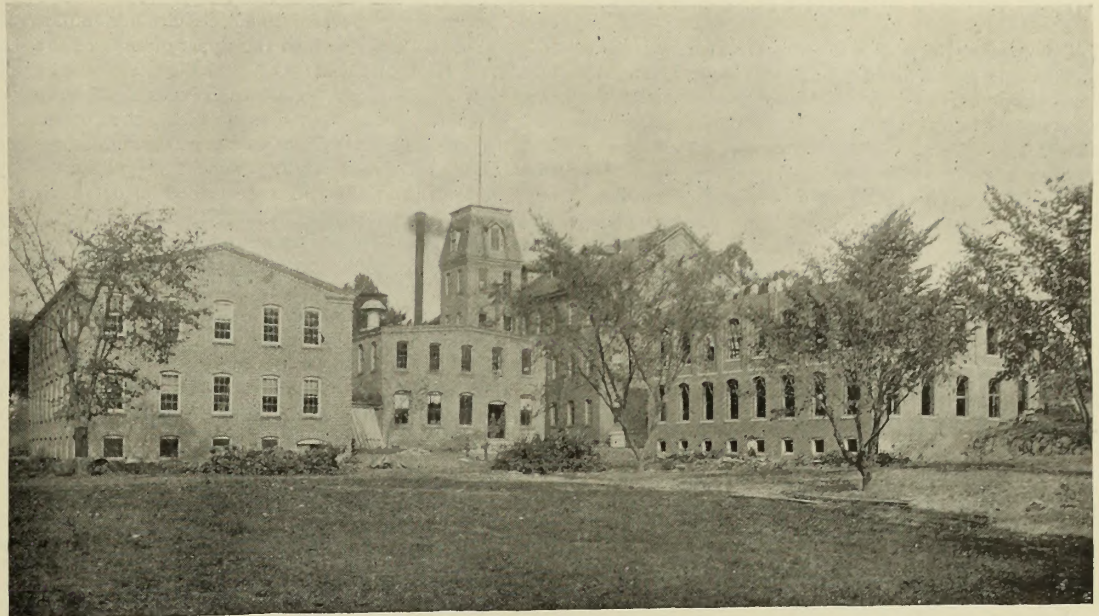
One peculiarity obtains in this mill in reference to the water-marks. Reputation for quality in any line is a great desideratum, and Crane Brothers are fully alive to the importance of impressing upon every consumer of their goods the fact that they maintain a degree of excellence not surpassed. While many paper makers introduce a water-mark into their papers, they often do so in a haphazard sort of way, impressing the paper in any situation, regardless of uniformity or regularity. Every sheet of paper made in this mill is water-marked with their trade-mark in the same place on each sheet, and in binding or ruling, with but little care each sheet will show the mark right side up and facing the observer.

Years ago the tendencies of trade were recognized by Crane Brothers, and to protect themselves they adopted and patented the crane as their trade-mark.

Another important point finds its highest exemplification in these mills. The absolute necessity for good water in making paper is probably well known, but pure water is almost impossible in many localities. The Crane Brothers have as nearly pure water as is obtainable, conveying it from springs in the mountains and insuring more than ordinary cleanliness. In fact, a poorer water would not allow the making of such grades as they produce.

In order to demonstrate the reputation the papers made here possess, it is only necessary to note their phenomenal success in prize competitions. The highest award for record paper was obtained at the Centennial exposition at Philadelphia in 1876, grand prize gold medals were received at the Paris exposition of 1878 and at the Melbourne exposition in 1880. The New Orleans World's exposition of 1885 awarded the grand prize gold medal. A diploma was received from the American Institute in 1890, and a bronze medal from the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia in the same year, while the highest award was given at Berlin in 1878, and Mechanics Institute, Boston, 1890.

While paper making is the prime feature of these mills, yet the manufacture of wares of a multitude of varieties from linen waste is now of much importance. This line of goods is known as Linenoid. Over twenty years ago this firm made paper belts for large and small pulleys. The belts used on the large pulleys are very serviceable, as is illustrated by the use of one which has been for fifteen years on five-foot pulleys in the mill of Crane & Co., Dalton. These belts are now made to order only. The variety of goods made from linen waste comprises an elegant line of canoes and other small boats, domes for observatories, resistance boards for electricians, coverings for account books, toboggans, trunks, valises, hand bags, telescope tubes, fire buckets, baskets of all kinds, bath and washtubs, umbrella holders, knife trays, triangles used on pool tables, beside many other useful articles. The goods made this way are waterproof and seamless and so accumulate no dirt and dust, and can easily be washed out. This branch of the business is growing rapidly, especially the boat department.



MAIN MILLS OF CRANE BROTHERS (PAPER MANUFACTURERS), WESTFIELD, MASS.



THE "GLEN MILL" OF CRANE BROTHERS, WESTFIELD, MASS.

THE MOUNT TOM SULPHITE PULP COMPANY.

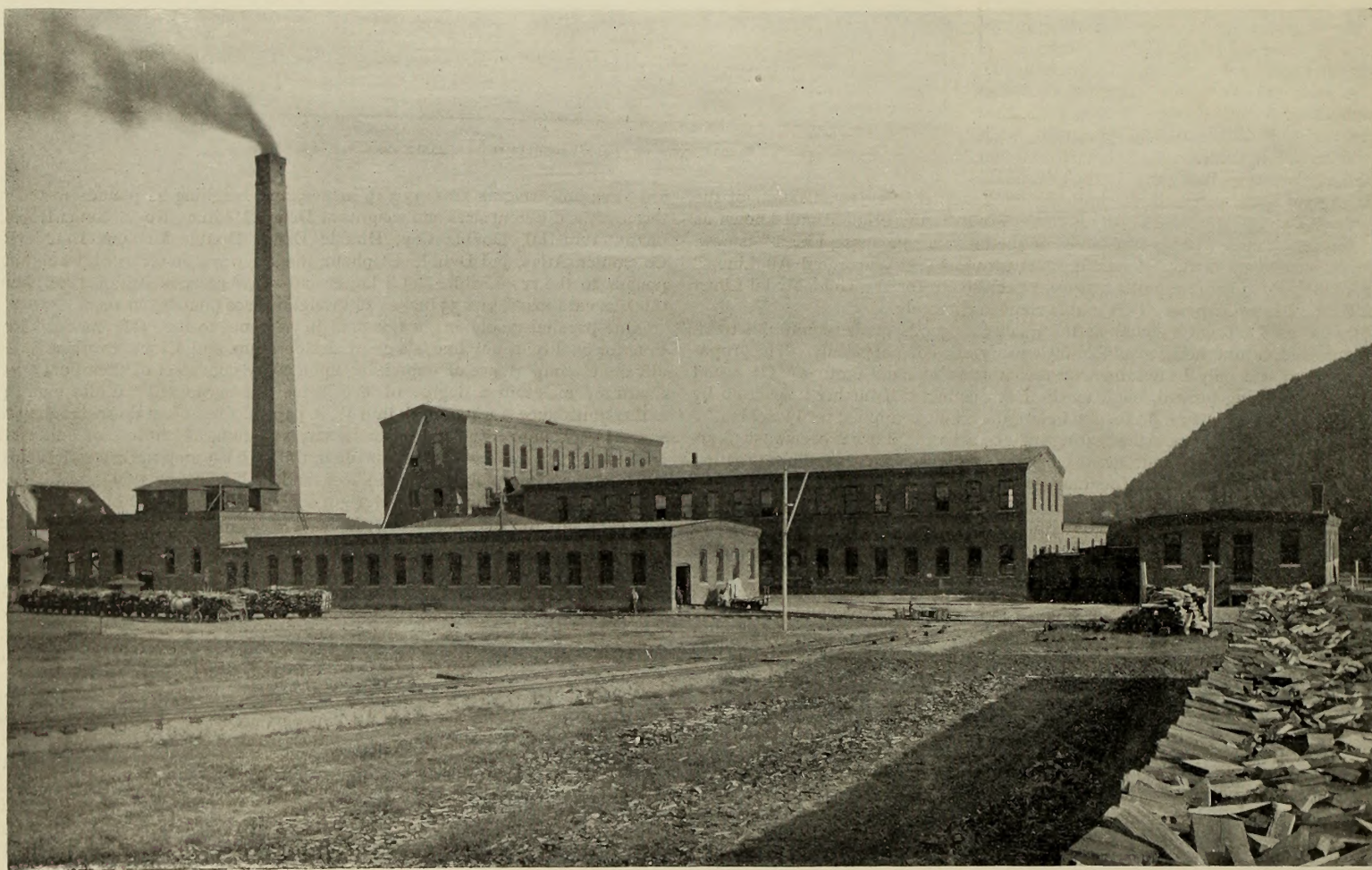
The process of paper making is described with considerable detail in an article at the beginning of this department. Wood pulp was there mentioned as an important ingredient of writing papers, and it will but supplement and complete that article to tell here the story of pulp making.

The Mount Tom mill, although not in Hampden county, is the only one of the kind in Hampden county vicinity. There are several such in Maine where spruce timber, which is the raw material, abounds; but in central Massachusetts a spruce tree is a rarity, and even back among the hills there are only scattered patches of them. At Mount Tom, however, in close proximity to the pulp mill is located a big lumber company which floats millions of feet of spruce logs, yearly, down from the head waters of the

The interior of the digester building is to the visitor quite impressive. Several immense circular tanks, like upright boilers, rise into the upper glooms of the building. Each of these great steel digesters weighs over forty tons, and when filled each holds eight cords of chips and twenty-eight tons of bisulphite liquor. This liquor the Mount Tom Company manufactures on the spot. To visit this department suggests a descent to the infernal regions described in detail by Dante and certain theologians. The air is charged with sulphurous odors to an extent that very quickly brings the visitor to the sneezing point, and when the lid of one of the curious ovens is lifted a bit that he may look in and see the softly leaping blue flames, he finds it advisable to hold his nose. The fumes of the burning sulphur are passed through five great tanks of lime rock, one after the other, each twenty-two feet high, where they meet and unite with water trickling

years. The process was discovered in this country, but was perfected in Germany. Before that time the alkali process was in use, with poplar wood for the raw material. For most purposes this has been superseded by spruce wood and the sulphite process. Spruce excels for length and strength of fibre. Pine ranks next in quality. The pulp is used in all kinds of paper, but more particularly in the finer grades.

When the improvements now under way are completed the Mount Tom mill will be one of the largest of its kind in the country. Its capacity will be twenty-five tons of finished product per day. In its situation, with its freight conveniences and close proximity to abundant raw material and at the same time to the Holyoke paper mills, with all of which it has direct telephone connections, the mill enjoys unusual advantages. At the same time the location is worthy of remark as one of quite striking picturesqueness. The



THE MILL OF THE MOUNT TOM SULPHITE PULP COMPANY.

Connecticut. After getting what boards and laths they can from the logs, there still remain the slabs and waste ends, and of these the sawmill itself can make no further use. This is the material utilized by the pulp mill. From the sawmill to the pulp mill a few rods distant runs a little narrow gauge railroad. The loaded cars are pushed by hand or drawn by a single horse directly into the part of the mill where the process of reducing them to pulp is to begin. Here are machines which make quick work of scraping off the bark and such parts as may be decayed, and other machines which bore out the knots. There is left only the clear, solid wood. The sticks are then fed to a voracious monster in the shape of a machine that chews them up into thin, inch-square chips at the rate of nearly ten cords an hour. The chips fall from this machine into an air blast which forces them up a sixty-five-foot pipe to the top story of the digester building. The pipe is of steel, for any metal less hard would be quickly eaten through by the fiercely driven bits of wood.

down through and thus form the bisulphite liquor.

When a digester has been filled the contents are cooked under seventy-five pounds steam pressure for eighteen hours. Then the contents are drawn off into a big vat whence they are pumped as needed to the washing engines. The material is wood no longer. It is soft and pulpy, light in color, with a slight brownish tinge. The washing engines and the machine over which it is run in making it into paper are the same in plan as those described in the article on paper making. For high-grade papers the pulp, after being washed, is bleached. When shipped the pulp for the most part has been made into a heavy soft paper put up in rolls or bundles. The process requires the use of a vast deal of water, and the Mount Tom Company has in use a pump with a daily capacity of 4,000,000 gallons, an amount more than sufficient to supply a city of twelve or fifteen thousand inhabitants.

The first successful making of pulp by the sulphite process on any large scale dates back about fifteen

mill stands on the bank of an old loop of the Connecticut river left stagnant some fifty years ago, when the stream cut across the narrow dividing neck of land. On this near water thousands of spruce logs are floating awaiting their turn at the sawmill. Beyond to the south, Mount Tom's rugged form rises steeply, while eastward, across the river, is seen the long range of Mount Holyoke. On the level near the mills are several boarding houses, and about twenty acres covered with immense piles of slabs. Beyond to the north and west are pretty stretches of meadow land dotted with elms, and far off, glimpses of the blue hills.

The Mount Tom Sulphite Pulp Company is of recent organization and began manufacturing no further back than July, 1891. It has the following list of directors: William A. Russell, president; A. N. Burbank, treasurer; William Whiting, George Van Dyke, Charles C. Springer and Hales W. Sutor. Mr. Springer is the managing director and has general charge and oversight of affairs at the mill.

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